

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1975 • \$1.75

PLAYBOY

HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE:
THE FIRST IN-DEPTH
INTERVIEW WITH JOHN DEAN

A 14-PAGE PICTORIAL ON
PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

GEORGE PLIMPTON TRIES OUT
AS A PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER

BRIGITTE BARDOT AU NATUREL

THE TRUTH ABOUT COCAINE

A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO AMERICA
ON ITS 199TH BIRTHDAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

PLUS JOHN UPDIKE, HERBERT
GOLD, SEAN O'FAOLAIN, JOHN
COLLIER AND LOTS OF OTHER
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PLAYBILL WE ALL KNOW SOMEONE who's done it. Or claims he has. Outfitted himself with this fancy camera with a mile-long lens, sec, and walked up to this absolute knockout at a bar/in the park/on the street and said, "Uh, pardon me . . . I'm a photographer for *PLAYBOY* magazine and you, well. . . ." Afterward, they smoked cigarettes. Still later, he told all his buddies about it. "Amazing, man, I just stood there, clicking this empty camera, and. . . ." But we also know women who have been too smart to fall for such a cheap dodge, and to them we'd like to say: If you were approached in the past year by a tall, handsome gentleman passing himself off as George Plimpton, *PLAYBOY* photographer, you were talking to the real thing. The Mission Envyable he chose to accept was to find and photograph a Playmate—one that would get past *Hefner's* well-honed eye and into the magazine. You'll see the fruits of his search in *George Plimpton: Playboy Photographer*. We wondered how it compared with hanging around with Alex Karras and asked him about it. "The denouement with Alex," Plimpton told us, "is to be tackled by him, whereas the climax of the picture taking was to stand in a field and look at a lovely girl, albeit upside down, in the Deardorff camera. I wouldn't want to do Karras again, but I'd love to have another try at doing a Playmate. In fact, I tried to convince Mark Kauffman, *PLAYBOY's* Photography Editor, that it would be a nice annual feature." *Plimpton of the Year?*

The man who will ultimately decide on that, in case you haven't heard, has a new house. We try not to be ethnocentric, but those of us in Chicago—where God intended *PLAYBOY* to be published—have taken to calling it *The Playboy Mansion West*. At least until one pops up in Java or Borneo. The guided tour through the grounds, the house and the ladies begins on page 94. Watch your step around the pool and don't be afraid of the llama. It looks like Tony Perkins and bites only other llamas. At night, on the neck.

How many vague teenage fantasies did Brigitte Bardot inspire in the Fifties, after many of us came home from our first Technicolor glimpse of her, fleeting and angelic, in *And God Created Woman*? Whatever happened to her? What, indeed. She has had a birthday. The sex kitten of the Eisenhower years has just turned 40, and if you don't believe life begins there, check out *Bardot—Incroyable!* As boyfriend Laurent Vergez' camera shows, she's definitely not a lady you'd ever care to cash in for two 20s.

The Reverend Marshfield, who has displaced Rabbit

Angstrom in John Updike's imagination, has moved toward his 40s with considerably less grace. He was a giver of B-plus sermons, faithful to his wife and soso in bed—until a 30ish, divorced church organist with tinted octagonal glasses came along. Early in *A Month of Sundays*, illustrated for us by Melinda Bordelon and scheduled to be part of Updike's new novel of the same title, which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the U.S. and by André Deutsch in England, he becomes a man who still gives B-plus sermons but is either soso or *great* in bed, depending on whose spirit he's soothing. "Clergymen are frequent characters in my fiction," Updike told us, "and I have always been intensely interested in theology." For the record, he was raised a Lutheran and is presently a Congregationalist. At the moment, he's assembling ten years' worth of reviews for publication.

By now, it would take great strength of character *not* to know that America is about to celebrate a historic birthday. As one of the most American institutions, we'd be remiss if we didn't pay tribute to the rockets' red glare and the bombs bursting in air. And so we say: *Happy 199th, America!* Our most distinguished soldier in this enterprise was Research Editor Maria Nekam, who will swear on her bloodshot eyes that we didn't cook up a bit of it. And she just delivered a late bulletin: President Warren G. Harding wasn't much good on little details and once managed to *lose* the Treaty of Versailles. But he knew the damn thing was around the White House somewhere and, well, what the hell, the war was over, anyway. A great man in a long line of them.

Which somehow calls to mind Richard Nixon. His decline and fall were accomplished with considerable help from a variety of people—including Richard Nixon—but one who figured most prominently was John Dean. Most of us won't soon forget him at the Watergate hearings, forehead shining, leaning toward the mike, telling the committee in trim sentences which cog turned which wheel inside that big pale house. Right now, Dean is doing time for his participation in the Nixon Games; but just before he went to prison, Barbara Cady—who has a daily interview show on Pacifica's KPFK in Los Angeles—managed to talk to him at length about Watergate and its aftermath. Because of other pending trials, Dean can't yet tell *all*—but this first in-depth interview is a fascinating beginning.

The Watergate bunch didn't make '74 such a wonderful year singlehandedly. The woods, as they say, were full of them, and Judith Wax gives us her annual satanic tally of prime movers

and shakers in *That Was the Year That Was*. Judy had a pretty good year herself. Her work appeared in *The New York Times*, *Harper's* and *Newsweek*, among others, and it looks like our favorite Managing Editor, Shel Wax, is now living with both a lovely wife and a blossoming writer.

Richard Rhodes, who formerly in these pages has been most at home on the Mississippi or in the Everglades, went somewhere else for us this month: He hit the cocaine trail, tracking down glittery users and skittish dealers and various experts to find out why the white lady has become the "now" drug and to discover what sort of magic she works on your head. *A Very Expensive High* will bring you up to date on her activities. This wasn't the easiest assignment Rhodes ever had: "It was an interesting time for me—it was in the spirit of trying everything once. It was perhaps the most dangerous thing I've ever done—in terms of the legal consequences. But it falls into place with wading in a cypress swamp and crawling into an Ozark cave. It's not my kind of thing, though, because I live accelerated anyway. I don't need more." A 1974 Guggenheim Fellow, Rhodes is hard at work finishing a novel about the atomic bomb.

(Before leaving cocaine behind for less illicit pleasures, we should also mention that Sean O'Faolain is on hand with some reflections on how he feels these days about literature's most celebrated coke freak. Who is it? Elementary, my dear Watson.)

On the surface, a weekend of stag films, group gropes and endless talk about sex might sound like some conventioneer's idea of heaven; but, in fact, it's part of what happens at an innovative sex clinic in Minneapolis. By P.T.A. standards, it's sex education gone berserk. But you can judge for yourself as John Medelman takes you through a sample weekend in "Does Your Husband Know You're Bisexual?" Medelman plans to do a Ph.D. dissertation on the use of media in this program; more immediately, he's working on a novel and beginning a new assignment for us about the U.S.A.F. jet demonstration team, the Thunderbirds.

Philip Goffari, in his first PLAYBOY appearance, adds a hamburger to our holiday fiction feast. *Captain Burger's American Dream* is adapted from his novel in progress of the same title. It's a story about sex and the hamburger, which at one point becomes the story of sex in the hamburger. Read and believe.

John Collier and Herbert Gold complete our fictional team

for the New Year issue. Collier's *Asking for It* (with artwork by Doug Bergstreser) advances the theory that murder victims sometimes get what they want, if not what they need; and Gold's *Paternity* is a return to the strange and subtle island of Haiti, where a man can have children for reasons quite his own. "Those who know Haiti," Herb wrote us, "also know that their dreams are never the same elsewhere." He added that he's writing the "usual deep, profound, dirty, rotten, filthy meta-physical novel."

Remember the Fabulous Fifties? *My Little Margie*, sack dresses and blue balls? Well, so do San Francisco cartoonists Gilbert Shelton and Dave Sheridan. They've put the Furry Freak Brothers into the Wayback Machine and set them down at a New Year's Eve party back then. *Winter of '59* is the nostalgic result. Artist Robert Andrew Parker rode it back another notch and came up with another echo of the past: *The Playboy Dime Mystery*. This pulse-pounding pulp contains only one story—*The Case of the Cockamamie Sisters*—written by our very own hackmeister, Assistant Editor John Blumenthal. Hang on to it; it's sure to be a collector's item. And Arnold Roth has himself been wailing on the really wayback: In the third installment of his cartoon *History of Sex*, he's all the way up to the Roman Empire.

And now the part you've all been waiting for—the famous Much, Much More: Anthony Haden-Guest has acted on the notion that the rich are always with us, so we should try our best to understand them. He's collected *The Wit and Wisdom of the Rich* (illustrated by Peter Lloyd) as a primary data source on this much-maligned species. Emanuel Greenberg trades some delicious Scandinavian food-and-drink secrets for getting through a long, cold winter in *Skoal Days*; Fashion Director Robert L. Green pulls out a few fashion stops with specially designed *Top Coats!*; we present *Playboy's Annual Writing Awards*, plus our annual award to the reader, *Playboy's Playmate Review*; and in case you get a little behind in your shopping by reading all of this, there's *The Eleventh-Hour Santa*—gifts for the last-minute shopper. Oh, yes: Much as we admire Plimpton's enthusiasm, we wouldn't leave you with only an amateur's attempt at a Playmate. Mario Casilli photographed the real thing and didn't have to look very far to find her. Until you get that lucky, stick with us.



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PLAYBOY®



199th Birthday

P. 86



Brigitte Encore

P. 147



Shangri-La West

P. 94



Playmate Reprise

P. 173



Playboy Mystery

P. 116

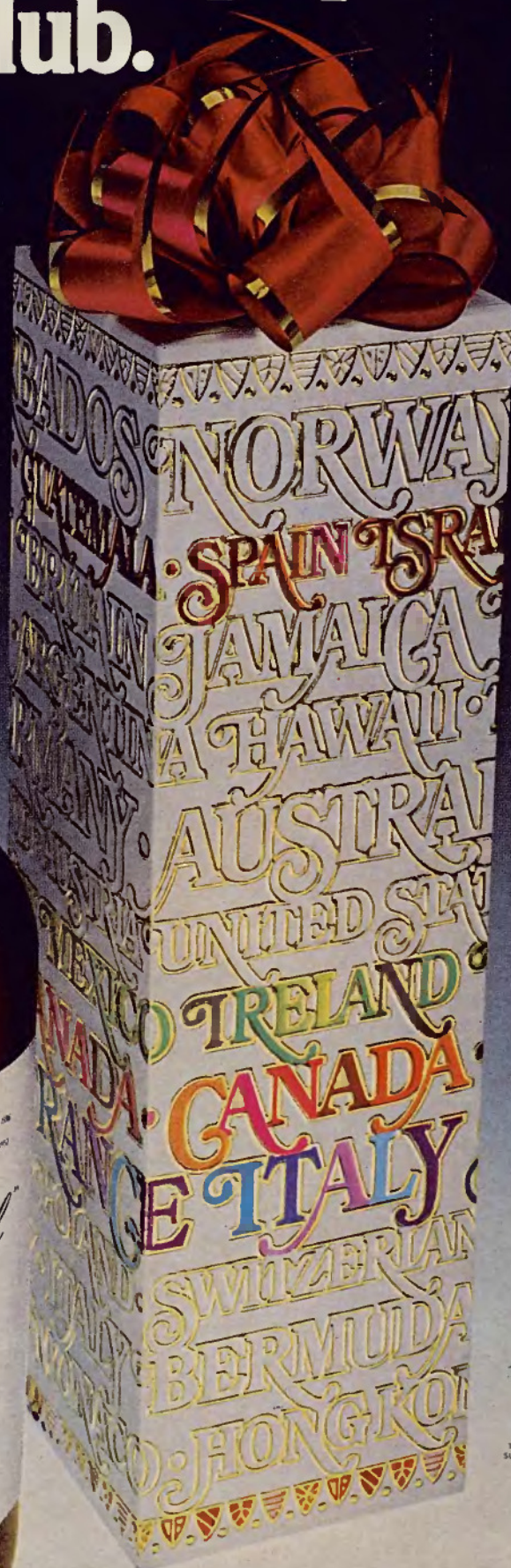
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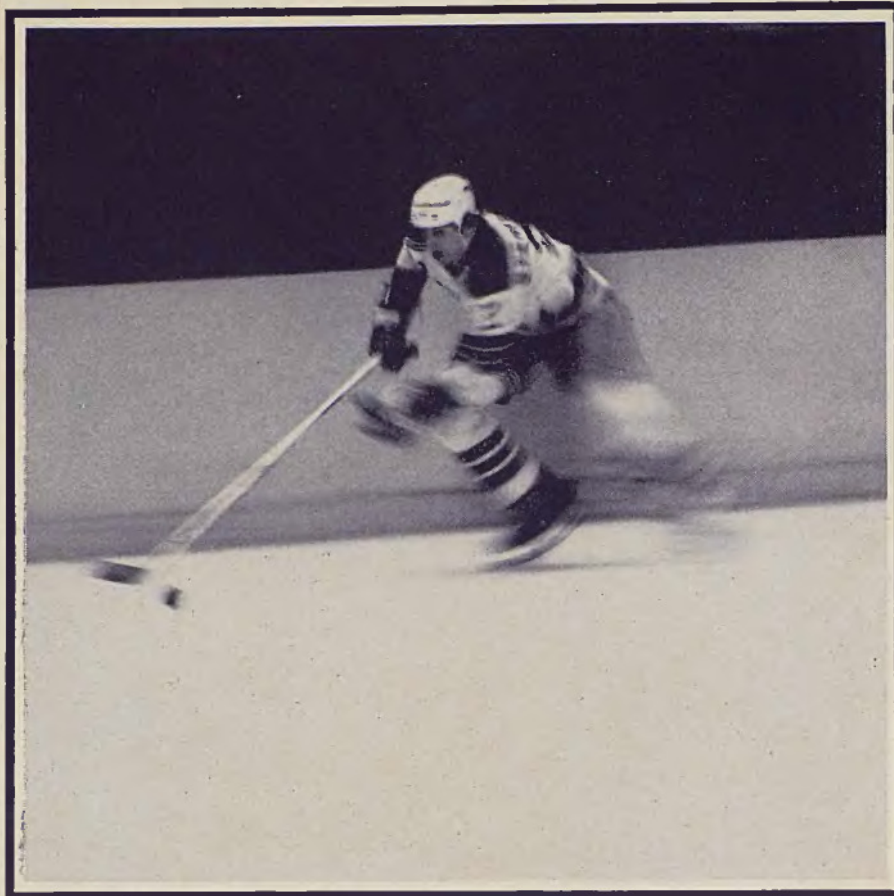
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Eggnog

Beat 12 egg yolks until light; beat in ½ lb. sugar til mixture is thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a "fifth" of white rum from Puerto Rico (or gold rum if you're a strict traditionalist). Chill 3 hrs., pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. heavy cream, stiffly whipped. Chill 1 hr., dust with nutmeg. (Serves 24.)

More ways tradition and white rum come together:

Daiquiri

Juice of half a lime (½ oz.); ½ oz. simple syrup (or scant tsp. sugar); 1½ oz. white rum from Puerto Rico. Shake with ice; strain into cocktail glass.

Holiday Punch

Into a large pitcher over a block of ice or ice cubes, pour 8 oz. orange juice, 8 oz. pineapple juice (unsweetened), 8 oz. club soda, 1½ oz. lime juice, 8 oz. white rum from Puerto Rico, sweeten to taste. Serves 6.

Hot Buttered Rum

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in a mug with some hot water; add 1½ oz. white rum from Puerto Rico (or gold rum, if desired); a pinch of nutmeg. Fill with boiling water; top with pat of butter. Cinnamon stick optional.

Or an untraditional martini.



Martini

Combine 1 part dry vermouth with 5 parts white rum. (White rum aged in Puerto Rico is just as clear and even smoother than the gin or vodka usually associated with the martini.) Stir with ice and pour. Add olive. Then enjoy the smoothest martini you ever tasted.

More ways to part from tradition with white rum:

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Mix 4 or 5 parts white rum from Puerto Rico with 1 part Rose's Lime Juice and serve on the rocks. You'll wonder why you ever made a gimlet any other way.

Bloody Mary

Start with 1 part white rum from Puerto Rico (1½ oz.), 3 parts tomato juice (4½ oz.), ¾ oz. lemon juice, 3 or 4 dashes Worcestershire sauce, 3 or 4 drops tabasco sauce, a little salt. Shake with ice in cocktail shaker. Strain and serve.

Screwdriver

In a highball glass with ice cubes, pour 1½ oz. white rum from Puerto Rico. Fill glass with orange juice.

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GAUGING GOLDSTEIN

Hefner deserves innumerable kudos for his part in helping an old, old man find rest at last. I am speaking of Diogenes, whose search for an honest man must surely have ended with the publication of your October interview with Al Goldstein, smut purveyor par excellence. If ever there were a truly forthright person, the illustrious publisher of *Screw* is he.

Kenneth A. Wild
Arlington, Virginia

Your interview is the most honest you've ever published. I got so horny reading it here in my office that I have just stripped myself of shirt, pants and shorts, played with myself feverishly, buzzed my secretary and shot a full load onto my chest as she entered the room! Do you think Al would appreciate the gesture?

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Al who?

As a devoted reader of *Screw*, I have become well acquainted with Goldstein's genius for put-on. He's a brilliant writer who has the most outrageous ideas and presents them as Gospel with no hint that he is being other than utterly serious. *Screw's* Repentance Issue, for example, in which *Screw* ate crow, rejected sex and apologized for the errors of its ways, is a masterpiece. As your interview reveals, Goldstein's wit is not only hilarious but original.

Charles Cornell
Chicago, Illinois

Sexual emancipation is one thing, but we draw the line at eating crow.

The only person Goldstein is a menace to is himself. I find it curious to discover that he has managed to fulfill practically every conceivable sexual fantasy—yet he remains frustrated. The prudish and the promiscuous, though at opposite poles, have much in common. Both are driven by neurotic compulsion and, most importantly, both are unable to find joy and satisfaction in sex. For all of us men who enjoy satisfying sexual relationships with one woman, Goldstein is a quick study. Fantasy gratification doesn't necessarily lead to that ultimate experience.

Frank Bologna
New Orleans, Louisiana

You really fell for it when you published Goldstein's self-serving hype. The majority of things he says are as phony as the stories he makes up for *Screw*. The bit about the Mafia boys' coming to his office and threatening him is nonsense. Just ask yourself if the Mafia really cares what's written about it in a dirty newspaper with a national circulation of only about 100,000. Which leads me to believe the only oral-anal sex Goldstein ever gets is when he puts his tongue in his own cheek, as he does in your interview.

Mort Harris
Los Angeles, California

Goldstein has got to be the sorriest bastard ever whelped. As the first Ku Klux Klan Vice-Presidential candidate, I hope I can help Goldstein leave our great nation and spread his trash among subversive elements in Communist countries. White power!

Scott M. Nelson, Imperial Wizard
Texas Fiery Knights of the Ku Klux Klan
Houston, Texas

The interview with Goldstein made me feel dirty and sick to my stomach. I don't want such corrupt trash in my home. Cancel my subscription.

John J. French
Louisville, Kentucky

Your interview is, without a doubt, the most revolting, disgusting, obnoxious thing I have ever encountered. I feel degraded for having read it and have decided to cancel my subscription.

Victor Henschel
New York, New York

Done and done.

Out here in Montana, when our animals get in the shape Goldstein is in, we usually hit them between the eyes with a 16-pound maul to put them out of their misery.

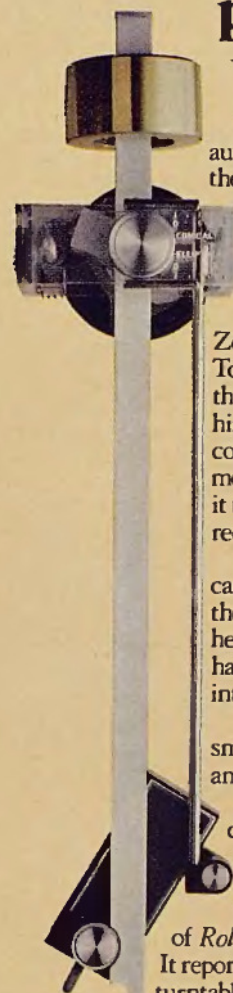
Jim Schulz
Drummond, Montana

"LEPKE'S" LADY

Though your photography is designed to please men, Ken Marcus' photographs of Mary Wilcox in "*Lepke's*" Lady

"It probably is the best arm yet offered as an integral part of an automatic player."

—High Fidelity Magazine



There are only three automatic turntables in the world that have a tonearm without tracking error.

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This is a significant improvement over the conventional fixed-head tonearm, which has tracking error built into it.

The result is a small but irreducible amount of distortion.

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(PLAYBOY, October) are enjoyable to women, too. They communicate a grace and dignity. Thank you for publishing them.

Mary Domagalski
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Ten thousand Japanese optical technicians worked decades to perfect the optics of Marcus' camera. So what does Marcus do? He spreads so much petroleum jelly on his lenses that I can't find out from looking at his pictures what's going on behind all that goo. I'd suggest a little lens tissue.

Edward Kakassy
San Clemente, California

A. J. ALL THE WAY

As William Neely reports in his October personality profile, *A. J.—As in Foyt*, A. J. is hard-nosed and arrogant on the surface. But, once you get to know the man, as I have—as Neely obviously has—you find he is considerate and fair. I know; Foyt booted me out of his Gasoline Alley garage prior to the 1968 Indy 500. But now I consider him one of my closest friends. The lesson learned was very simple: Show A. J. your respect and you receive his in return.

Dan Lovett
WABC-TV Sports
New York, New York

Neely's personality piece very accurately points out the differences between A. J. and other drivers: Not only is Foyt the winningest driver in the history of the sport but, quite obviously, his views on auto racing are the most trenchantly quotable.

Jim Roth
Gunnison, Colorado

THE SOUND OF SILENCE

Prior to reading Herbert Gold's October article on his visit to the Soviet Union, *In Russian, "To Be Silent" Is an Active Verb*, I had never taken more than a superficial interest in the U.S.S.R. or its people. Gold's article introduced me not only to the Soviets and their government but to their predicament as well. As Gold so eloquently points out, 50 years of nearly total devotion to industrial growth and development has exacted a horrible toll on Soviet intellectual freedom and civil liberties. In these economically bad times, our own leaders may be tempted to devote all our national efforts to providing work for every citizen. Before they do, they should read Gold's article. They'd learn what could go wrong.

Peter Andello
Middletown, New York

Gold's vengeful article overlooks two important points: Although Soviet emigration laws are oppressive in the eyes

of the West, these laws apply equally to every Soviet citizen—not only to Jews and intellectuals. In addition, anyone who reflects on present-day Soviet emigration should take into account the terrible losses of human life and talent suffered by the Russian people at the hands of their enemies.

Edward Abramic
Annapolis, Maryland

SUBLIME TOMATO

You might be interested in the snappy tomatoes we raise in Sublimity.

David Joyce
Sublimity, Oregon



TIMELESS VISIONS

Your inclusion of James Dickey's prose poems on the American South, *Small Visions from a Timeless Place* (PLAYBOY, October), exemplifies your unquestionable literary value. Dickey describes his poems as experimental. The experiment proves inspiringly successful. Thank you for an exhilarating experience.

Ronnie Baker
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Dickey's ability to express the moods of the South may be excelled only by William Faulkner's. As Dickey's poems prove, the South is a land that can be laughed at, cried over and even hated. But it can never be fully explained.

Dan Adams
Austin, Texas

Dickey calls the South Jericho. After reading his piece, I'd call it paradise.

Norman Kenneth Bodenstein
Dayton, Ohio

FEEDBACK

I feel compelled to share my first encounter with you. Recently, in a writing class, I was asked to seek out an example of slanted reporting. I immediately purchased PLAYBOY, assuming that your contents would reek of male chauvinism. To my surprise, however, I found valid

reportage and straightforwardly presented information. I commend you.

Betty Gene Goodwin
Palo Alto, California

Those color illustrations spicing up *Playboy After Hours* really work.

Warren Cooper
Hamilton, Ontario

Commendations noted.

OVER AND OUT

Air Force Colonel Irving Breslauer's October article, *The Handwriting on the Wall*, updating his August 1971 collection of Vietnam graffiti, *The View from Kilroy's Head*, is great, if sad. The power structure in the Air Force is dominated by such generals as those depicted in Breslauer's article. As Breslauer said, "If we [in the Air Force] can't stand to laugh at ourselves or take a little criticism, especially if it is the truth, we're in trouble." Like Breslauer, I've given my adult life to the Air Force and it pains me deeply to see how little criticism it can take and how much trouble it is in. For men like Breslauer are leaving the Air Force in droves, while the underachievers kiss asses and advance up the line. I'll be leaving, too, I suppose, as soon as I work up the nerve. In the meantime, I'd better get a haircut.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

JAPANESE ZERO

Reg Potterton's hilarious examination of the phenomenon of Japanese tourism in America in *At Large in the Land of the Tooth Bandit* (PLAYBOY, October) is a classic study of what happens when East meets West. Many Westerners have written about the curious Japanese adaptations of Western culture, but nowhere have I encountered reportage on what goes on when a slice of Oriental culture is Westernized—for instance, Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism. Potterton's droll pen captures such meetings, and the result is a delight.

Frank Halstead
Dayton, Ohio

If I were among those Japanese tourists of whom Potterton wrote, I never would dare come back to such a crazy country. But we Americans aren't all tooth bandits, Mr. Murayama. Next time, travel farther inland. We'll take better care of you.

Joey T. Lembecker
Dallas, Texas

THE GAME GAME

Charles Gaines's October article on preserve hunting, *Old Dance on the*

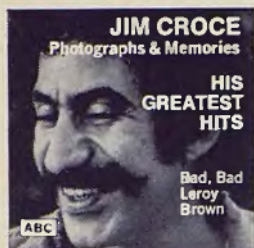
If it wasn't for Winston, I wouldn't smoke.

Taste isn't everything. It's the only thing.
I smoke for pleasure. That's spelled T-A-S-T-E.
That means Winston. Winston won't give you a new image.

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MAR. '74.



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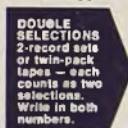
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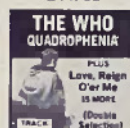
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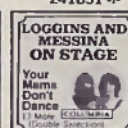
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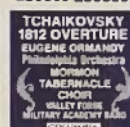
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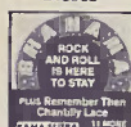
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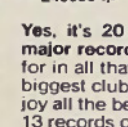
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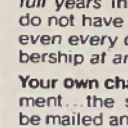
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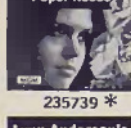
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Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment... the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes, \$6.98 or \$7.98; reel tapes, \$7.98; records, \$5.98 or \$6.98... plus processing and postage. (Multiple unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest... plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about six times a year we will offer some Special Selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will always be enclosed with each magazine.

...if you do not want any selection offered mail the response card by the date specified

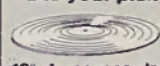
...if you want only the Selection of the Month or Special Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically

...if you want any of the other selections offered just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having had at least 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense, for full credit.

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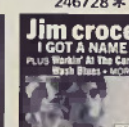
* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes



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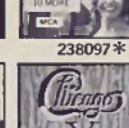
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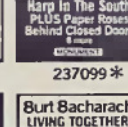
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Killing Ground, is quite provocative. The Whitehouse boys, the hunters in Gaines's piece, are shown to understand the implications of their actions. Hunting, therefore, will long remain an intellectual catalyst for them. Even though what they kill is not necessary for their survival, they do derive from the experience a better perspective of the human condition.

Peter Magoon
Springfield, Vermont

I'm a teacher of environmental education who finds *Old Dance on the Killing Ground* disgusting. Obviously, Gaines has had no training in ecology or wildlife management, or he wouldn't be so ignorant of the vital role played by the hunter in preserving our wildlife. Wildlife managers know that many game species would soon die from starvation and disease (all results of overpopulation) if not for the hunter. They also know that the hunter contributes thousands of dollars every year for the purchase of habitat that is a refuge for nongame as well as for game species. Yes, there are some slob hunters and some unsporting hunting preserves, but these are the exception rather than the rule.

Charles Johncox
Stanley, New York

In his article, Gaines writes of anti-hunters, "many of whom don't know a rifle from a shotgun." I know exactly the kind of people to whom Gaines refers. It's too bad he is one of them.

Pfc. Robert E. Oldham
Fort Knox, Kentucky

Gaines's article did not ravage preserve hunting as your subheadline claimed. The main thing people should remember is that there are tin horns, fat cats and phonies in hunting just as there are in steelmaking, beer drinking or publishing.

Bill Davidson
National Rifle Association
Alamosa, Colorado

I share Gaines's contempt for fenced-in hunting and dude ranches. But to condemn hunting in general on the basis of the existence of preserves is as absurd as condemning sex between loving partners on the basis of the existence of brothels.

Greg Brien
Willimantic, Connecticut

Old Dance on the Killing Ground only succeeded in convincing me that I would rather see hunting continue, but only by someone who, as Faulkner wrote, can somehow "comprehend loving the life he spills."

John H. Jackson
Powell, Texas



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The most recent Annual Spittin', Belchin' and Cussin' Contest, held in Central City, Colorado, wasn't quite up to the standards of previous competitions. First of all, the World Champion Watermelon Seed Spittin' contest was taken by a spit only 50 feet, two inches—seven and a half feet off 1973's record. Then, to the disappointment of the gallery, the highly touted grudge match between two previous spittin' champions failed to come off. The belchin' competition featured the sounds of "The Wounded Whale," "The Dying Rhino" and "The Drunken Buffalo"; but 1973's winner, Harold "I Live for Filth" Fielden, failed to show up to defend his title. So, halfway through the contest, 29 spectators mooned the contestants.

Frenchman's Reef, a Virgin Islands resort hotel, recently had a reservation request for "one room, one bed, three people." The travel agent quoted the rate as part of a "double-your-fun" package.

A pair of young smugglers who figured they'd been spotted by the customs people in Winchester, England, swallowed 24 prophylactics filled with hash and had to be rushed to a hospital. A straight-faced customs official told the press, "Those two chaps underwent some dreadful pain and digestive distress, but I must say, they stood up under it like a couple of Trojans."

Neither rain nor sleet: A go-go dancer and a postal employee were crowned Miss and Mr. Nude America at the annual event in Naked City, Indiana. *The Miami*

Herald gave this account of the contest: "Taffy Tamura used her dancing poise to become queen and Stephen Long delivered to become king."

A notice in the *Canberra Times* of Australia: "My wife played her best round of golf last Tuesday. Would those who have not yet heard about it please phone 738-1103 for full details of every shot."

When froggy goes ahumpin': Schoolmistress Priscilla Oates, who teaches in a London suburb, has rallied volunteers to help out the sex-crazed toads of Hemel Hempstead. Seems the frogs get so carried away by passion they do it in the middle of the road and passing cars have a tendency to bring things to a crushing

halt. Oates's supporters have been giving the toads a helping hand by tossing the enraptured couples to the side of the road.

A Japanese meteorologist has come up with a thermometer so sensitive that it almost instantly records any change whatsoever in air temperature. To prove his point, he set it up at a Tokyo performance of an all-girl revue. The instrument showed that the over-all temperature in the theater rose two degrees every time the girls danced.

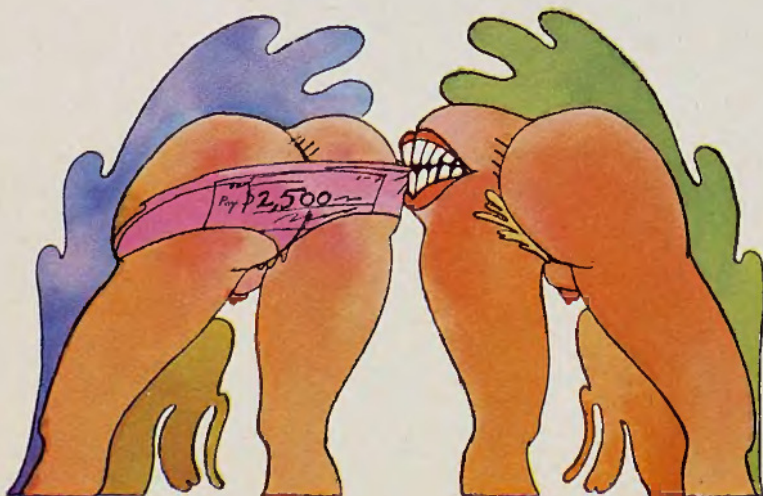
Post haste! A New York bookstore received this request by mail: "Please send me the name of a book on hygiene. I'm afraid I have it."

Requiem for a hawg: For sale in the Durham, North Carolina, *Morning Herald*, "'56 Harley chopper, newly rebuilt motor, purple with 10" extension. See at Chapel Hill Rest Home, Sat. & Sun. between 10 A.M. and 7 P.M."

A true proponent of academic freedom is Ralph Armstrong, who, while serving a 30-to-150-year sentence at the New Mexico State Penitentiary, completed coursework for a college degree. He was granted permission to attend graduation and personally receive his diploma, which he did—and then vanished. . . . In the same spirit, an unusual run was scored at the Hawaii Youth Correctional Facility softball game

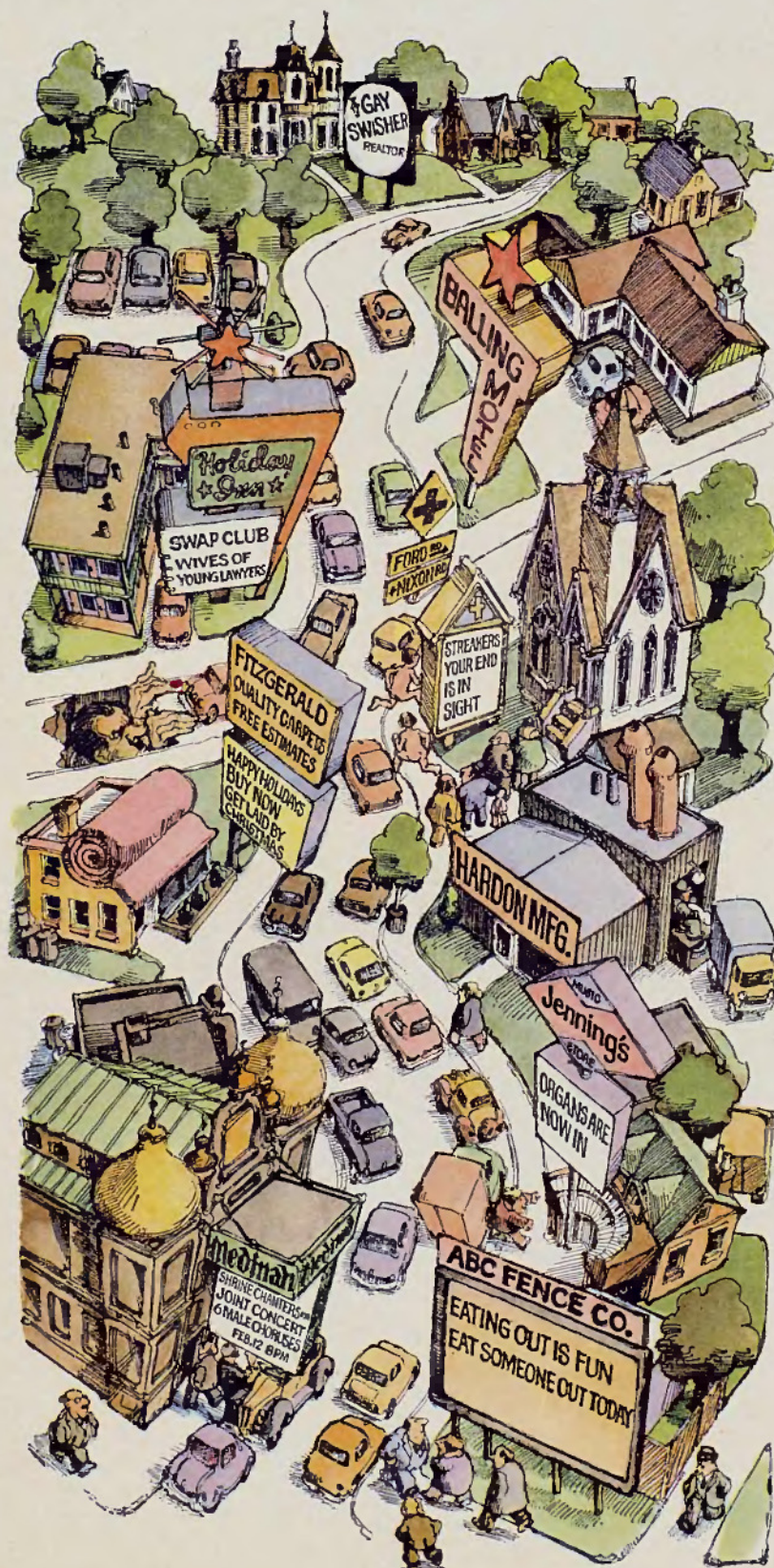


For reasons known only to herself and her divorce lawyer, a California woman sent a check for \$2500 to her former husband and wrote it out on a pair of panties. The First National Bank of California, somewhat ruffled by the transaction, asked the lady to come by and verify it. She peered at the label of the panties and said, "Sure, that's my check," and asked that it be returned with her monthly statement after it had been cleared. . . . In Tallmadge, Ohio, a guy waiting in a drugstore check-out line with some friends noticed a nicely formed woman in line ahead of him. He informed his friends that he could probably bite the lady on the ass and, when his friends expressed skepticism, did just that. The lady's husband called the police after the guy had run off; police were told to be on the lookout for a man in a white T-shirt, weighing about 180 pounds, with "a good set of teeth."



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

One of the wonderful things about billboards and signs is that they cannot be censored for *double-entendres*. To the innocent eye, these signs convey a sensible message. To the rest of us, they represent a plot to undermine our moral fiber. All of them really exist and were photographed and sent to us over the past year by fairly dirty-minded readers. This is what they would look like if they were all located in the same town. Drive slowly.



when an outfielder was allowed through the gate to retrieve an out-of-the-park home-run ball. The ball came back; the inmate didn't. Said a policeman at the game: "At least he was nice enough to return the ball."

A newly published book on consumer swindles, *Been Taken Lately?*, describes one ploy used by a Chicago dance studio to convince lonely female clients that learning to dance was the way to turn men on: Male instructors were told to sew Coke bottles into the front of their pants.

A note on the hot-air hand drier in a University of Nebraska washroom: PUSH THIS BUTTON AND GET A MESSAGE FROM OUR DEAN.

Classified ad in Honolulu's Sunday *Star-Bulletin & Advertiser*: "Handsome model, very photogenic Peter. 555-6935 before 5 P.M."

"Super Sleuth," New York City's parking-ticket computer programmed to track down scofflaws, sent a bill for \$2000 in unpaid parking tickets to an Upstate man. Convinced of a clerical error, the irate gentleman complained that the car was owned by his wife, who hadn't visited the city in five years. A city official mailed copies of the delinquent tickets to the dissenter, who noted that they were all made out on weekday afternoons while he was at work and that they were given at a rate of two a week in the same block of Manhattan's East Side. Confronted with the evidence, the wife broke down and admitted she was having an affair.

HOTELS

We heard that the latest hangout for the Beautiful People was a \$160-a-day hotel in Port-au-Prince called *Habitation Leclerc*, and since author Herbert Gold was in Haiti anyway, getting inspiration for his short story, "Paternity," elsewhere in this issue, we asked him to stop by and take a look. His report:

The road to *Habitation Leclerc*, in the Martissant section of Port-au-Prince, leads through an ant-heap slum near the waterfront, past signs reading THE WORLD'S LARGEST BASEBALLS and SOFT-BALLS MANUFACTURER and THE ETERNAL IS GREAT COIFFEUR. As befits the place a promo brochure calls "the loviest [*sic*] and beyond doubt one of the most chic hotels in the Caribbean," the silver plaque at the Leclerc reception portico is somewhat more elegant:

HABITATION LECLERC
(EST. 1801—PORT-AU-PRINCE—HAITI)
FORMER HOUSE OF
HER EXCELLENCY
PRINCESS PAULINE BONAPARTE
LA GENERALE LECLERC
PRINCESS BORGHESE

My room—or suite, as the management calls this accommodation—was of the

The Range Jacket from Marlboro.

Just \$21⁰⁰ plus two end labels
from any pack or box
of Marlboro.

It was back in the 1850's that denim was introduced in the West. And it caught on with cowboys because it stood up to hard work and raw weather on the open range.

The Range Jacket from Marlboro. A Wrangler® jacket made of rugged, pre-faded denim. And a woolen* liner that can be worn alone as a vest. Or, buttoned in to help shut out the cold.

*85% wool, 15% nylon.

Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.



The Range Jacket from Marlboro.

Mail to:

Marlboro Range Jacket, P.O. Box 695, Marion, Ohio 43302

Enclosed are two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro. Please send me () Range Jackets at \$21.00 each.

This jacket is pre-shrunk. To allow for this shrinkage, please order one size larger than your normal size.

☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40 ☐ 42 ☐ 44 ☐ 46

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(necessary) PB

Offer available only to persons over 21 years of age. Send check or money order only, payable to Marlboro Range Jacket. Offer good in U.S.A. only, except where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Offer good until June 30, 1975, or while supply lasts. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

If you can use any of these tools...

You can gain exciting new skills as an electronics troubleshooter in Bell & Howell Schools' fascinating learn-at-home program that includes building and experimenting with the new generation color TV.

Simulated TV picture/test pattern



You may already have some of the skills you need.

Most of us at one time or another have put a screwdriver, a pair of pliers or some other basic tool to work. Fixing a bicycle wheel, tightening a window latch, putting up a bookshelf, or what have you.

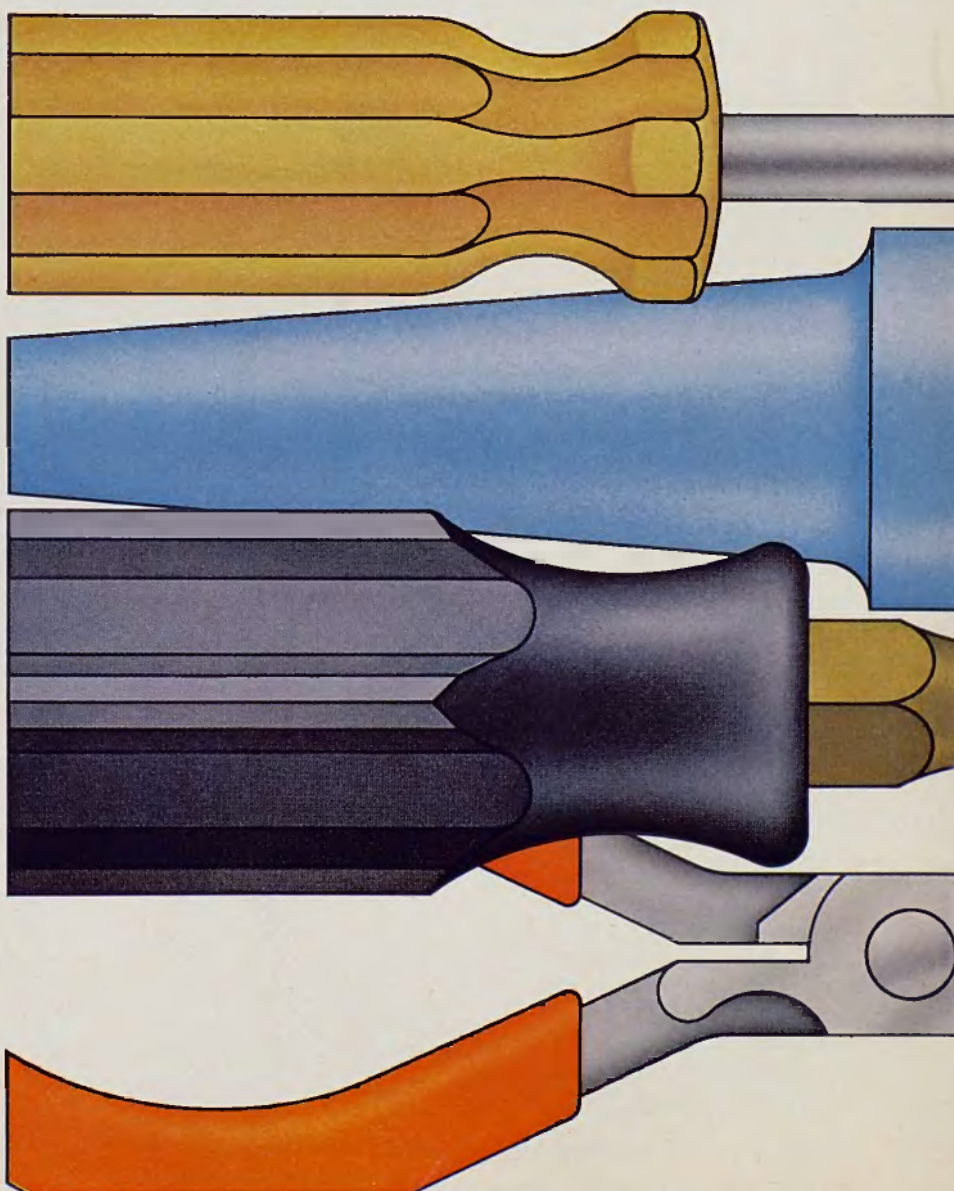
But here's a thought.

Using these same simple tools as a starting point, you can develop the ability to put them to work for you in far more ways than you ever dreamed of. And Bell & Howell Schools' fascinating home learning adventure in electronics will show you how.

These days when it seems like there's an "electronic everything," it makes good sense to have occupational skills in the servicing and repair of such products as TV's and other home electronic equipment. If you're a person who recognizes a future in this field, Bell & Howell Schools is ready to help you develop the specialized ability you need to become an electronics troubleshooter. While no assurance of income or employment can be offered, we can assure you that no better at-home training in electronics is available anywhere.

We have an exciting way for you to pick up these specialized skills in your spare time.

Don't think for a moment that we want you to spend your off-hours just reading a bunch of "how-to" books. That would bore anyone after awhile. What we at Bell & Howell Schools offer is the modern way to learn... a very different approach from the way you've been used to.



First of all, we believe that when you're exploring a field as fascinating as electronics, reading about it is just not enough. That's why throughout this learning adventure you'll get lots of "hands on" experience with some of the latest electronic training tools available today. You'll test and experiment with them and gain exciting new skills all along the way.

Once you've completed this program a number of directions are open to you:

1. Use your training to seek out a job in the electronics industry.
2. Use your training to upgrade your current job.
3. Use your training as a foundation for advanced programs in electronics.

No electronics background necessary.

That's one of the many attractions of this program. We start you off with the basics and help you work your way up one step at a time. As a matter of fact, with your very first lesson you receive a special Lab Starter Kit to give you immediate working experience on equipment as you are picking up the fundamentals.

It makes the learning process faster and certainly a lot more interesting.

You'll build and perform exciting experiments with Bell & Howell's Electro-Lab® electronics training system.

You build the Electro-Lab step-by-step, too. First, the design console. After you assemble it, you'll be able to set up and examine circuits without having to solder them in place.

Next, you'll enjoy building a digital multimeter. This important instrument measures voltage, current and resistance and displays its findings in big, clear numbers like on a digital clock. Far easier to read than "needle pointer" meters.

Then comes the solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope which is similar in principle to the kind used in hospital operating rooms to monitor heartbeats. You'll use it to analyze tiny integrated circuits. The "triggered sweep" feature locks in signals for easier observation.

You'll actually build and work with Bell & Howell's new generation color TV... investigating features you've probably never seen before!

This 25" diagonal color TV has digital features that are likely to appear on all TV's of the future. Features made possible by the applications of digital electronics

to home entertainment.

You'll probe into the technology behind all-electronic tuning and into the digital circuitry of channel numbers that appear big and clear, right on the screen!

You'll also build-in a remarkable on-the-screen digital clock, that will flash the time in hours, minutes and seconds. Your new skills will enable you to program a special automatic channel selector to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional color clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as a working knowledge of "state of the art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid-state chassis.

Having actually built and experimented with this TV, you'll come away equipped with the kinds of skills that could put you ahead of the field in electronics know-how.

We try to give more personal attention than other learn-at-home programs.

1. Toll-free phone-in assistance. The program is designed so that you can proceed through it smoothly, step-by-step. However, should you ever run into a rough spot, we'll be there to help. Many schools make you mail in all your questions. We have a toll-free line you can call when you have a question that can't wait.
2. In-person "help sessions." These are held in 50 major cities at various times throughout the year where you can talk shop with your instructors and fellow students.

Why wait?

Find out more on how you can pick up new skills in electronics troubleshooting as you work with Bell & Howell's new generation color TV. You've got the tools to do it!

Mail the postage-paid card today for full details, free!

Taken for vocational purposes, this program is approved by the state approval agency for Veterans Benefits.

If card has been removed, please write to:

An Electronics Home Study School
DEVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY



ONE OF THE

BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS

4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

698R2

standard semi-kidney shape, with Somerset Maugham helicopter-blade ceiling fans, a marvelous Haitian primitive jungle screen—shrieking parrots and snarling tigers by Fernand Pierre—over the bed, an inauthentic set of 18th Century French pornographic wall panels (oral group sex economically combined with whippings), oil lamps, gas lamps, two king-size beds, Cannon towel poufs, electric lamps, a bottle of warm Evian water, a bidet with golden nozzles, an Italian-marble sink with more golden (plus marble) nozzles, a sunken circular bath, an antique barometer framed with remarks by Admiral Fitzroy and a library of Olympia Press books, each stamped WHEN YOU ARE FINISHED READING ME, PLEASE TAKE ME BACK. (As I recall, you can keep the Gideon Bible in your standard Holiday Inn.)

Outside was my own private pool for cavorting; a short walk away, the large group pool, the tennis court, the bar (all you can drink, except vintage wines and champagnes, included at the basic price). I ordered a screwdriver; the orange juice was fresh Tang. "Haitians prefer it," I was assured. "It has a certain *je ne sais quoi*."

At the bar, I met another guest. Used to be Chicago, now Los Angeles, in construction, knows lots of stars, not to speak of starlets, once dated a girl who succeeded Candy Bergen in someone's affections: "Hey, please make your acquaintance. Heard the tap-tap-tap a your typewriter, fella. Personally, I'm not too activist down here, so you like to lie around my pool with me and shoot the shit?"

"It's really elegant, isn't it?"

"Man, you can take your Saint Croy and stick it up your ass. This is the place, fella."

Beside the pool, a wrung-out lady was studying an article in *Cosmopolitan*: "Orgasm Is Yours if You Follow These Simple Instructions." Habitation Leclerc, \$160 a day, all you can drink and all you can come. The lady had followed these simple instructions. A golden tan was also hers, and many liver spots, possibly due to excessive sun over the years. "Hi, there," she said. "You new here?"

With the international set, one must be discreet, subtle and dignified, so I cement my relationship with The Lady of the 50 Tanned Seasons by borrowing her magazine. *Do you still dangle mad-deningly on the edge of release?* ("I'll never forget my first orgasm," writes Jeanie Sakol.)

"Wonderful place to get some good reading done," I remark.

"Wunnerful," says the lady. "You here long?"

"No . . . no." I do not tell her that I am a spy in the house of Pauline Leclerc, sister of Napoleon, as conceived by the Hippopotamus Corp., branch of a



Manhattan night club, and lovingly imagined by a Mr. Lawrence Peabody, decorator, a Mr. Olivier Coquelin, owner-promoter, and Mr. Ralph Lee, ex-actor, stunt man, L.A.-area builder—bearded, vigorous, refreshingly virile in this curious *jamaïs-jamais* land. I would not blame him for what Sakol, the orgasm critic, calls L.M.F. (last-minute fizzle) in the design of Habitation Leclerc. He did plant vertivères grass, which repels mosquitoes, and he resurfaced the tennis court.

According to the locals, Pauline Leclerc never lived here, but Katherine Dunham did. Somehow the place is neither sister-of-Napoleon nor Haitian-tropical-luxury in style. It's more Queens motel, with fancier faucets and no traffic sounds. Well, it's quite a lot better than that. The food—fruit, fish, lobster, good porky things—is tasty tropical and the staff (approximately three per guest) is attentive. If you're into speeded-up bi-, tri- or monosexuality; if you're a skinny jet-set lady looking for the one place she hasn't yet done; if you're from Seventh Avenue, Palm, Miami or North Beach and have some unlaundered money; if you're a rock star who hasn't yet overdosed; if you're planning a honeymoon and haven't yet used the word *sybaritic*; if, in short, you want to immerse yourself in the Real World of *Women's Wear Daily*, this is perfection. It was, briefly, for me, even if the Bouvier sisters, reputed to be frequent guests, failed one more time to make an appearance in my star-crossed life.

At present, Habitation Leclerc can accommodate about 100 cavorters, and for some it may be worth the \$160 a day,

Especially if you pay only the off-season discount rate of \$85 while goggling at the likes of Egon von Furstenberg, a Swedish model or two recently promoted out of the Club Méditerranée and a star of late-night TV reruns. It's not Haiti and it's not really Grand Style, but Unusual Lodging Is Yours if You Follow These Simple Instructions.

THEATER

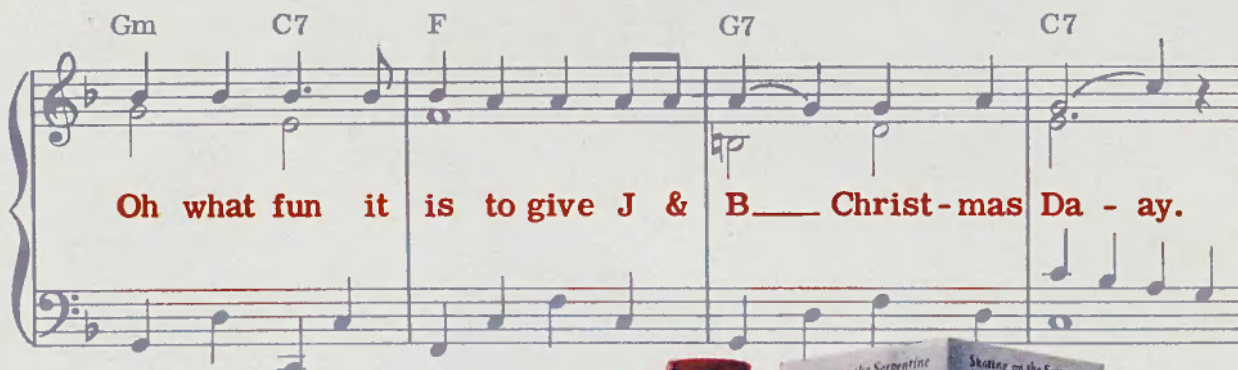
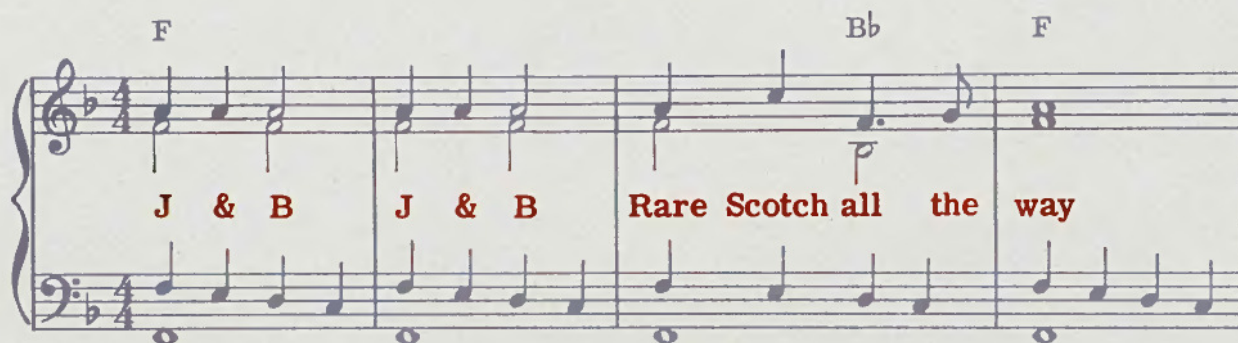
The father of the Keystone Cops, pratfalls and the custard-pie fight was Mack Sennett, king of the two-reel silent comedy. How can you make a musical about Mack Sennett and not be funny? Easy, if you know how. In *Mack & Mabel*, producer David Merrick, author Michael Stewart and composer Jerry Herman (the trio that founded *Hello, Dolly!*) have zeroed in on the squalid side of Sennett, his on-and-off-and-on-and-off romance with his star Mabel Normand and her collapse into drink, drugs and delirium. This dreary "musical love story" is crosscut with glimpses of Sennett working hard at funny business and production numbers that attempt to create, with great gimmickry and small success, the zaniness on the Sennett back lot. There are more dancing girls than cops, which sometimes makes it seem as if the collaborators have confused Sennett with Busby Berkeley. The dancing is good, Robert Preston is a strong Mack and Bernadette Peters has the propulsive personality to play Mabel. But one of Herman's catchy tunes (so catchy he can't get rid of it)—*When Mabel Comes in the Room*—could just as well have been



called *Hello, Mabel!* The evening's peak comes early, with the projection on a screen of film clips from Sennett's own knockabout comedies. Unlike *Mack &*

Jingle Bells

(Sing it our way. And make your Christmas merrier.)



J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

Mabel, they are bright and funny. At the Majestic, 245 West 44th Street.

Gypsy Rose Lee's mother, Rose, is the archetypal stage mother, one of the titanic characters in the American musical theater. What makes *Gypsy*, in revival, noteworthy—besides Jule Styne's unfailingly



vibrant score, Stephen Sondheim's perfectly matched lyrics and a handsomely polished production—is Angela Lansbury as Rose. Merman was louder, but Lansbury is better. Not only is her *Gypsy* great to hear and see but she touches you. She makes Momma Rose a monster with a heart (not of gold, perhaps of platinum). We hate her, but we see why Gypsy blindly follows her, why a career as a stripper becomes inevitable. And when Rose grabs the spotlight from her daughter and demands *Rose's Turn*, she reveals all the frustration and desperation behind the obsessive forcefulness. A complex character and a grand performance. At the Winter Garden, 1634 Broadway.

Absurd Person Singular, Alan Ayckbourn's popular British comedy, is about the duplicity of human behavior. While the drinks are flowing at the party in the living room, what terrible hubbub is happening in the kitchen? Would we really know a suicide in our midst if we were busy fixing fixtures and cleaning out the drain? Calling this a kitchen comedy at least gives you the locale of the play and also something of its spirit: It wears an apron of domesticity. Three widely divergent married couples meet every Christmas, even though the only thing they have in common is that they are characters in an Ayckbourn play. The first, and funniest, of the three acts sparkles particularly because the comic focus is on the expert Larry Blyden and Carole Shelley as a fast-rising opportunist and his wife, a compulsive cleaner. They are the pushiest couple and the only ones able to cope with life. The second act switches to the

potential suicide (Sandy Dennis) and her failed architect husband (Tony Roberts), the third to a wry, detached member of the sinking aristocracy (Richard Kiley) and his never-sober wife (Geraldine Page). A diverting skein of situation comedies about ordinary people, *Absurd Person Singular* offers the audience smiles of recognition. At The Music Box, 239 West 45th Street.

BOOKS

The holidays traditionally prompt publishers to produce their most lavish books, and this year is no exception. We offer our annual roundup of the most interesting—and most excessive—of the coffee-table variety: *Art and Life Style* (Felicie) is the first hardcover cross section of artist LeRoy Neiman's work, including 270 full-color reproductions interspersed with his own commentary. We're understandably proud—Neiman is one of our own. Other art volumes span five centuries: A superb example of the medieval illuminated manuscript is *The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry* (Braziller), in which 15th Century miniatures glow like jewels. The revival of interest in late-19th Century *art nouveau* finds exotic expression in *The Graphic Work of Alphonse Mucha* (St. Martin's), most fashionable of the poster artists of the period, edited by his son Jiri.

A companion volume, *Mucha Photographs*

(St. Martin's), provides a fascinating glimpse of the experimental camera studies that formed the basis of Mucha's poster designs. Harsher realities are the background for *The American*

Scene: American Painting of the 1930s (Praeger), where art expert Matthew Baigell explores the reactions of such masters as Grant Wood, Thomas Hart Benton and Ben Shahn to the Depression years. In a friend's personal tribute, writer-photographer David Douglas Duncan says *Goodbye Picasso* (Grosset & Dunlap); the author's candid photo-and-word portraits, plus the artist's work, combine to form a touching farewell. Art and text are linked in *Jericho The South Beheld* (Oxmoor House), which meshes the talents of poet James Dickey and painter Hubert Shuptrine. They have created a multileveled vision of the South—land and people (a sample appeared in the October PLAYBOY). The photograph becomes art in Irving Penn's powerful *Worlds in a Small Room* (Grossman), a collection of intense studio portraits of people from remote places. *Photography in America* (Random

House/Ridge Press) records the evolution of still photography since 1841 in 259 examples from the Whitney Museum collection. The inner world is celebrated by microphotographer Lennart Nilsson's *Behold Man* (Little, Brown), which reveals the body's interior landscape from single cell to the reproductive cycle. The outer landscape is captured by the master in *Ansel Adams* (New York Graphic Society) with a representative collection of 50 years of studying nature. The movies come into sharper focus with two retrospective collections, *The Movie Book*, by Steven H. Scheuer (Ridge Press/Playboy Press), a pictorial survey with over 400 photos, and *The Platinum Years* (Random House/Ridge Press), with on-set photographer Bob Willoughby's behind-the-scenes photos of 24 notable films, accompanied by Richard Schickel's discerning commentary. There are some strange—and strong—animal books worth mentioning. Naturalist Roger Caras presents an almost too intimate look at *The Private Lives of Animals* (Grosset & Dunlap). Lions in the act of coitus and baby turtles being killed by ghost crabs, for example. Caras also produced a chilling and hypnotic guide

to *Venomous Animals of the World* (Prentice-Hall). Time-Life

put together a color collection of the *Vanishing Species*, with a cautionary foreword

by novelist

Romain Gary. *Mind in the Waters* (Scribner's/

Sierra Club) is a brilliantly detailed account of whales and dolphins; and for a lighter touch, humorist P. G. Wodehouse teams

up with photographer Elliott Erwitt for *Son of Bitch* (Grossman), a fond, fey tribute to man's best friend. Two exceptional pictorial history books this year: Felix Barker and Peter Jackson's *London* (Macmillan), a pictorial history of that city's 2000 years; and Roloff Beny's *In Italy* (Harper & Row), a visually stupendous tapestry of the history and culture of that country. This year's crop of special-interest books: For the road burners, Phil Schilling's *The Motorcycle World* (Random House/Ridge Press) conducts a tour of the men, machines and races. For those people who have been following the *World at War* on TV, there is an *Atlas of the Second World War* (Putnam), with maps detailing strategy and tactics of land/sea/air operations. And, finally, Louise Bertholle reveals 560 gourmet recipes in *Secrets of the Great French Restaurants* (Macmillan). We'd like to pass along an unclassifiable but extraordinary



After going 212 m.p.h., he's not about to smoke a boring cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size.
Super Longs.



Viceroy has full-bodied flavor that doesn't flatten out. Always rich...always smooth...always exciting. Get a taste of Viceroy. Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

manuscript: *The Unknown Leonardo* (McGraw-Hill), based on the recently discovered "Madrid Codices," in which the master artist-inventor encoded his visionary ideas and inventions. The book is enhanced by more than 800 illustrations by Da Vinci. Best to end on a lighter note: *Encyclopedia of Graffiti* (Macmillan) is Robert Reisner's research of more than 5000 inscriptions from ancient walls to the subway. And there must be one or two people out there who can stand just a little more on Zelda and Scott: *The Romantic Egoists* (Scribner's) sent daughter Scottie back to the old scrapbooks and candid pictures for one more look. Big books come at big expense, but there is one alternative—write your own. *The Nothing Book* (Harmony/Crown) is just that—192 blank pages (in the deluxe edition, you can get French marbled binding). Have fun.

San Francisco in the Twenties, a hard-guy detective who "burns" cigarettes instead of smoking them, monster thugs, timid swindlers, roadhouses, murder in the fog, beautiful dark ladies: Dashiell Hammett again, this time a reissue of seven short stories in a new collection called *The Continental Op* (Random House). The Op was Hammett's first detective and never had a name. He's paunchy, middle-aged and he has no personal life that the reader ever sees. He's just the operative from the Continental Detective Agency (Hammett was an op for the Pinkerton Agency) and though his cases usually begin routinely, there is always a moment of high treachery or swift violence that turns the Op into the sort of cold and sometimes immoral bounty hunter that it takes to keep the streets free of clever crooks. In one of these episodes, the Op sends a man to the gallows for a murder he didn't commit because he can't prove his guilt for the one he did. The prose is Hammett's, too, of course—that clean, never-slow camera-eye writing—and there is really nothing like it in all of detective fiction: "The face she made at me was probably meant for a smile. Whatever it was, it beat me. I was afraid she'd do it again, so I surrendered." Steven Marcus chose these stories and wrote a flatulent introduction that talks about existential stuff and uses Hammett's name in the same breath with Nietzsche's, as if the Op needed philosophical help. Tear it out and throw it away. The Op does fine on his lonely own.

Where are the pervers of yesteryear? Whom do we have in our antiseptic times to compare with Elagabalus, the youthful Roman emperor who was so bent that after his death he was called The Filthy? Nobody, that's who. Along with everything else that's gone down the tubes in the past couple of millennia, the art of truly inspired personal grossness on the part of our leaders has declined miserably. Young Elagabalus could have showed

them the way. Now, *there* was a fellow who knew how to have a good time. A wonderfully inventive sickie, he was a pervert's pervert who scaled unprecedented heights of depravity to become known as the emperor who out-Neroed Nero. His story is told in Milton Klonksky's *The Fabulous Ego* (Quadrangle), one of the most readable collections of biography to appear in many a dull year. The book records in well-documented detail (journals, diaries and contemporary accounts make up much of the text) the personality traits of 15 selected megalomaniacs from the Assyrian transvestite king Sardanapalus (a skilled knitter, incidentally) to Napoleon, who spent his last days in captivity measuring his height (5'2") and brooding about the Big W. Other prominent figures include the lecherous atheist Pope Alexander VI, Catherine the Great and Ivan the Terrible, who never met a man he didn't kill. But



it is Elagabalus, the lesser-known king, who captures the attention, succeeding to the Roman throne at the age of 14, some 200 years after the birth of Christ, and winning the hearts and minds of his loyal subjects by leading the coronation procession in drag and heavy make-up. His approach to statesmanship followed the highly original theory that a man should be appointed to office according to the size of his penis. He sent soldiers on missions to round up rupture victims so that he could count them in the royal baths, and his slaves were ordered to collect 10,000 pounds of cobwebs. See if you can find that one in the *Guinness Book of Records*. For other amusements, Elagabalus filled his palaces with strange actors and chariot drivers, married a well-known athlete, awarded dead dogs to winners of contests and raped and wed a vestal virgin. A generous lad, he sometimes scattered gifts among the populace from the imperial balcony—and nothing small or trivial, either: Elagabalus hurled camels and asses into the crowd, presumably because he liked the sound they made when they hit the pavement. Un-

usual dinner parties were another diversion: flamingo brains and peacock tongues for starters, with a guest list composed entirely—depending on that night's theme—of men who were bald, deaf, one-eyed or afflicted with gout. But, lovable zany that he was, young Elagabalus overdid it in the end and his four-year reign was ended by a squad of soldiers who murdered him in a men's room and tried to stuff him down a sewer. For someone of Elagabalus' inclinations, this must have been the ultimate accolade.

The Mullendore Murder Case (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Jonathan Kwitny, has all the qualities of a classic whodunit, except that this is all true and the reader never finds out who, in fact, did it—who shot a bullet into the head of Oklahoma cattle tycoon E. C. Mullendore III late one night in 1970, putting him out of his personal and financial misery and bringing to light a mind-boggling morass of frauds, swindles, treachery and violence. Kwitny's sparse reportorial style takes the reader, slowly at first, through the history and finances of the huge Mullendore ranching empire to the point where bad management and high living put it on the skids. The pace picks up as debts mount and panic sets in, driving the 32-year-old E. C. to ever more desperate loan schemes and finally to Mafia money men. In a matter of months, he goes from quicksand to maelstrom, like a character out of *Giant*, wheeling and dealing, boozing and brawling, destroying himself and the most famous family of the Osage region. The end is almost a comic opera of chaos as Lincolns and Cadillacs race between ranches, airports, night clubs and banks, carrying cowboys and creeps, all armed to the teeth and double-crossing one another. The mysterious bullet is fired just days before the grace period expires on \$16,000,000 worth of insurance policies, which makes likely suspects out of everyone, including the victim. The insurance companies would later argue that the killing was a bizarre suicide, but a thoroughly bungled police investigation leaves the verdict up to the reader. Where is Marshal McCloud now, when we need him?

Biographies of living persons generally fall into two categories: the official and the unauthorized. Official biographies are written with the cooperation of the subjects, often with their sponsorship. They are invariably puff jobs. Unauthorized biographies, enjoying neither cooperation nor sponsorship, are usually put-downs. Frank Brady's *Hefner* (Macmillan) falls somewhere in between, and in so doing, makes interesting and colorful reading. Brady is a former PLAYBOY staffer. While never an insider, he was close enough to Hugh Hefner to get the Editor-Publisher to open his personal scrapbooks as part of the book. The result is the

You've earned your stripe



...because last night you took your wife outside and had a snowball fight. And you made her giggle like you used to.

...if you're more concerned with your automobile's MPG (miles per gallon) than its MPH (miles per hour).

...for admitting that the sports page is where you start your morning reading.

...because you chose your Scotch for value. And the Scotch you chose was the one that started all the others on the road to lightness. Usher's. The original light Scotch. With an original light price tag. Usher's. We earned our stripe in 1853.

GREEN
STRIPE

*By Appointment to H. M. the Queen
J. & G. Stewart Ltd.*



*Suppliers of Scotch Whisky
Edinburgh*

USHER'S
(EDINBURGH)
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

closest thing yet to a thorough digestion of the vast amount of printed matter that has accumulated around Hefner over the years, filtered through the sometimes faulty and always incomplete evidence of Brady's senses. Errors of fact and judgment aside, the book is most disappointing in its failure to bring Hefner to life as a human being. The author's claims notwithstanding, he had limited access to Hefner, and has constructed a character largely from clippings. The book traces Hefner's development from precocious childhood (he started a neighborhood newspaper when he was eight) to the most successful living publishing entrepreneur. The facts Brady unearthed about Hefner's early background, some of which have never seen print before, should dispel forever the notion that Hefner, in founding PLAYBOY, was just plain lucky. As Brady makes clear, Hefner was born a publisher. If he hadn't made it with PLAYBOY, he would have with something else. Most of the book is devoted to Hefner in the Sixties—his lifestyle, his business affairs, his girlfriends and, it should go without saying, his sex life. Even before publication, the book had caused controversy. *New York* magazine reported that Playboy executives were trying to have several passages cut from the book. They were in fact overzealously guarding Hefner's image. But when Hefner heard about the flap, he quickly called off the pressure. *Hefner* is quick entertainment, largely factual, and although it's not the whole story, it will tell you more than you now know about PLAYBOY's Editor-Publisher.

Gore Vidal's *Myron* (Random House) plays cattily with concepts that seem to have been lifted from a Pirandello play or a sluggish *roman nouveau*. The befuddled victims of time transposition are "imprisoned," Kafka style, on the set of a 1948 MGM epic. Myron Breckinridge is an offensively Babbitty, gee-whizzing small businessman. And Olympian justifications are arrayed for the thematizing and politicizing of some pretty steamy goings on (and outcomings). The logic is on about the level of Vidal's infamous TV spats with Norman Mailer. *Myron's* best moments come early; most of them are in Vidal's prefatory promise to solve the problems created by the U.S. Supreme Court rulings on obscenity. He will substitute respectable (indeed, *eminent*) terms for the usual offensively direct ones. It's funny for a while, but how long can you go on about grabbing people's powells and rehnuists? And, when he writes about sex, Vidal's patrician diatribes against "incontinent breeding" seem embarrassingly worked up. You get the feeling that this stuffy pseudo-egalitarian is on the verge of saying that

only the best people should be allowed to fuck—and that even *their* options should be limited.

MOVIES

Rich period decor—it's the Thirties again—and lush camera work, along with a dazzling galaxy of superstars in upper orbit, should make *Murder on the Orient Express* a sentimental journey for moviegoers ready to switch from nerve-grinding problem pictures to sheer old-fashioned



escapism. Agatha Christie's classic whodunit, the like of which has not been splashed on the screen since *Witness for the Prosecution*, takes place aboard a crack international sleeper stalled in snowdrifts between Istanbul and Calais. England's Albert Finney, formidable with a fake mustache and jet pomade on his hair, could not be mistaken for anything but what he is—a flashy actor in party disguise as Christie's portly Belgian sleuth-hero Hercule Poirot. The plot decrees that Poirot is in transit with a corpse (Richard Widmark, seen briefly as an infamous kidnaper-killer who has more deadly enemies than Finney can wag a finger at), plus a trainload of glamorous suspects played by Lauren Bacall, Martin Balsam, Ingrid Bergman, Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Sean Connery, Sir John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, Anthony Perkins, Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts and Michael York. Whew! Just watching such showstoppers sweep into the station prior to the first "All aboard" is at least . . . well . . . the next best thing to a television rerun of *Grand Hotel*. Try as they will, they don't make movies like *Orient Express* anymore, and director Sidney Lumet (after *Serpico*, working from a literate but none-too-reverent

screenplay by Paul Dehn) harvests Christie's corn with the zest of a connoisseur. Perhaps Gielgud, as the murdered gentleman's gentleman, most precisely sums up the style of the piece when he turns to sniff, with withering disdain, at Balsam's vehement accusation that "The butler did it!" Delicious. Unless this warning comes too late, don't reread the book, which might inhibit innocent enjoyment of the adroit surprise ending, where every clue becomes Christie clear.

Airport 1975, a sappy but entertaining "sequel" to guess what, promotes George Kennedy from his *Airport* heroics to an airline vice-presidency. But George is still right there when they need him to help down a giant 747 following a mid-air collision with a small private plane (Dana Andrews suffers a heart attack at its controls). You gotta have big names aloft in a crisis, and *this* list includes Gloria Swanson (as herself, plugging an autobiography), Myrna Loy (as a lady guzzling bourbon with beer), Helen Reddy (as a singing nun, for God's sake), Sid Caesar (as comic relief) and Linda Blair (*The Exorcist's* child star, as a kidney patient whose transplant surgery must not be delayed). Believe it if you can, ubiquitous Karen Black plays the stewardess who actually *flies* the big wounded bird from the time the flight crew is knocked out until a seasoned pilot can be placed aboard by a perilous helicopter maneuver (enter Charlton Heston, as brave Karen's beau, whom she didn't expect to see again before landing). Working from a tired-but-true formula, director Jack Smight wisely follows the rules and refuses to be cowed by the laws of probability or the inevitable pat on the back for Boeing ("Mom, remember, this 747 can almost fly by itself!"). If there's any cliché missing, have faith in Heston and Kennedy, both due to reappear shortly in *Earthquake*.

The movie version of Frederick Forsyth's second best seller, *The Odessa File*



(directed by Ronald Neame), stars Jon Voight as a doughty young West German journalist, risking his life to expose a



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secret organization dedicated to the cover-up and return to power of former officers in Hitler's infamous SS. Such a group actually existed in Europe back in the Sixties, and *Odessa* has the ring of semi-authenticity, perhaps because Vienna-based Simon Wiesenthal (portrayed on film by Israeli actor Shmuel Rodensky), the nemesis of Nazi war criminals, was employed as a technical advisor. True or false, the clues, the chases, the assumed identities and close shaves are fairly standard stuff, but the parts are expertly played by Voight (a bit preoccupied at times with his German accent), English movie newcomer Mary Tamm (as the go-go-dancing girlfriend from Hamburg), Maximilian Schell (impenetrably disguised as a onetime concentration-camp monster who has gone public Big Business), plus a host of supporting actors with genuine Kraut accents, recruited abroad. Director Fred Zinnemann's version of Forsyth's *Day of the Jackal*—all about an attempted assassination of Charles de Gaulle—was certainly a more brilliantly executed film. Following the same Forsyth formula—reams of smooth cloak-and-dagger fiction spiced with a smattering of fact—*The Odessa File* manages to utilize both the assassination of John F. Kennedy and a disrupted German-Egyptian plot to launch germ warfare against Israel as jumping-off points. It's a suspenseful atmospheric thriller on a perennially tantalizing subject, with "adapted from the novel" stamped upon every scene—occasionally in long patches of voice-over narration to fill the gaps.

Filmed on location in South Africa, using actual mines for its underground sequences, *Gold* is a spelunker's nightmare. Under director Peter Hunt, it's also the sort of old-fashioned action drama that combines muscle with pure



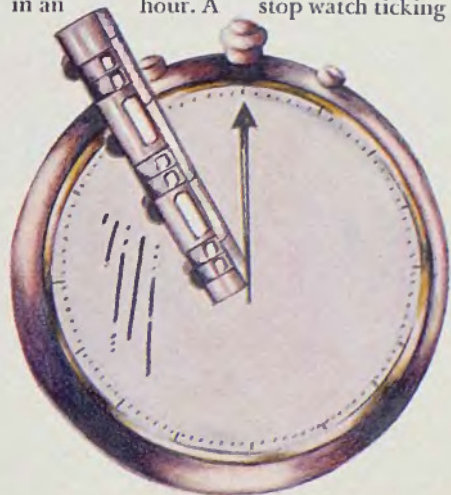
moonshine—cutting, for example, from the jungle hideaway where a lovers' tryst is in progress to a shot of a hydraulic hammer pumping through a wall of solid rock. Talk about sexual imagery. Roger Moore (the once and current James Bond) and vixenish Susannah York play

the illicit lovers, while Ray Milland, Bradford Dillman and Sir John Gielgud busy themselves with mine cave-ins and evil conspiracies. The latter two are up to their eyebrows in an international syndicate's plot to flood a couple of huge mines, thereby reducing world output and raising the price of gold—at considerable profit, with nothing lost but the lives of a few thousand miners. While *Gold* works its way predictably toward a narrow escape from total disaster, lots of luscious, unfamiliar scenery flickers by in tight competition with some painfully familiar dialog. "Why do you stay with him?" says Roger to Susannah (as the wife of Dillman, a bad guy at first sight). "I ask myself that often," she replies, in the forlorn tone of a girl trying to pull dramatic nuggets from a heap of low-grade ore.

Reportedly weary of just acting, and appalled by the way the first film he directed (*Rage*) was mishandled by a major studio, George C. Scott triples as producer, director and co-star (with his wife, Trish Van Devere) of *The Savage Is Loose*. Scott is even distributing the movie himself, so he evidently had everything exactly as he wanted it. Sad to say, *Savage* looks a little too loose for comfort and encourages the view that George ought to think twice before relinquishing a brilliant acting career—since he seems to be a heavy-handed film director and a terrible judge of scripts. R rated because it treats of the topic of incest between mother and son, *Savage* takes a good strong subject and swiftly cuts it down to size as a kind of oversexed *Swiss Family Robinson*. A shipwrecked couple and their infant son are marooned on a tropic island for some 18 years, while the husband—who calls himself a scientist—teaches the growing boy to ignore the alphabet, books and all his civilized instincts in favor of the primitive tenets that "Death is everywhere . . . the strong survive . . . life is cruel." It's OK when David is still a kid killing off baby panthers. But his obtuse mom and dad, intelligent as they seem outwardly, find no time during years of total isolation to talk to the lad about s-e-x (nearly eight years pass, by loose estimate, before they themselves appear to get around to it). All the logical things that three thinking people might do in such a situation are conveniently ignored or distorted by Scott and his team of scenarists (Max Ehrlich and Frank De Felitta) to pave the way for a preposterous Oedipal climax—in which young David matures overnight (or during one slow fade) into handsome John David Carson as a taciturn, hard-breathing sex rival to his dear old dad. "What we've got is a lusting male . . . with no outlet," Mom reports breathlessly. Rather too late, having flunked at parental guidance, the couple decide they might try to sail away on a jerry-built raft. This is after their enterprising progeny

abruptly dives into the hull of a sunken ship (which has been lying a few yards offshore most of his lifetime) to salvage a map case containing not only maps, by Gawd, but also a color reproduction of a Renoir *nude* to further inflame a young man's fancy. Before you can say masturbation, or even sublimation, Junior is ripping off Mom's crucifix and sculpting a reclining female form of common clay out in the bush somewhere. Seldom since the heyday of silent movies has the screen been so glommed up with Biblical guilt.

Four hijackers commandeer a New York subway car and hold 17 of its passengers hostage—promising to shoot one per minute for each minute's delay if a \$1,000,000 ransom is not delivered within an hour. A stop watch ticking



away toward sudden death guarantees a certain amount of suspense in *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*, particularly during the climactic play-off in a game of wits—most of it conducted by intercom—between Walter Matthau, as a Transit Authority inspector, and Robert Shaw, as the tweedy chief hijacker. The problem with *Pelham*, as adapted for the screen by Peter Stone and directed by Joseph Sargent, is that it's a schizoid thriller—constantly torn between trying to scare the bejeezus out of you and triggering cheap laughs at the expense of New York's bumbling bureaucracy. The comic-strip mayor takes to his bed with a fever, crying, "Shitpissfuck," while another official caricature snaps, "Screw the goddamn passengers! What do they expect for their lousy thirty-five cents—to live forever?" Such leaden political satire constantly undermines the tension as *Pelham*, with its carload of victims (one black dude, one pregnant Puerto Rican, one hippie, one hooker, one homosexual, and so on), seemingly chosen by computer to leave no stereotype unsung, plummets along. Cinematographer Owen Roizman's grimly realistic cityscapes and tunnel shots help keep a mechanical shocker from coming unsprung, but the entire enterprise smacks of a dubious effort to exploit the suspicion among middle-American countryfolk that New



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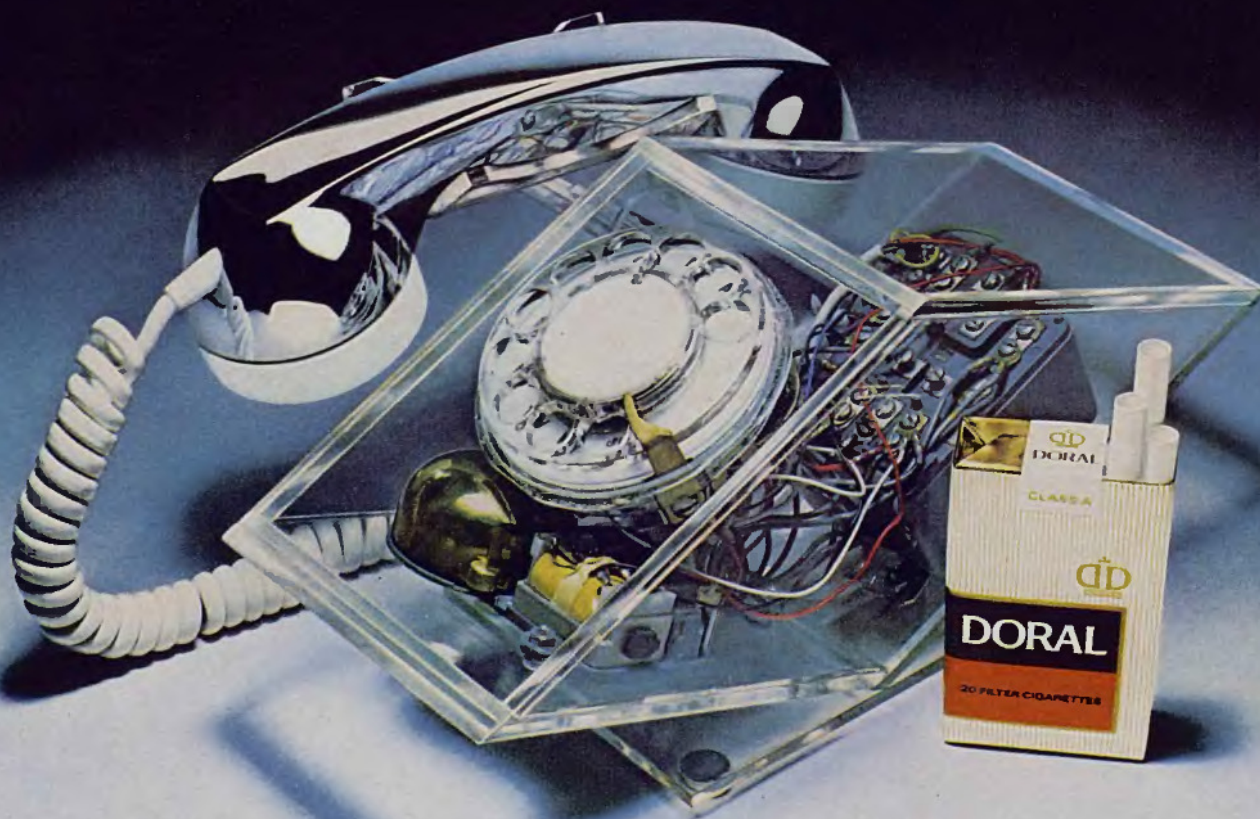
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York is a bad dream run by utter nincompoops—you wouldn't want to live there and you risk your life on a visit. Former Mayor John Lindsay did everything in his power to entice moviemakers to Manhattan. After *Pelham One Two Three*, the incumbent city fathers may start confiscating cameras.

For a funny, touching and offbeat vision of the rigorous life in little old New York today, *Law and Disorder* is the movie to see. TV's Archie Bunker, Carroll O'Connor, as a restless, middle-aged cab-driver, co-stars with Ernest Borgnine, as a former Marine turned hairdresser trying to make ends meet in a tacky beauty shop called Cy's Salon. Redford and Newman they are not, but glamor isn't everything. And these two unpretty lugs make a surprisingly effective team of Brooklynese working stiffs who join an auxiliary police unit in their spare time—to do something, by God, about the fact that crime in the streets has begun to creep over their own doorsteps. In a refreshing casting switch, O'Connor plays a gentle, hopeful Marty-like character who'd like to trade in his taxi medallion and open a sandwich shop, while Borgnine, for contrast, comes on with a lot of Bunkerish bluster, itching to sweep the neighborhood clean of spicks and spades and junkies. Though Willie and Cy start out as a pair of amusing urban boobs—dressed up in cop uniforms like big potbellied boys, determined to outdraw and outstrut their cronies on the force—*Law and Disorder* takes a final tragic turn that seems surprising after the comic build-up but in retrospect is the only honest way for this movie to go. There's little explicit violence. It's the small, wryly observed detail that makes a difference and shows the hand of talented Czech-born director Ivan Passer (whose first American picture, *Born to Win*, was preceded by *Intimate Lighting* and a writing credit for Milos Forman's *Loves of a Blonde*). The idea for *Law and Disorder* grew from a personal encounter with a Manhattan taxi driver who became the model for Willie, and Passer sees the film as the "flip side" of a movie such as *Death Wish*: "That's pure fantasy. I'm interested in the reality of men who dream of taking the law into their own hands but who just don't know how when the moment comes." Passer's view of human frailty is always lightened by his fondness for people, warts and all, and he has peppered the movie with a dozen or more warm vignettes illustrating how irrational behavior can quickly become the norm in a cramped, crazy-quilt city (photographed, incidentally, by veteran cinematographer Arthur Ornitz, who also did *Death Wish*, but who here catches the pristine clarity of a balmy New York in June). If one had to choose, the shticks to remember are by Alan Arbus, as a psychiatrist lecturing neighborhood matrons about what to do when a rapist gets into

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the elevator, and by Karen Black, as an uncontrollable, probably nymphomaniac beautician named Gloria. It seems safe to predict that *Law and Disorder* will stick in the mind long after most current movie blockbusters have faded clean away.

RECORDINGS

The holidays, as usual, have brought forth a spate of handsomely packaged, lushly recorded multiple-LP albums that are great for giving and even better for getting, you lucky dog. There is a wide spectrum of opera available. First spot goes to the RCA recording of Puccini's classic *La Bohème*, with, as the saying goes, an all-star cast—Montserrat Caballé, Plácido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes and Sir Georg Solti conducting the London Philharmonic. It's a glittering production. Another RCA recording, an all-Italian production (again with Domingo) of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, is its first presentation in stereo. A welcome addition. Columbia's Odyssey label offers a German recording of the Kurt Weill-Bertolt Brecht acerbic masterpiece, *Die Dreigroschenoper* (*The Threepenny Opera*). The indestructible Lotte Lenya plays Jenny and has supervised the entire production. If there's a tiny tyke anywhere within gift-giving reach of you, lay RCA's recording of Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel* on him or her. It's probably too good for the little bastard, but what the hell, it's *that* time of year. The cast is breath-taking—Anna Mollo, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Christa Ludwig and a bunch of Bavarians who know what it's all about. And then there's Columbia's *Elephant Steps*, subtitled "A Fearful Radio Show" and subtitled "A Multimedia Pop-Opera Extravaganza." The music is by Stanley Silverman, the libretto by Richard Foreman and it features pop singers, opera singers, orchestra, rock band, electronic tape, raga group, tape recorder, gypsy ensemble and—what else?—elephants, all under the direction of Michael Tilson Thomas. To put it mildly, it is far, *far* out, but it is fascinating.

The past provides the jazz buff with his best bet for yule largess. Specifically, there's Prestige's twin-LP reissue series that takes advantage of the wealth of vintage goodies in its vaults. The artists who recorded for Prestige read like a *Jazz Who's Who* and there has to be someone you'll enjoy. For instance, there's *Sonny Stitt/Genesis*, which has that premier reed man performing with the likes of J. J. Johnson, Art Blakey, John Lewis, Duke Jordan, Junior Mance and Bud Powell. You might dig *Earl "Fatha" Hines/Another Monday Date*, which has the pianist doing two sides with a rhythm section and the other two sides solo. Hines's approach is time-

less, his repertoire impeccable. Or how about *Buck Clayton & Buddy Tate/Kansas City Nights*? The trumpeter and tenor man hand-in-glove their way through four sides originally recorded in 1960 and 1961. They're helped along by Sir Charles Thompson and Gene Ramey, with Mousie Alexander and Gus Johnson splitting the drum chores. But for a wrap-up package, we recommend *25 Years of Prestige*—20 cuts, many of them previously unissued, that include the work of Stan Getz, Miles Davis, Lennie Tristano, Lee Konitz, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, Fats Navarro and Thelonious Monk. Need we say more?

There are several rewards for Sixties rock freaks. One is Reprise's reprise



of two quintessential Beach Boys LPs that were originally issued by Capitol—*Wild Honey* and *20/20*—and that have long been unavailable: in all, you get 23 more-or-less good-timey efforts by the kings of surf music, who are at least as popular today as they were then. There's also a Motown series now available to us all. Five triple and three double albums—all with the understated title *Anthology*—filled with the hits of the Temptations, Supremes, Marvin Gaye, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, Junior Walker and the All Stars, Martha Reeves and the Vandellas, the Four Tops and Gladys Knight and the Pips. Although they drift into the Seventies, it's the Sixties Motown sound we hear for the most part. It seems like some of the acts could fill seven albums with their hits alone. Yet others, such as the Vandellas and the Pips, had to do some filling out to complete two sets. But the fills are often as good as the hits. Meanwhile, Sire's *History of British Rock*—despite the fact that such top acts as the Beatles and the Stones aren't represented—is a boss roundup of what the islanders were doing at the same time the Beach Boys

were turning out the above sides; it includes 28 tunes, by Manfred Mann, Donovan, Rod Stewart and Cliff Richard, plus the Kinks, Searchers, Bee Gees, Hollies and—well, you get the picture. That there will always be an England is firmly proved by *David Live* (RCA), a beautifully recorded two-record set (Philly's Tower Theater was the site) that found Mr. Bowie sharp as a knife as he recut 1984, *Suffragette City*, *Diamond Dogs*, *Rock 'n' Roll Suicide* and 12 other mind-slicing selections. Out of a vastly different bag from Bowie's—but just as spacy—is *Mandrilland* (Polydor), which is four brand-new sides' worth of acid-Latin-soul-jazz-rock by Mandrill (who else did you expect?), recorded down in Bogalusa, Louisiana, and delightfully garnished by the artwork of Goodman Gries, who managed to graft mandrill heads (you can't miss them, either) onto a variety of bodies that don't ordinarily function as Mandrill-head holder-uppers. For folks who dig folk music, Vanguard offers a review of Joan Baez' best warblings and pluckings on *The Contemporary Ballad Book*, with material by Dylan, Woody Guthrie, Tim Hardin and Richard Fariña, plus anti-war items such as Jacques Prévert's *Song in the Blood* (a recitation with cello backing) and Baez' own *Saigon Bride*. No political considerations, fortunately or unfortunately, get in the way of the easygoing Nashville sounds on *Bobby Goldsboro's 10th Anniversary Album* (United Artists), which contains *Little Things*, *Honey*, *Autumn of My Life*, *With Pen in Hand* and 16 other tunes that have brought Bobby gold. And, of course, the Andrews Sisters are all sweetness, light and tight harmony as they get everybody *In the Mood* (Famous Twinsets) with their all-time favorites, including *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy*, *Rhumbaogie* and *Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar*. Not to mention such wholesome classics as *Ciribiribin*, *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen* and *The Hawaiian Wedding Song*. It's nostalgia, if you remember that far back; *kitsch*, camp or comic relief if you don't.

Rod Stewart's latest solo album demonstrates once again why the sometime leader of the Faces is often called the rock singer's rock singer. It's not just that his raspy stout-and-Scotch voice and ecstatic but never excessive arrangements are dedicated to the old-fashioned proposition that rock 'n' roll should be *fun*, or that *Smiler* (Mercury) features a couple of new tunes from the likes of Paul McCartney and Elton John, with Elton even lending a helping hand on piano and background vocal. Stewart's talent lies in being able to take hold of songs identified with rock's top performers and make them all his own. He gives Dylan's *Girl from the North Country* a sincere tears-in-his-beer reading, dresses up Sam Cooke's *Bring It On Home to Me* and *You Send*

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Me in shiny new vines, and even manages to turn Aretha Franklin's definitive *A Natural Woman* into its mirror image, the blue-eyed soulful *A Natural Man*. Anyone familiar with Stewart's four previous solo efforts may be disappointed to find nothing startlingly novel in this collection, but, as for us, we'll take more of the same.

Since David Bowie changed his image, Carole King is the most successful female singer/writer around and *Wrap Around Joy* (Ode) adds one more notch to her gun belt of hits. With almost scientific precision, she continues to stamp out three-minute "whistle while you work," "hum while you're high," "sing in your sleep" soft-rock standards. She's obviously hip to the magic formula for success in the pop market: a believable voice, fastidious production, ace sidemen, simple tunes and lyrics just plebeian enough to reach each and every one of America's simpy teen princesses as they wilt under the hair drier or rap on the phone. In an age when some see change as growth, Carole remains risk free, reliable, rock solid: pop's answer to Nancy Drew.

Uncle Josh Graves, longtime friend and sideman to fabled Earl Scruggs, has recorded his first solo album, nicely titled *Alone at Last* (Epic). Graves seems to know virtually all the possibilities of the dobro, that sweet and liquid antecedent of the modern pedal steel. His rich country bass voice supplies a perfect tonal complement to the dobro's light tenor qualities. The songs are clean and lively, with a feel of bluegrass and the Carter Family done in a 1974 format. If the Music City hype men and the c&w d.j.s don't miss the boat, Graves should sell enough records to make *Alone at Last* worth the long wait.

Release Yourself (Warner Bros.) is an aptly titled r&b set by Graham Central Station. The packaging is a little coy and people will always compare this outfit with Sly & the Family, for whom Graham used to play bass, but Graham plays and sings with a lot of feeling and his group's music—mostly in sort of a Gospel/rock bag—figures to wake a lot of people up.

Concert albums featuring a variety of artists, on loan from assorted record labels, usually don't live up to their billing. A dynamite exception is *Recorded Live at Newport in New York* (Buddah), starring Stevie Wonder, Aretha Franklin, Donny Hathaway, the Staple Singers and Ray Charles. From Stevie and Aretha, you get familiar tunes (*Signed, Sealed, Delivered* and *Brand New Me*, respectively) but revved-up performances; you also get

some rippling electric piano from Donny Hathaway (*Valdez*), some fantastically soulful singing by Mavis Staples (*You Gonna Make Me Cry*) and one of Ray Charles's best recorded efforts in recent years (*Just a Man*).

MUSIC

Big Clarence is pacing back and forth in Chicago's High Chaparral night club, pacing off about two yards with each step, taking the entire front-room bar in two and a half seconds, turning, pacing back. . . . The motion is stirring his drink. The people at the bar are black. Everybody at the High Chaparral is black. But Big Clarence is blacker. Because he owns the High Chaparral—all 15,000 square feet of it, with one Afro-American for every ten squares. The 200-odd board feet of him sort of hangs over into your peripheral vision, whether you like it or not. So when Big Clarence paces, Big Clarence gets watched. He's waiting for Bobby Bland, a singer who started out in Memphis with B. B. King, Johnny Ace, Roscoe Gordon, Little Junior Parker and has worked with or been admired by just about any other heavyweight blues or r&b artist you could mention. ("Stevie Wonder?" Bland says. "Lovely, lovely. I understand he's going to write a couple of songs for me.") But the industry has passed him up for all these years. Musicians you talk to rank Bland with Ray



Charles, B. B., Albert King—people like that, the ones who last. Now Bobby is recording for ABC/Dunhill and things are happening—good things.

So everyone tonight is anxious for him to step onto the stage. On the far horizon of the club you can see a pool table and another bar. The people are drinking foot-tall, Day-Glo alcoholic creations. They are dressed to kill. That is, to kill any preconceptions you might have

about combining colored cloth for the purpose of covering your body.

Upstairs in the dressing room, Bobby Bland is sipping a Bud and buttoning his white-satin blouse. Bobby's not as big as Big Clarence, but he'll do for starters. And he doesn't pace. His stillness is an index of potential energy. His talking voice is like a good exhaust note on an expensive automobile: even, throaty, with a little gravel. And when he sings, he red-lines it in every gear. Zero to 60 in 2.8 seconds. Not bad for a 44-year-old throat. And now, after 25 years in the business, that throat is beginning to get some past-due credit. "I told Associated," Bobby says, referring to the people who book him, "that as long as they can hold off on theaters, I'd appreciate it. Like the Apollo, where they have four, five or six shows a day. That's a very hard job." Bobby has a way of understating things very articulately. He has a deep, clean Tennessee accent and uses it to make a lot more sense than you'd expect from a man who never made it past fifth grade.

Before Bobby's show, there's a comedian whose idea of being funny is making every other word of his rap shit or right on. It's a little incongruous with Bland's image: sophisticated, soft-spoken, intelligent, seriously artistic. Also out of place is the m.c.'s intro: "Hey! Adis time. Lady and gentlemen." You've heard them. It's like shouting at an audience that's waiting for Pablo Picasso to make a speech: "Hey! The man who did *The Old Guitarist*! The man who did that famous hit—*Guernica*! I give you now, ladies and gentlemen, the hardest-working painter in show business: Pablo—the man—Picasso!" But Bobby is cool. He smiles up at the lights a little and then sings for them. And they listen.

But not enough. Afterward, back with his Bud, his shirt off and sweat draining into his pants, he says, "I didn't particularly care for that set.

I'm a moody singer and a lot of noise distracts me when I'm really trying to get serious." He seems to be choosing each word. "I'm programed well enough to do a good mechanical show. But I didn't get my point across the way that I love to. I guess you'd say I'm selfish, but I like to be heard."

While he's waiting to be heard, Bobby's constantly developing new approaches. He's one of the best, toughest blues/r&b singers around, with that load of trumpets and saxophones, those wailing guitars and a basic *sangre y arena* sound that gets to you if you've ever had a love experience that hurt.

And his turn is coming. "It's about time," he leaned back and sighed, the sweat drying to little white crystals of salt on him. "It's been time for a long time now. But I have a lot of patience."

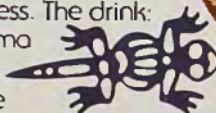
THE ANCIENT TEQUILA ARTS OF MONTEZUMA.

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The Aztecs drank a forerunner of tequila. It was a sacred drink. And was symbolized in many Aztec religious artifacts. Like the sacred Aztec calendar called the Sun Stone.

Within the Sun Stone's inner ring are twenty symbols; one for each of the 20 days in the Aztec week. These symbols can also be viewed as suggesting what kind of tequila drink it might be appropriate to serve on each day.

Tequila Stinger. A lizard symbolizes the fourth day of the Aztec week; representing cunning and quickness. The drink: 1 1/2 oz. Montezuma Tequila, 1/2 oz. green creme de menthe; shake with crushed



CUETZPALLIN

ice, strain and serve in chilled cocktail glass.

Bloody Maria. The first day of the Aztec week is symbolized by a crocodile; representing alert and aggressive beginnings for all endeavors. The drink: 1 1/2 oz. Montezuma Tequila, 3 oz. tomato juice, 1/2 oz. lemon juice, dash of salt and pepper, dash of hot sauce, dash of worcestershire; shake with cracked ice, strain into 6 oz. glass.



CIPACTLI



COATL

Tequila Manhattan. The serpent symbolizes the fifth day of the Aztec week; representing colorful sophistication. The drink: 2 parts Gold Montezuma Tequila, 1 part sweet vermouth, squeeze of lime; serve on rocks in old-fashioned glass, garnish with cherry and orange slice.



Tequila Sunrise. A monkey symbolizes the eleventh day of the Aztec week; representing high-spirited social fun. The drink: 1 1/2 oz. Montezuma Tequila, 1/2 oz. lime juice, 3 oz. orange juice, 1/2 oz. grenadine; pour into tall glass with ice, garnish with lime.



OZOMATL

Aztec Punch. Herbs symbolize the twelfth day of the Aztec week; representing variety and tasty adventures. The drink: 1 gallon Montezuma Tequila, juice of 12 lemons, 4 (16 oz.) cans grapefruit juice, 2 quarts strong tea, 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 1/2 oz. bitters; pour into large punch bowl, let stand in refrigerator 2 hours; stir well before serving; makes 124 cups.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband and I have never switched partners with another couple, so we really don't know the nuances of swinging. A few nights ago, we got together with some married friends for an evening of drinking and listening to music. In the course of events, both my husband and I used the bathroom a couple of times. Toward the end of the party, we noticed a pair of women's underpants in the middle of the bathroom floor that had not been there earlier. Our hostess had not used that bathroom the entire time we were there, but the host had, just before my husband went in. Was the sudden appearance of the underpants an invitation on the part of our host?—Mrs. B. D., Topeka, Kansas.

Sounds like a great party—counting trips to the bathroom—but never mind. There's nothing like a touch of weirdness to save an evening. For all we know, your host was a transvestite who had just come out of the clothes hamper. If the misplaced panties were an invitation, the gesture was so subtle as to be ludicrous. Most swingers are more straightforward than strait-laced in their recruiting tactics: a porno flick accidentally mixed with footage of their summer vacation; a copy of Alex Comfort's "More Joy" on the coffee table with a bookmark at page 145 (the section "Couples & Others") or a conversational icebreaker: "I remember the time we were partying with friends and found a pair of panties on the bathroom floor. We thought it was a sign that they wanted to swing, but it turned out that the house had been broken into by a female cat burglar."

Can you turn me on to a reliable source of information about snow conditions at ski resorts? I've had it with newspaper reports that are inaccurate or dishonest. Nothing is worse than driving 200 miles to find that three inches of new powder is where some snow bunny spilled her cosmetic case.—F. H., Amherst, Massachusetts.

It's an uphill battle all the way down. Newspapers often condense snow reports submitted by ski areas and, in doing so, leave out crucial data. Also, the reports may be printed 24 hours after they are received, which is more than enough time for snow conditions to change or disappear altogether, for that matter. There are alternatives. The Ellis Ski Information Center services most major areas, operates 24 hours a day from November 15 to April 15 and updates its reports twice daily. Call one of its toll-free numbers for the latest on the white stuff: East: 800-243-6600 or 800-243-3430; Midwest and South: 800-243-5260; West: 800-243-5250. One of our editors suggests making friends with employees at

different ski areas. You can call them to find out if the conditions merit a trip. If no one answers, then they're on the slopes and you can take it from there. Other than that, keep your skis crossed, and pray.

When my boyfriend and I make love, I can climax only after direct clitoral stimulation—either by hand or by tongue. This is very upsetting. I wonder if there is a solution to my problem—perhaps a shrink could help. Although the climaxes I have are pleasurable, I feel like a freak.—Miss P. S., Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

You aren't a freak and you probably don't need psychotherapy. In fact, psychology may be the source of, rather than the cure for, this problem, which isn't really a problem at all. What Freud knew about sex wouldn't fill a couch. He proposed that the only healthy adult type of orgasm was that achieved through vaginal stimulation and thereby set pleasure back a good two or three inches. The vagina is virtually devoid of sensory endings; clitoral stimulation is necessary for most women to achieve orgasm. (There are some women who can climax simply by brushing their teeth or touching their nipples, and there are some women for whom clitoral stimulation is acutely painful. Let's hear it for the happy medium.) Masters and Johnson found that during intercourse the penis tugs on the labia and indirectly stimulates the clitoris. Apparently, this doesn't happen as often, or as intensely, as they thought, judging by the letters we've received from women in your position. There are several ways to correct the situation: If you're mechanically inclined, you might consider giving your boyfriend one of the penis sheaths and attachments that supposedly rub the clitoris the right way. These Rube Goldberg devices—being inanimate and unfeeling pieces of plastic—are more of an irritation than a revelation. One lady described her reaction to a French tickler as "making love to the spikes on a soap dish." Also, you can take things into your own hands and experiment with positions that increase the pressure and friction on the clitoral area or that allow simultaneous genital and manual contact (reflect for a moment on the stunning sequence in "The Resurrection of Eve" in which Marilyn Chambers sat astride her partner while touching herself with one hand). Ride 'em, cowgirl.

I am 30, my girlfriend is 22. We've started to discuss marriage, but the age difference makes her uptight. She is worried that she will reach her sexual peak just as my interest in sex begins to wane. Is her concern valid?—T. P., Detroit, Michigan.

Probably not. Generalities are OK if



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you're filling out computer-dating cards or insurance applications, but when it comes down to marriage and sex, you've got to rely on the individual, for better or for worse. Biologically, most men reach a peak of sexual responsiveness and capacity in the late teens. Remember the good old days—when erections were instantaneous and orgasms only slightly less so? When sex had an urgency that bordered on the compulsive and masturbation couldn't drive people crazy because it was what you did to keep from going crazy? When the blind pursuit of partners reached the inevitable impasse: "You want me for my body"? How does it feel to be past your prime? Not bad, right? Patterns of sexual response change over the years, but we wouldn't call it a decline. Middle-aged men sometimes find that sex is less urgent and more sensual. They may be satisfied with a lower frequency of lovemaking, indulging in quality rather than quantity. An erection may take longer to achieve once a man is past 40, but that's not a problem if you just change the focus of the foreplay from her to him. Also, in later decades, the erections may not be as firm at first and it may take longer to recover between bouts, but these changes will not interfere with your effectiveness as a lover. In fact, older men sometimes find that they do not have the physiological need for orgasm that they had as younger men. They can make love without ejaculating—without viewing the event with a sense of failure or frustration. On the other side of the bed, women report that they find sex more interesting in their late 30s and 40s, but don't expect your girlfriend to turn into an insatiable orgiast. Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, author of "The New Sex Therapy," speculates that this greater sexual responsiveness "may be produced by a combination of the gradual loss of inhibitions and greater security about being accepted by and pleasing to the partner. Over the years, these women have developed a degree of sexual autonomy and have learned to ask their husbands for the type of stimulation that arouses them with less shame and fear than was possible earlier." In other words, even if your teeth fall out, you'll still have a tongue.

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Christmas and New Year's Eve parties are usually occasions for breaking out a bottle of champagne. I've never been an objective observer at such events, but it seems to me that people become more intoxicated when they drink carbonated beverages. True?—J. B., Key West, Florida.

A bit of the old bubbly won't double your trouble, but it will cut the time it takes to get there. The carbon dioxide extends the gastrointestinal blood vessels and speeds up absorption of the alcohol. The same thing occurs when you drink a carbonated mixed cocktail (e.g., a gin

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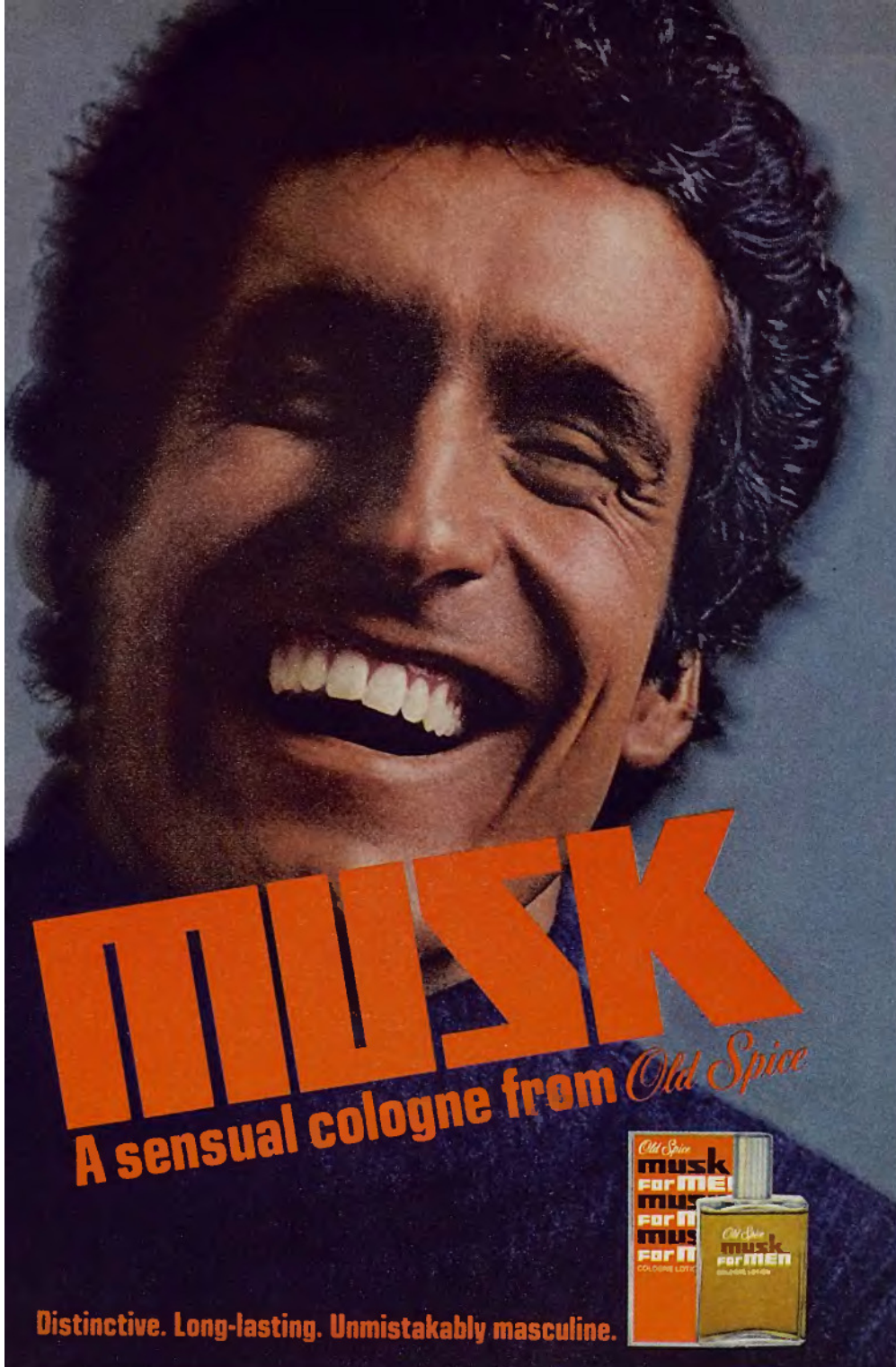
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and tonic), or when you drink both a carbonated and a noncarbonated beverage (e.g., beer with a whiskey chaser) within a few minutes of each other. People get into the spirit of things at the speed with which the spirit gets into them.

A few weeks ago, I engaged in an evening of sex with my girlfriend and her roommate. During one of the preliminary courses, I found myself kissing my girlfriend's face and breasts while her roommate performed oral sex on me. Normally, I don't enjoy fellatio as much as screwing, but this time was spectacularly different. For a second, it seemed that I was locked into an embrace with one person with very articulate genitals. That image was enough to trigger an orgasm. Later I mentioned this feeling to the two girls. The roommate said that the same thing happened to her once under similar circumstances. She enjoyed cunnilingus, but the simple fact of having someone to look at while it was going on made the event less detached and more pleasurable. (Two guesses what we did next.) Now the only thing that bothers me is a phrase I remember reading in a novel a few years ago. Someone asked the narrator, "Are you still at the stage where you're fucking faces?" It seems that we would have to answer yes. Can it be that we aren't really liberated?—P. B., Chicago, Illinois.

We wouldn't worry about it. Faces are more attractive than anything you can think of to replace them, right? Actually, the effect you describe is familiar; aficionados even have a name for the arrangement, based on the design of the face cards; i.e., queen of hearts or king of hearts (depending on sex). It just goes to prove that two heads are better than one.

The Playboy Advisor is known for its sage advice, but this question may require you to take a walk in the locoweed. A couple of friends and I were sitting around the television set the other night when one of them asked why there was no channel one on the VHF dial. I recalled that the first television set my family owned had a channel one, but no one believed me. There's no cash riding on this issue, just my credibility. Was there ever a channel one and, if so, what happened to it?—W. H., Ely, Iowa.

In the beginning was the electromagnetic spectrum; the Government divided the frequencies into 13 bands and assigned a channel number to each. Channel one occupied a band just below 50 megahertz and, indeed, some sets built in the Forties did have a one on the dial. Unfortunately, the VHF frequency spectrum proved too broad for efficient tuner and antenna designs, so the FCC stopped issuing broadcasting licenses for the low end of the TV band and



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manufacturers developed the familiar 2-to-13 dial. Nowadays, noncommercial broadcasters such as police, taxis, ambulances and the Business Radio Service use the frequency band that once was channel one.

My wife is overly modest. She absolutely refuses to be seen in public without a bra, and she won't wear a bikini. Her skirts and dresses hit her right above the knee and she thinks it is a disgrace when a woman's nipples can be seen under a blouse. She's only 23 years old and I think she would look great if she wore sexier clothing. The problem is not in her upbringing—her younger sisters see nothing wrong with occasionally wearing a see-through blouse without a bra underneath. How can I gently persuade her to get with the times and shed some clothes?—T. C., Columbus, Ohio.

According to the dictionary, modesty can mean two things: observing proprieties of dress or behavior and placing a moderate estimate on one's worth and abilities. Quite often the former is the result of the latter. Clothing is a form of self-expression; it may be that your wife views your suggestions as criticism. Before she will trust your taste in clothes, you'll have to convince her that you think she is beautiful no matter what she wears. When you achieve that rapport, plan a vacation to a secluded island and leave her luggage behind.

I've noticed that the head of the human penis is larger than the shaft. Any clues as to why?—B. W., San Diego, California.

None that would stand up in court. The original designer isn't available for comment and biologists are divided on the point. Darwin's theory of evolution suggests that the general characteristics of a species are the result of natural selection: Animals that live to reproduce pass on to their descendants the characteristics that allowed them to survive. They also transmit characteristics that have no purpose. As near as we can tell, the shape of the glans performs a vital function similar to that fulfilled by the lip on the handle of a baseball bat. During masturbation, it reduces the possibility of one's hand's flying off the shaft of the penis and striking oneself in the forehead.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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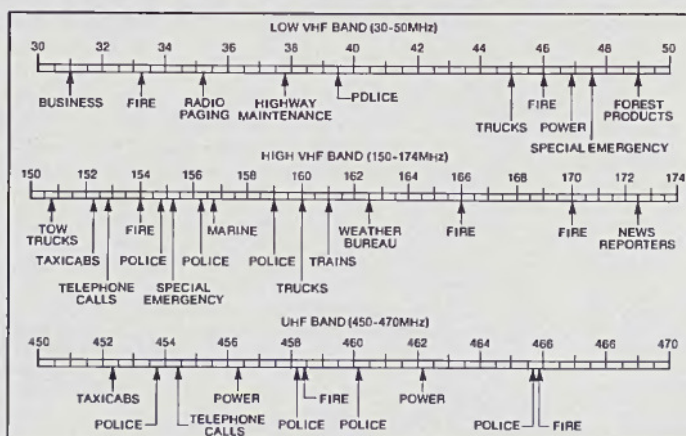


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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

DING-A-LINGS

For the past 12 years, my husband has managed a 24-hour truck stop on Highway 67 in Missouri. During those years, I have watched some drastic changes in society and it is my opinion that for some of the negative changes we have Hugh Hefner to thank. Recently a young couple ran out of gas as they arrived at our station. They went into an all-glass phone booth in front of the restaurant, made a call and then had sexual intercourse in the booth while a whole restaurant full of shocked people looked on. I don't see why anyone was shocked, after so many years of lessons from Professor Hefner's facts-of-life school. After all, isn't that the way all sophisticated people behave?

Anna M. Martyn

Fredericktown, Missouri

We'd like to know what that phone call was about.

MARRIED MASTURBATORS

For the past 20 years, I have masturbated at least twice a week, even after I was married. Away from home, I jerk off to the fantasy of making love to my wife. When I am home and my wife isn't feeling up to intercourse, she has no objection to my masturbating and often helps me come; it is all very loving. My wife masturbates when I'm away, and we have even done it simultaneously while phoning each other; wait till Ma Bell hears about that!

(Name withheld by request)
Ottawa, Ontario

ANOTHER NIGHTINGALE

The nurse who masturbated her patient while massaging his broken knee, to whom you gave the PLAYBOY Florence Nightingale Award (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1974), is not unique. In 1969, I was hospitalized for minor abdominal surgery and the day before the operation a nurse shaved me from the waist down. I was embarrassed at first, but she put me at ease with her conversation. I learned she was 31, married and had three children. I also noticed she was a very attractive woman with a good figure and great legs, which were well-displayed by her short-skirted uniform. Inevitably I got an erection and found it increasingly difficult to keep up my end of the conversation. Noticing this, she put aside the razor, took hold of my problem and began stroking it—all without a pause in her conversation. As I came, she was in the midst of

telling me about her new patio. Then she resumed shaving me, continued to chat and never in any way acknowledged what had just occurred. Following her lead, I made no comment either.

She was so cool she made it seem clinical and routine, yet I'd never heard of anyone having a similar experience until I read the October *Forum*. Now I wonder if there aren't many nurses who, as the letter writer put it, "are interested in comforting the whole body."

(Name and address
withheld by request)

THE VANISHING MR. AND MRS. SMITH

Fictitious names on hotel registers soon may be relegated permanently to the dustbin where old hypocrisies are buried. According to *The New York Times*, unmarried couples increasingly insist on registering as unmarried couples and hotels and motels are increasingly willing to accept them as such. The story says that phone calls to eight cities—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Cincinnati, San Diego, New Orleans, Washington and Lincoln, Nebraska—found that two thirds of the establishments surveyed were willing to reserve a room for a man and woman with different last names. This is a refreshing change from the mendacity that previously prevailed, when the old morality insisted that everybody pretend to honor the puritan code whether or not they actually did. One woman quoted in the *Times* said "It makes you feel cleaner," and another said that she refused the "Mr. and Mrs." dodge because it was "sneaky." Exactly! Is it possible that America is finally graduating from primitive taboo morality to a sane ethic based on honesty?

P. Kennedy
Washington, D.C.

ANTI-ANALISM

As a subscriber and reader of PLAYBOY, it seems to me one can find just about anything in *The Playboy Forum*—anything dirty, that is, such as the letter in the October 1974 issue praising anal intercourse, from some nut in Tucson, Arizona. To think that some people consider looking at pictures of nude women to be bad! Well, it's certain that no woman has anything that she should be ashamed of, if it's used as intended by nature. But when you neglect to print letters that are sensible and reasonable

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With a
little help
from a
friend

and then print filth such as in that letter, it shows where your mind is at.

It seems that lots of people get the idea that they can do anything they want; that it's their privilege. Well, it so happens that the wages of sin are always paid and if there's any delay a penalty is added. The Scripture says, "For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections: for even their women did change the natural use into that which is against nature. And likewise also the men, leaving the natural use of the women, burned in their lust one toward another..." Romans 1:26-27.

Surely no one is really going to be foolish enough to argue with the Scripture.

Kenny R. Richter
Davistown, Pennsylvania

Doesn't Scripture say something about turning the other cheek?

DOUBLE YOUR FUN

L. Solomon states in the October 1974 *Playboy Forum* that bisexuality is just a vogue and that people experiment with it "at real risk to their psychological stability." Not so. Bisexuality is not a transitory fashion: it has always been a characteristic of human nature, as innumerable behavioral scientists have pointed out. What's new is that our society is beginning to admit that it is possible to have—and to express—sexual feelings for members of both sexes. This change has occurred suddenly, but I think it will be with us for a long time to come.

By living as a bisexual, you have twice as many people to love and you learn twice as much about sex. It is the only way to become a sexually complete person. I suggest that anyone who has ever been attracted to a person of his or her own sex should try doing something about it at least once.

(Name withheld by request)
East Boston, Massachusetts

PARADISE FOR PEEPER

Last summer, a wave of nude bathing swept this country and in Sacramento, California, a pair of citizens brought a petition bearing more than 2000 signatures to the city council to establish a special nude beach along the American River. The council refused, but not for moral reasons. City attorney James P. Jackson explained to everyone's surprise that nude bathing is not illegal anywhere in the city. This apparently was unknown, except perhaps to the students at California State University campus who have been bathing in all their glory for years at nearby Paradise Beach, without much police harassment. With the disclosure of this awesome gap in the law, swimsuits along the river may go the way of bustles and spats. Meanwhile, a new problem has come to the city council's attention: the crowds of voyeurs the nudity attracts. They drive to the river and fill every available parking space to the great

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

WOMEN DON'T RAPE MEN...

PHOENIX—The Arizona Supreme Court has upheld the conviction of a rapist who argued that he was denied equal protection of the law because the state's rape statute applies only to male attackers. The court ruled that the U.S. Constitution "does not deny a state the power to treat different classes of persons in different ways as long as the classification is reasonable." It added, "For obvious physiological and sociological reasons, we perceive no need by males for protection against females from rape."

... EXCEPT IN TEXAS

HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS—A truck driver has reported to police that he was sexually assaulted by three ladies in distress. He said he stopped to help the women change a flat tire and, afterward, they marched him into some woods at gun



point, stripped off his clothes, tied his hands and took turns raping him. Police believe that one of the women was a 42-year-old prison escapee who had been serving a life sentence at a nearby unit of the state penitentiary.

FREE FOR ALL

SACRAMENTO—A bill prohibiting pay toilets in public buildings in California has been signed into law by Governor Ronald Reagan. The bill passed both houses after a campaign by state assemblywoman March Fong, who charged that pay locks on toilets discriminate against females. She argued that in rest rooms with pay toilets, men can urinate for free but women must pay to sit down. At one point in her campaign, the assemblywoman smashed a commode on the steps of the state capitol.

EMPTYING THE DRUNK TANKS

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—Legislation declaring drunkenness a medical rather than a criminal problem has been signed by Illinois governor Daniel Walker. The

new law, which takes effect July 1, 1975, prohibits local ordinances or rules making drunkenness a crime or a punishable civil offense, but does not affect the law against driving while intoxicated. Under the new statute, drunks taken into custody by police are to be transported to state-supported treatment centers instead of to jail.

URBAN PLANNING

COTATI, CALIFORNIA—The mayor, the city planning commissioner and a city councilwoman of Cotati, all 27 years old, have been forced to resign after police charged them with attempting to destroy evidence in a marijuana case. The evidence was a number of marijuana plants and one of the people arrested in connection with them was the city planning commissioner. Later, 12 of the confiscated plants turned up in the mayor's station wagon. He explained that he and his colleagues merely intended to plant them in the city mall to beautify the area.

CURSE OF THE ZOMBIES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Senator James O. Eastland, whose Internal Security Subcommittee is studying the subversive influence of drugs on the United States, warns that if marijuana use continues to spread at the rate it has since 1965, "we may find ourselves saddled with a large population of semizombies." The Senator said he was referring to the problem of chronic passivity and lack of motivation among junior high school and high school students, which he believes is related to the use of drugs, especially marijuana.

PROS FOR POT

Reform of drug laws is being urged by more experts and organizations connected with law and law enforcement:

- In New Jersey, a legislative narcotics study commission has recommended the elimination of criminal penalties for possession of one ounce or less of marijuana or small amounts of hard drugs. State attorney general William F. Hyland indicated his support for the decriminalization of pot and hashish in small quantities and the establishment of a state agency to assert medical and therapeutic control over hard-drug users. He said, "Prison terms for addicts have failed, and my feeling is that we must get the drug user out of the system of criminal justice and get him the medical help he requires."

- The Vermont Bar Association has adopted a resolution supporting the legalization of marijuana and its controlled sale through state liquor stores to anyone over 18.

• Dr. Robert G. Newman, head of New York City's methadone-maintenance program, told the annual meeting of the American Corrections Institution that "it is futile and stupid to send people to jail for [drug] possession and I think it's your responsibility to speak out against such laws that are futile."

• Dr. Thomas Bryant, head of the Federal Drug Abuse Council in Washington, D.C., spoke out against marijuana laws that are "making criminals and criminalizing particularly young people in this country whom we say ought to have respect for the law. . . ." Dr. Bryant said that the Drug Abuse Council, like the President's Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, favors decriminalization of pot.

FIGHTING FORNICATION

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY—A county appeals court has upheld New Jersey's 178-year-old law against fornication and confirmed the \$50 fine levied against a 20-year-old man convicted under the statute at an earlier jury trial. The defendant had appealed on several constitutional grounds, but the judge ruled that the state had compelling reasons to enforce the law—to prevent the birth of illegitimate children and the spread of venereal disease.

GOOD TRY

PARIS—In the visitors' area of a local jail, the wife of a prisoner managed to distract guards by performing a slow



striptease while her husband and another convict tried to scale the prison wall. The plan might have worked, but the escape rope snapped before the first convict reached the top.

BRAVE BOYS IN BLUE

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA—Under a new city ordinance that prohibits the touching of another person's sexual organ for money, Fort Lauderdale police have concluded that the only way they can arrest the women who work in massage parlors is to screw up their courage and submit to a complete sexual act. The

police chief explained to the city council that any man who offers to pay a masseuse before he gets the full treatment is suspected of being a cop and no money is accepted. "We have to lower ourselves with the scum of the earth," said the detective who directs the vice squad. "We do it for the community."

DAUGHTERS OF EVE

MONTES CLAROS, BRAZIL—A local judge acquitted a young man charged with seducing an 18-year-old girl. In the verdict, he declaimed: "Reality shows us that the real seducers are the daughters of Eve



who sashay their way through God's world with their miniskirts, low-cut and see-through blouses and tight-tight pants, for the sole purpose of exhibiting their curvaceous bodies to attract the attention and the eyes of men."

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

OKLAHOMA CITY—The campaign of district attorney Curtis Harris to protect Oklahoma County from topless dancers received another setback when the trial of two go-go girls charged with indecent exposure ended in a hung jury. Judges had dismissed charges in 21 other topless-dancing cases and, because of the mistrial, there still is no jury verdict to establish a "community standards" precedent for the numerous cases still pending. In the latest case, an assistant D.A. warned the jury, "If you turn these two girls loose, it will be the 'go' signal for all the nude dancers in the county, and then we'll have men exposing themselves to young girls in public places." Another assistant D.A. asked, "How can you look your preacher in the eye next Sunday and say it didn't bother you to let them loose?"

annoyance of people who live near the beach. Les Frink, the city's traffic engineer, said that part of the beach or some of the homes might have to be sacrificed for a parking lot. Local conservationists may have something to say about that.

H. V. Dames

Sacramento, California

BURGLED AND BUSTED

I read in *The Milwaukee Journal* about a 20-year-old woman whose apartment was entered by police responding to a burglary-in-progress report. The police didn't find any burglar—he had already taken off with the woman's stereo and jewelry. But they *did* find some marijuana plants, so when the woman returned home, she discovered that she not only had been robbed but was busted as well. Since reading the story, I have learned that the woman also has been fired from her job. She would have been better off if she had just been burgled without anyone's trying to protect her.

Robert Borden

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

REEFER MADNESS

Goat ropers and dope smokers who roll their own in Madison Heights, Michigan, may have to resort to other means of indulgence. A news story reports that the city council in that progressive town has tentatively approved an ordinance whereby any person wishing to purchase cigarette paper must first offer identification, which is to be recorded by the merchant. Failure to comply with this law could result in a penalty of \$100 fine and up to 30 days in the pokey.

The law was proposed by a councilman who had witnessed what he described as "strange acting" young adults buying beer and cigarette paper in a party store. I wonder if this councilman would approve of a law requiring him to sign up every time he bought his good ole 100 proof in that same party store?

Lane Longoria
Dallas, Texas

MONKEYING WITH MARIJUANA

Now that they don't have Nixon to kick around anymore, TV newsmen need new topics to jolt the public. Last September, John Chancellor devoted a special report on *NBC Nightly News* to an old-fashioned "killer weed" attack on marijuana. He showed monkeys at Tulane University that were forced to inhale marijuana fumes and suffered "profound and perhaps permanent brain impairment." He went on to say that other studies have "linked" pot to "birth defects similar to those associated with Thalidomide." The report ended by showing two Vietnam veterans who used marijuana overseas and now continue to have difficulty thinking and to hallucinate months after giving up grass.

It seems to me that with several

Annual Report

THE PLAYBOY FOUNDATION

The year 1974 was not a good one for Presidents, the economy, crops or, alas, civil liberties. Efforts to reform laws and expand personal liberties encountered an abortion backlash, a capital-punishment backlash and new Supreme Court decisions that did for obscenity law what the Watergate cover-up did for Nixon: made a bad problem worse. Despite these setbacks, there was some progress in other areas. One of these was drug-law reform. An increasing number of official voices called for decriminalization of marijuana (see "Pros for Pot" in *Forum Newsfront*). The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), which receives the lion's share of its financial support from the Playboy Foundation, has filed a suit challenging the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration's classification of pot as a narcotic. As part of its educational function, last year NORML provided nationally known experts for legislative hearings in some 20 states. NORML also helps to find legal counsel for hundreds of individuals arrested on marijuana charges each year.

Another area of progress was prisoners' rights. Last year, the Foundation gave a large grant to the National Prison Project of the American Civil Liberties Union. In one important case, the project's lawyers won a Federal court decision declaring unconstitutional the involuntary transfer of prisoners into a behavior-modification program that seemed to be aimed as much at punishing prisoners as at treating them.

Several states have found ways to pull new capital-punishment laws through the loopholes in the U.S. Supreme Court's 1972 decision against the death penalty, but there have been no new executions. The Foundation is currently providing funds for organizations to monitor every capital-punishment case in the country to ensure defendants full protection of the law. It also is supporting several capital-punishment cases that are now before the Supreme Court.

The A.C.L.U.'s National Women's Rights Project, which also received a grant from the Playboy Foundation last year, has three cases pending before the Supreme Court: Two challenge sex discrimination in jury-selection laws and in the Social Security Act and the third attacks the right of junior chambers of commerce receiving state and Federal support to exclude women from membership. The National Women's Rights Project scored a victory in the first Equal Pay Act case ever decided by the Supreme Court, which held that the act requires that women get equal pay for equal work as well as equal access to

jobs in previously all-male job classifications. Other pending cases on the project's extensive docket include challenges to discrimination against women in athletics, education, military benefits, welfare rights and laws regulating abortion, birth control and sterilization.

The Foundation also gave a substantial grant to the A.C.L.U.'s National Sexual Privacy Project, which works in courts and legislatures against state sex laws prohibiting such private sexual behavior as fornication, sodomy, homosexuality and prostitution. These cases include several defending gay rights, two of which involve the right of homosexuals to retain custody of their children. The project also helps individuals and other organizations to challenge sex laws by supplying information on relevant laws, case decisions and expert witnesses.

The Sexual Privacy Project has joined another recipient of Playboy Foundation funds, the Victimless Crimes Project of the A.C.L.U., to fight prostitution laws in California. On its own, the victimless-crimes group has filed one suit challenging the constitutionality of two California statutes prohibiting oral-genital contact and the "infamous crime against nature," and another suit against Pacific Telephone and Telegraph for refusing employment based on sex orientation—homosexuality. A third suit seeks an injunction to prevent the California State Department of Health and Welfare from closing down San Francisco's methadone-maintenance program because of the refusal of the program's directors to turn over participants' names to state authorities.

In addition to sponsoring court cases against censorship, the Foundation last year gave funds to lawyer Kenneth P. Norwick to help him prepare a pamphlet called *Lobbying for Freedom: Censorship*. This is a guide for citizens who want to know how they can most effectively support the fight against censorship laws in their states. Copies of the 72-page pamphlet are available through the Playboy Foundation, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Besides legal and legislative reform projects, the Foundation supports educational, scientific and social programs. These include Masters and Johnson's Reproductive Biology Research Foundation, the National Women's Education Fund and a Chicago crisis-and-referral center for youth called Metro-Help. Metro-Help has set up a national hotline number to assist young runaways; the toll-free number, manned around the clock, is 800-621-4000.

million people having regularly smoked grass for years now, any real dangers would be indisputably obvious and that Chancellor was being extremely selective in the material he presented.

Robert Little

Washington, D.C.

Selective is a kind word for it. According to the doctor who ran the experiment, the Tulane monkeys took the equivalent of from five to 120 joints a day, a dosage level much too high to render the results fit for human comparison. The Thalidomide remark is a blatant scare tactic. According to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's 1973 report on marijuana, the facts are much less melodramatic: "The bulk of present evidence, particularly that of well-controlled studies, suggests that the likelihood of genetic or neonatal abnormalities arising from Cannabis use at present social levels of use is low." Link, by the way, is a handy word that means less than it seems to. It can be used to establish guilt by association between any two things when there's no provable connection, as in, "Premarital sex has been linked to baldness." The introduction of the two disturbed veterans is, of course, evidence of nothing except poor taste.

The National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse points out, "The most notable statement that can be made about the vast majority of marijuana users—experimenters and intermittent users—is that they are essentially indistinguishable from their nonmarijuana-using peers by any fundamental criteria other than their marijuana use." The most damaging aspect of Chancellor's broadcast is that it suggests there is some justification for the current crime-and-punishment approach to marijuana. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws has protested to NBC asking that a future Chancellor broadcast restore the balance.

We hope Chancellor's report will cause no permanent mind damage in TV viewers.

NOBODY'S FAULT

Arizona has a no-fault divorce law, and I thought when my wife filed for divorce that we would come under it. At the start of our hassling in court, she wanted me to move from our ranch so she could live there herself. The judge told her she could live in the main house and was kind enough to allow me to stay in the barn. My attorney pointed out that Arizona summer was coming on, that temperatures would soon be over 110 degrees and that the barn had no provision for cooling. The judge dismissed this. As the summer wore on, I spent more and more time at my local pub, where in due course I found a soft shoulder on which to cry. After 19 postponements of the case and after my business went to hell,

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I moved into town with my new-found friend, much to the joy of my wife's lawyer. Almost 22 months from the original filing, we went for the dissolution hearing. Much of the testimony centered around the fact that I was a lead-lined, double-barreled, 12-gauge s.o.b., mostly for moving out of that oven of a barn and into the loving arms of a kind, understanding woman I had not even met until six months after the divorce was filed. The judge gave my wife everything, ranch, livestock, furniture. It broke down to about \$50,000 worth of property for her and \$2000 worth for me. So much for no fault.

My appeal came back with one word from the state supreme court: denied. Despite repeated attempts, I never was able to get any explanation for the denial. My ex-wife's lawyer sued me for court costs, declaring that I was the losing party (he is so right) and as such must pay the costs. My new lawyer argued that in no-fault divorce cases you have no loser or winner but merely a dissolution. I lost again.

I feel that the legislature never meant the no-fault law to work this way. It appears the courts in these matters are behind the times, choosing to follow not the intent of the law but their own inclinations. My advice to men contemplating divorce is to try to make a property settlement out of court if they can, otherwise the courts will rip them off like they never thought possible.

Hank Saunders
Tucson, Arizona

JUSTIFICATION FOR TYRANTS

In the September 1974 *Playboy Forum*, J. Green makes a case for moral relativism, stating that "no moral dispute can be settled by an appeal to philosophical doctrines. It has to be settled on the level of practical politics." Really? I can just see Hitler and the Jews or Stalin and the Russian peasants trying to settle their moral disputes with practical politics. Hitler and Stalin were moral subjectivists; all they ever claimed was that their actions were right, relative to them.

Green advocates that people leave one another in peace, but if moral disputes can't be settled by appeal to philosophical doctrine, what justification is there for leaving others alone? No tyrant can function without the sanction of the victim. If a victim damns himself or says nothing, thereby approving his own destruction, what more could any tyrant ask? If, however, the victim protests that the oppression is wrong, unjust, immoral and if this is stated loud and long enough, the nonsense will eventually stop. But this requires a moral code, an objective set of values.

Is such a moral code possible? It is. Its principles are only two: that the life of everyone is an objective value, an end in itself, and that no one has the right to

initiate the use of force against anyone else, not even the Government. You say that's anarchy? You are quite right.

George Morrone

The Society for Individual Liberty
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SCIENCE AND PUBLIC POLICY

George Berry, in his letter about marijuana laws (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1974), falls into the common fallacy that ultimate values can only be arrived at "intuitively, without much help from reason and science." He gives as an example of an ultimate-value conflict the Government's right to regulate citizens vs. the freedom of the individual. Presumably, Berry feels one must opt for one or the other value on the basis of hunch, sentiment or faith.

It's certainly true that we don't know enough about man and society to make precise scientific judgments about values and policy and it's equally true that value controversies tend to be terribly muddled and irrational. Nevertheless, it is possible to try to be guided by science in these areas. Our starting point can be our sociological and psychological self-observation. This can tell us what our species' basic needs are. We can then attempt to find out what kind of society will best satisfy those needs. The scientific study of history and sociology can, I believe, answer Berry's question, telling us whether basic human goals are better reached by maximizing Government control or by maximizing individual freedom. Granted, science is fallible, but even a poor map is a better guide for a journey than no map at all.

John Little
Denver, Colorado

MURKY GUIDELINE

In claiming that any organism that can be called *Homo sapiens* has a right to life, Hugo Carl Koch is mixing science with religion (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1974). Science can tell us what species an organism belongs to, but it can't tell us our moral obligations toward that organism.

If we are going to think rationally about morality, it is not enough to follow rules blindly; we have to ask ourselves what the purpose of a rule is. It seems to me that the purpose of asserting a right to life is to protect and preserve any being capable of experiencing and enjoying life. The right to life should not be extended arbitrarily to all organisms having a human genetic pattern but only to those with a consciousness that wants and deserves protection. This would, for example, obviously exclude sperm and egg cells on one end of the life cycle and people whose brains have ceased to function on the other. It could also exclude fetuses, particularly in the early stages, and people in the late stages

of terminal illness who are in extreme pain and want to die.

This test for the preservation of life—i.e., does it serve any worthwhile purpose?—may seem a little soft and murky compared with the clear line Koch draws. But, as Aristotle observed, it is an error to seek more precision in an inquiry than the subject matter allows. It is virtually impossible to develop universally applicable guidelines for moral judgments to which all men of good will can agree. That is why the state should not make and enforce laws based solely on moral considerations.

John Griffin
Miami, Florida

ANTI-ABORTION AMENDMENT

Abortion opponents are vigorously campaigning for a constitutional amendment to make abortion on demand illegal once again. Their contention is that using abortion to end an unwanted, unplanned pregnancy is morally indistinguishable from killing a troublesome two-year-old or a faltering octogenarian. This assertion is based on religious doctrine, not objective fact. In pressing for an amendment when there is no objective secular way of deciding the issue, some of our lawmakers are ignoring the Constitution's guarantee of separation of church and state.

Laws may, and often do, coincide with religious moral tenets, but laws must be founded on secular needs. Statutes against assault and murder, for example, parallel religious morality, but they can be justified on a purely secular basis by the need for social stability. Unless and until secular inquiry shows that abortion endangers society and should be illegal, the abortion policy instituted by the U. S. Supreme Court remains the fairest and best. It recognizes the crucial role of personal conviction in the absence of objectively demonstrable fact, and it does not prevent a woman from acting on her convictions.

William Horton
Detroit, Michigan

CATHOLIC LAWS FOR JEWS

The so-called Buckley amendment—an attempt to overthrow the U. S. Supreme Court's abortion ruling via a Constitutional amendment outlawing abortion except where the life of the mother is directly threatened—is nothing but an attempt to force laws inspired by Catholic doctrine on this country. If passed, a right-to-life amendment will severely compromise our tradition of religious liberty in a way that has special significance for Jews.

One out of 30 American Jews of European ancestry carries the gene associated with Tay-Sachs disease, a hereditary affliction of infants that blinds, cripples and inevitably kills a child before its fifth birthday. There's a one-in-four



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chance that a child born to parents who are both carriers will have the disease, but now Tay-Sachs disease can be detected before birth by amniocentesis—examination of fetal cells from the amniotic fluid. Thus, pregnant women who know they will bear a child who will die before it reaches the age of five can have an abortion. That may seem harsh, but in the view of women who have faced the alternative, it's not nearly so bad as having a baby and then losing it to this ravaging disease.

Nevertheless, Buckley's amendment would deprive Jewish women of the abortion option and would force Jewish families faced with this problem to bring infants into the world who will be blind invalids requiring institutional care for most of their tragically short lives. If this were medieval Spain, this kind of legislation would be understandable. If it happens here, in this secular society, it can only be because we have forgotten what the Constitution is all about.

A. Clark

Los Angeles, California

FATHERS AND ABORTION

In the September 1974 *Playboy Forum*, you call liberation the crucial issue in the abortion controversy and state, "A woman should not be compelled by law to follow the dictates of someone else's conscience." That's fine as long as the conscience you're talking about belongs to a stranger, but what about the man who's involved? It takes two to make a baby and it seems to me that the father ought to have some say about the destruction of what he has helped create. That doesn't mean he should be able to force a woman to have an abortion against her will, but if she insists on bearing a child the father doesn't want, she should at least absolve him of any further responsibility. On the other hand, if the woman wants an abortion that the father opposes, the law should give him a veto to protect his offspring on the same condition: that once the child is born, he will take full responsibility for its upbringing.

Women's liberation goes too far when it tries to deny a man the right to exercise any decision-making power about the results of the procreative acts in which he is, after all, as involved as the woman.

Alfredo Martinez

Los Angeles, California

Not unless medical science has drastically changed some basic rules of pregnancy, he isn't—for about nine months. But while a man isn't as involved in a pregnancy as a woman, he's equally accountable for it, as you've said.

In sharing intercourse, he shares the risks, one of which is that his partner will get pregnant and not agree with him as to what to do about it. He can reason with her and try to explain why

he feels the course of action he prefers would be best; hopefully, he'll do so sensitively, as a means of exploring all the alternatives, rather than as an attempt to impose his will on hers. Whatever she decides, a responsible man will provide financial and emotional support. It's the woman who's going to have to undergo the burdens and the risks of abortion or pregnancy, so she should make the final decision. Any influence the father has should spring from his persuasive abilities tempered by his sensitivity to the woman's own feelings—not from legal coercion.

MISDIRECTED ANGER

Distinguished author Joyce Carol Oates (three of whose short stories have been published in PLAYBOY) has received the following letter:

The National Organization for Women, in celebration of the August 26 anniversary of women's suffrage, is . . . sending a letter to every major contributor to PLAYBOY over the past two years, requesting that she or he seriously reconsider making any further contributions to this magazine.

Your contributions in the past have not only lent status and prestige to this magazine, but worse, have implied an endorsement of its exploitation of women's bodies and male insecurities. . . . While you would never dream of contributing to a magazine that promotes blatant racism and hatred between the races, you apparently have never questioned the propriety or wisdom of associating your name with a magazine that promotes prejudice against women. . . .

We are . . . aware of the liberal position that PLAYBOY has taken on such issues as abortion reform, but we point out that such reforms also contribute to the greater convenience of the playboy, who does not wish to assume responsibilities. The central message of the women's movement, that women are and should be treated as human beings, is completely ignored, distorted or ridiculed in PLAYBOY articles, letters, centerfolds, jokes and cartoons.

Warren Farrell . . . National NOW Task Force Coordinator on the Masculine Mystique, has stated the following regarding *The Playboy Philosophy*: "PLAYBOY's expectations are that men should possess stereotypically attractive women, along with the right sports car and the right liquor and should treat women with contempt or, at best, as secondary. . . ."

Whatever function PLAYBOY might have played in the past, as a backlash against American sexual puritanism, has been served and its only function today is to serve as a backlash against the women's movement and women's attempt to achieve a more positive self-image. . . . You can join these women and men in this struggle by no longer associating

your name with this pseudoliberal magazine.

National Organization for Women
Chicago, Illinois

The letter was signed by Joyce Snyder, NOW's National Image Task Force Coordinator. But just before this issue went to press, we learned that Snyder, a First Amendment champion, had opposed the letter. It was actually written by another NOW member who thought it such a good idea she couldn't resist sending it out over the signature of one of NOW's national officers. In any case, it was the occasion for an eloquent reply by Oates:

Though ultimately I think your stress upon negative action—attacking PLAYBOY rather than strongly affirming something else—is a mistake, I am sympathetic in part with the impulse behind it. Always, it is far easier to single out an enemy and attack him, rather than to assume the more complex position that such enemies are in fact highly valuable, in that they articulate what many people secretly feel, but will not express in public. The punitive attempt to eradicate the expression of attitudes, emotions and prejudices that are abhorrent to you does not change reality—instead, it invests the forbidden with value.

I cannot claim to have much interest in the pictorial aspect of PLAYBOY, but I see no reason to focus upon certain pages and deliberately to neglect the very real presence of others: PLAYBOY has published exceptionally fine interviews in recent years (one of them with Germaine Greer, who was allowed to be as frank and insulting and critical of PLAYBOY as she pleased), some important articles and, under the guidance of Robie Macauley, some very interesting fiction. The stories of mine that appeared in PLAYBOY dealt with male/female conflicts—and in nearly every case, I dramatized the continuing cruelty of the myth of male superiority in such a way that any reader, male or whatever, should have felt some sympathy and understanding for women. One of the stories dealt with the firing of a young woman college instructor because she resisted the advances of another faculty member, and if PLAYBOY were concerned with degrading women and with merely exploiting them as forms of entertainment, it certainly would not have chosen to publish such a story. I believe that your broad, sweeping letter, with its various accusations, deals with a superficial stereotype of the magazine—the stereotype most people have who have never actually read it.

I have never published anything in any magazine on the basis of my agreeing, entirely, with every page of that magazine. In a democratic society, there must be avenues of communication in publications that appeal to a wide variety of people, otherwise writers with certain beliefs will be read only by people with

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those same beliefs, and change or growth would come to an end. PLAYBOY is astonishingly liberal, and even revolutionary in certain respects, when one considers that it is, or was, addressed to an audience presumably interested only in the wilder fantasies of adolescence.

My personal belief is that worship of youth, flesh and beauty of a limited nature is typically American and is fairly innocuous set beside the pathological products of hard-core pornography, which glorify not the flesh but its mutilation. Should you compare PLAYBOY with sadistic pornography, in which women's bodies are *not* worshiped but destroyed, you would see that your anger over PLAYBOY and its hedonistic philosophy is possibly misdirected.

The United States is still a fairly young, energetic and not very intellectual or spiritual nation. Its values are mainly extraverted—individuals seek meaning in the outside world, in other people, in power, in material possessions. The images of beautiful young girls that adorn magazine covers and billboards are, in a manner of speaking, icons of a sort: not the Virgin Mary, not quite, and yet a form of the feminine essence or archetype just the same. Like all people, Americans must worship something and most of them seem to worship material things: So the female is seen as material, something *out there* in the world. Of course it is silly—sad—illusory—futile. But in its place? I am afraid that in its place, right now in history, there would be nothing—a blank—dead, flat, blunt nihilism. No emotion at all, no flicker of interest, nothing. The sniggering eroticism of popular culture is a far cry from the time-honored pathway of salvation through Eros (as in Tantric yoga) but it is, at least, related to it. We have many years to go before we might be able to feel the expression of the divine in the apparently carnal.

This quotation may be of interest, coming as it does from a Christian saint: "For my part, I think the chief reason which prompted the invisible God to become visible in the flesh . . . was to lead carnal men, who are only able to love carnally, to the healthful love of his flesh, and afterwards, little by little, to spiritual love." Saint Bernard's view may seem overly idealistic, yet it is as plausible a view as any; I would not dismiss it too quickly.

Joyce Carol Oates
Windsor, Ontario

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN DEAN

a candid conversation with the man who blew the whistle on richard nixon

When he was a boy, he had been caught at some mischief and tried to worm his way out of it. "You're cornered, son," his father said, "and when you're cornered, there's only one way out: Tell the truth." That made sense to John Wesley Dean III, and some 30 years later—trapped this time in a web of intrigue he had helped weave around the White House—it still did. In March of 1973, Dean decided to tell everything he knew—or at least everything he had to—about the spreading scandal that had come to be known as Watergate. He knew plenty.

That June, with encyclopedic recall, the 36-year-old former Presidential counsel testified for five days before the Ervin committee—and an estimated 80,000,000 television viewers—about the political paranoia and ethical pragmatism that had led to the creation of a covert White House intelligence operation—the "plumbers"—that had not only committed the original break-in at the Democrats' Watergate headquarters and the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office but also laid plans to activate five bombers, mugging squads, kidnapping teams and prostitution rings for the purpose of sabotaging the political opposition.

Dean also told about a far-reaching conspiracy to cover up these crimes—a

conspiracy that involved blackmail, hush money, perjury, destruction of evidence, even a death threat directed at White House aide Jeb Stuart Magruder by G. Gordon Liddy, mercurial leader of the plumbers. Dean testified that the cover-up, which had involved nearly every high-ranking member of the White House staff, had been orchestrated by Presidential lieutenants H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman with—and this was Dean's biggest bombshell—the express knowledge and consent of the President himself. Dean also confessed that his own transgressions included making a clemency offer to Watergate burglar James McCord in exchange for his silence, coaching Magruder about how to lie on the stand and attempting to spirit E. Howard Hunt, another of the Watergate break-in team, out of the country. He did not then admit, as he was later forced to do, that he had also tossed two of Hunt's notebooks, containing incriminating evidence, into a White House shredder.

At his subsequent trial, however, Dean pleaded guilty only to one charge—conspiring to obstruct justice by hiding the truth about the Watergate operation—a deal worked out with former Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox in exchange for his cooperation as a witness. Dean sought to lighten his sentence further by emphasizing the role he said he had

played—eventually corroborated by the White House tapes—in trying to end the cover-up. But he understressed his role—also confirmed by the tapes—as an efficient executor of, even a cheerleader for, the Administration's repressive policies. And on September 3, 1974, Dean exchanged his Brooks Brothers suit for prison denims and began to serve the one-to-four-year term to which he had been sentenced by Chief U.S. District Court Judge John J. Sirica.

It was a stunning end for one of the strangest success stories in American political history. Son of a prosperous Pennsylvania corporation vice-president, Dean had begun his career correctly, if inauspiciously, with a four-year stint at Virginia's ramrod-straight Staunton Military Academy, where he roomed with Barry Goldwater, Jr. (still a close friend). At Wooster College in Ohio, Dean was only a C student majoring in political science, but he became known around campus as a coolly aggressive and relentless debater. He didn't make many friends, but his roommate recalls that Dean would sometimes accept five dollars or so—though he didn't need it—to write themes for other students and that he always delivered the grade they requested.

During a semester away from Wooster at American University in Washington, D.C., Dean met Karla Hennings, the



"I tried to give President Nixon good advice, but I didn't have the courage to tell him, 'You're dead wrong.' Rather, I told him, 'If you want me to go out and sell Wheaties, I'll sell Wheaties.'"



"I think the decision not to prosecute Nixon will influence his role in history. There's also the question of whether or not there will be further revelations involving him. I believe there will be. Big ones."



VERNON L. SMITH

"The severity of my sentence surprised me. I had never perjured myself, I had not been involved in planning the cover-up and the record is clear that, in my own way, I had tried to stop it."

married, and Dean enrolled at Georgetown Law School, where a fellow student recalls that "he always looked like he'd just stepped out of the shower, even after a four-hour exam." And as a young attorney in 1965, Dean had no trouble landing a \$7500-a-year job with Welch and Morgan, a Washington firm that specialized in communications law, mostly in procuring TV licenses for its clients. Six months later, however, Dean was summarily fired after an angry dispute with the firm's senior partner. An associate at Welch and Morgan remembers Dean as "a very ambitious guy . . . had political connections. Well, you marry a Senator's daughter, you're bound to get a job on the Hill." How right he was. Within two months, despite the circumstances of his departure from the law firm, Dean was hired as chief minority counsel on the House Judiciary Committee. After a year on the \$7800 job, Dean left to become associate director of the National Commission for the Reform of Federal Criminal Law—at \$25,000 a year. Moonlighting with other Republican lawyers on Capitol Hill, he helped write the crime-related position papers used by Nixon in his 1968 law-and-order campaign and was rewarded after the election with an appointment as Associate Deputy Attorney General under John Mitchell.

In the course of his duties, Dean conferred often with Nixon speechwriter Pat Buchanan and with Egil Krogh, chief lieutenant of White House third-in-command John Ehrlichman, who was favorably impressed with his ability and malleability, and in June of 1970, he was invited to join the White House staff as chief counsel—at \$37,500. He accepted on the spot.

All went well for a while, although Dean, with his Ivy League wardrobe, his maroon Porsche, his taste for wine and his busy social life (he had quietly divorced Karla before going to the White House), wasn't exactly in synch with the white-socks-and-cottage-cheese style of the Nixon White House staff. On a personal level, he and the imperious Ehrlichman nurtured a cordial dislike for each other; but he claims to have worked well—and become close friends—with the even more imperious Haldeman. This amicability began to deteriorate early in 1972, however, as Dean was drawn increasingly away from his legal responsibilities into closed-door sessions with Mitchell—chief law-enforcement officer of the United States—and seamy characters such as Hunt, Liddy and Special Counsel Charles Colson about million-dollar plans for campaign "dirty tricks." One of the covert operations approved at a subsequent meeting was carried out on the night of June 17, 1972:

a mission headed by Hunt and Liddy to break into and bug the Democratic National Headquarters at the Watergate. As the world knows by now, a piece of tape left carelessly on a door led to their arrest, precipitating a chain reaction that finally engulfed the Administration in the biggest political scandal in American history.

As each fresh revelation shoved the blame closer to the Oval Office, Dean was dragged deeper into what he finally told Nixon were "indictable" acts that wouldn't stop this "cancer on the Presidency" from spreading. But his warnings were ignored. Eventually, Dean could take no more, and resolved to cure the cancer—or at least to save himself from being consumed by it—by telling the truth.

What he did choose to tell he recited in awesome and appalling detail, and while the backlash branded him a liar and a turncoat, the White House concocted a position paper charging Dean with masterminding not only the cover-up but also the conspiracy itself. And when that wouldn't play, it tried floating a rumor that he'd cheated on his new wife, Maureen. As explosive as his testimony was, it was still Dean's word against that of the President of the United States, and the doubts lingered among diehards until the release of the first tape transcripts confirmed Dean's version of events—and effectively put the lie to Nixon's.

By the time the "smoking-gun" tape collapsed the President's last line of defense, forcing him to resign, Dean had been convicted and was about to go to prison. Having witnessed at last the death scene of an epic drama he had helped write, did he think he had finally won, or that Nixon had lost? What, if anything, had he—and we—learned from what President Ford had called "our long national nightmare"? For the answers to these and other questions, we sent Los Angeles journalist and broadcaster Barbara Cady to interview Dean a few days before his prison term began. (When President Ford pardoned Nixon, a couple of questions dealing with that topic were sent to Dean and answered—in writing, due to prison regulations—a few weeks after this interview took place.) Here is Cady's report:

"People magazine had used the word cheeriness to describe John Dean's hilltop home in Beverly Hills, but I found it more of a sunny fortress with all the charm and warmth of Peenemünde, Wernher von Braun's World War Two rocket bunker. Two U. S. Marshals, looking like well-dressed bouncers, stared sullenly down through wrap-around sunglasses from a second-story picture window in the guest house nearby. Hurrying out the front door, Dean greeted me and, looking briefly up over his shoulder at his guardians, led me inside.

"Decorated in California-Georgetown with comfortable earth-toned furnishings, the living room told a good deal about Dean's quick move to Los Angeles. The tall bookshelves were sparsely filled with expensive art books and current best sellers; unhung pictures stood leaning against two walls; personal mementos were conspicuously absent.

"As I was setting up my tape recorder, Mr. Dean came into the room briefly to greet me and tell her husband about her afternoon shopping plans. She kissed him goodbye and left. Dean then settled himself on one of the two long couches that faced each other in the center of the room. In the language of the Fifties, he looked sharp. In his V-neck cashmere sweater, buttondown oxford shirt, razor-creased slacks and polished black loafers, with his owl tortoise-rimmed glasses and neatly parted short brown hair, he was an Ivy League Wally Cox.

"It was easy to see how Haldeman and Ehrlichman could have underestimated Dean. As a friend had cruelly put it, he was only a 'pilot fish' that swam around the sharks. But for all his Town and Country Eastern breeding, there was something of the shark about him, too. Despite his disavowals, Dean had been very much one of 'the boys in the Bund,' as someone had called the White House senior staff, if only in the sense that his ethics seemed governed not by what was right but by what worked. In telling me, before I turned on the tape recorder, that he felt there was no difference between Republicans and Democrats, Dean was telling me that he worked for Nixon less because he admired him or his policies than because he was the President. Subsequent events also made it clear that he worked less for the President than he did for himself.

"Often smiling wryly, Dean refused to answer many of my questions that dealt specifically with Watergate matters still in litigation. It was impossible for me to coax him from his gag-rule stance, but frequently, as he talked around certain questions, eluded those that he would be compelled to answer at the cover-up trial and dropped coy hints of 'more to come,' details surfaced, personalities emerged—most of all, and perhaps unintentionally, his own. Until now, the dimensions of Watergate had been defined almost entirely in terms of tapes, transcripts, affidavits, testimony. In breaking his silence, if only to speak so warily, Dean has added at least a footnote—or perhaps it's only a preamble—to the story of his own place in history."

PLAYBOY: Your fall from Government was as meteoric as your rise within it. Do you have the bends?

DEAN: All I can say is that this has been an amazing education for me. It would

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take a week to tell you everything I've learned—especially about myself. Since we're starting this interview now, and in a week I'll be in prison, let me say simply that this has been the most maturing experience of my life. There's a kind of sobering irony, for example, in the fact that my Government career ended where it began, before the House Judiciary Committee. After a very short stint in private practice, I became chief minority counsel for that committee, and it was before it, on the other side of the desk, that I appeared as a witness in the impeachment inquiry against the President of the United States. It's mind-blowing when you think about it.

PLAYBOY: Another irony is the fact that your departure from Government resulted in your emergence, in the wake of the Ervin committee hearings, as a kind of media star. Has this strange new status disrupted your life in any way?

DEAN: Well, it's become a fish-bowl existence. There's nowhere I go—airports, restaurants, supermarkets—that I'm not recognized, even when I'm wearing dark glasses. I suppose it's not surprising, though, considering the fact that I was seen on television all day every day for five days in June 1973 by around 80,000,000 people.

PLAYBOY: What's the general reaction of the people who recognize you? Do you sense much hostility?

DEAN: Not at all. I guess if people feel it, they're ashamed to show it to my face. What I do get are double takes, you know, and the whispering, and the pointing. But no one has ever come up and spoken to me without saying something nice, and that's been delightful, as well as a great relief.

PLAYBOY: How about your mail?

DEAN: The mail has continued to be voluminous; in fact, it's out of hand. Most people write to say thank you. And they use the word courage a lot. I hope to thank them all someday for their kind words of support.

PLAYBOY: What do they thank you for?

DEAN: For telling them what was going on.

PLAYBOY: And the rest of the letters?

DEAN: Maybe one or two out of every 100 calls me Aaron Burr, turncoat, fink. Those are the ones that aren't signed.

PLAYBOY: Have you received any threats?

DEAN: There have been threats from time to time from various official channels, as well as through the mail.

PLAYBOY: What kind of official channels?

DEAN: I'm afraid I can't be more specific. But they were serious enough so that the Special Prosecutor, Archibald Cox, thought I ought to have protection when I testified before the Senate. Protection was periodic during the summer after my testimony, and then it resumed again full time shortly after the first of 1974. I've had a U. S. Marshal with me 24 hours a day since then, so there's been a total

loss of freedom. I only wish I'd received "good time" off my sentence for the loss of freedom this protective custody imposed on our lives.

PLAYBOY: If the public in general seems not to bear you any malice, what about the people who were your pre-Watergate friends? Have you lost any?

DEAN: Not any real ones.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about some of the other members of the White House staff—men you used to work with—who have since turned on you?

DEAN: For some reason, I feel no bitterness toward them. Surprise, disappointment, but no bitterness.

PLAYBOY: No sense of personal betrayal?

DEAN: Someday I'll have a lot of things to say about them that they won't want said. But I won't do it out of bitterness. I'll do it simply to tell what happened, for the sake of making the historical record accurate and complete. All the chapters of this story haven't been written yet, though. Not by any means. Maybe my own feelings will change; I don't know.

PLAYBOY: What guilt do you feel about the role you, along with the others, played in the Watergate conspiracy?

DEAN: I feel guilt about having misused my office to obstruct justice. The office itself now appears to me in a far different light than it did when I was a staff member with a fancy title. If the key White House tapes are ever made public, they will show that I was an agent rather than a principal in the conspiracy, but there's no question that I participated in the cover-up. The most haunting guilt I feel, however, is for taking so long to muster my own internal fortitude, to stand up and say, "I can't go any further."

PLAYBOY: At the time the cover-up policy was begun, weren't you disturbed about having to help carry it out?

DEAN: Yes, that did bother me in many ways. There were times after the 1972 election when I was incapable of doing my work; I would just sit brooding about it. The nights were very tough at home; I drank too much, and I had trouble sleeping. But when I became aware of what had happened, I could see the pieces falling together, and I just couldn't perceive of any alternative to covering up. There was virtually nobody I could talk to without getting him involved, and I didn't want to do that.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you ever find anybody to confide in?

DEAN: Once—early on—I talked to then-Attorney General Dick Kleindienst in his office and told him as a friend that I was scared to death because I just didn't know what this meant for the country. Today he denies that happened, but I guess he has to. In any case, I was frightened because I thought it could go all the way to

the top, to the President. It could shatter the image of the Presidency, affect all our relationships with foreign countries, change the course of history. But the President was busy trying to wind down the war in Vietnam, and that seemed to be more important than anything else; I believed that nothing should be allowed to jeopardize that overriding mission.

My God, with a weakened President, what would happen if the Russians misjudged the country? I used to lie awake nights with terrible thoughts like this. What could I do? Finally, after months of involvement, I decided to go to the prosecutors and tell them about my own role. When the questioning got into Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, it bothered me very much because of Haldeman's importance to the way the President worked. Haldeman wasn't merely an efficient manager of the staff; He was also the President's sounding board on everything from our policy in Vietnam to the economy. I asked myself how I could tell the truth and cause the least damage. In my testimony before the Ervin committee, I preceded my prepared statement by saying that it was far easier for me to talk about myself than to talk about others, and that it especially hurt me to talk about the Presidency.

PLAYBOY: Whomever you had to implicate in your testimony, many people are convinced that you confessed only in order to save your neck, because you were certain you'd be exposed anyway.

DEAN: It wasn't only the impossibility of continuing. I just couldn't live doing what I was doing, and finally I had to do something about it. It was the toughest decision I'll probably ever face in my life.

PLAYBOY: Did you seek immunity from prosecution when you went to the Special Prosecutor's office?

DEAN: When I hired Charlie Shaffer to be my lawyer, I told him I was prepared to step forward. Charlie said, "You don't have to run into machine guns to get the truth out, and if you want me as your lawyer, then let me do what's necessary. You should be a witness, not a defendant." Later on, Sam Dash, the Senate Watergate Committee's majority counsel, told me he'd like me to have immunity before the committee. I told Sam that I was prepared to testify with immunity or without it. Sam knew that all along.

PLAYBOY: Did you go to the prosecutors before or after the cover-up started to come unglued?

DEAN: Before. My lawyer first visited the Prosecutor on April 2, 1973. The cover-up didn't really start coming apart until mid-April; that's when they learned I had gone to the prosecutors early in the month and had already had sessions with them implicating Haldeman and Ehrlichman.

PLAYBOY: But did you think, from what you knew as one of its supervisors, that



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there were simply too many people involved in the cover-up, that the truth was going to come out anyway?

DEAN: I wasn't sure. But I knew it was possible to continue the cover-up. After McCord released his letter to Judge Sirica in March, there was a flurry of telephone calls around the White House. Our assessment was that none of us would be touched—that McCord would have been standing out there alone with his letter saying that higher-ups were involved. There was that much insulation. The White House could not have been seriously hurt by the re-election committee if everybody had agreed to be less than truthful. However, by this time, in late March 1973, I had finally decided that I couldn't continue to go along with that.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you awed by the thought of the vast repercussions your decision was bound to have?

DEAN: Very much so. Also, it's never fun to be a tattletale. And, as I said, it was particularly unpleasant for me to have to tarnish the office of the President in public. But I had reached the conclusion that while it might be a little painful for me and my family, we were very small in a very large picture, and I felt I could be a catalyst for resolving it all.

PLAYBOY: Was your week of testimony as anguishing as you'd anticipated?

DEAN: I was tense, of course, but the real anguish had ended for me when I decided to tell what I knew. It's easy when you're telling the truth. So what I felt mainly was a deep sense of relief. There were a few unexpected strains, however. After my committee appearances each day, I'd go home and a lot of friends would come over and want to turn the television on and watch my testimony with me. That was something I just couldn't do. Once was enough. I was very familiar with what I'd said, and I really didn't want to hear it again.

And the appearances were physically exhausting. You'll notice that in all the pictures of my Ervin committee testimony, I'm always leaning forward. On the first day, Dash asked me to pull the mike toward me, but I couldn't, because the wire was too short. So I had to lean forward in order to be heard. Later witnesses had a longer wire, but I had to sit there the entire week bending forward, and by the end of the day, my back and neck were wrecked. When I got home at night I'd have to get them massaged. How's that for an excuse to get your wife to give you a back rub? Plus there was the strain of answering those questions. And you've got to sit down sometime and read aloud for six hours at a stretch to see what it does to your throat.

Well, finally Friday came, and they wanted me to finish my testimony that day, because other witnesses were scheduled

for the following week. I had been drinking water all day because of my throat, and by late afternoon, I had to go to the bathroom so badly I was about ready to explode. So I asked my lawyer to get a signal to Dash that I had to take a break. But Charlie said, "If you interrupt this now, you're going to be back here on Monday." So they're getting ready for their final round of questions and Gurney and Thompson are ready to throw their last bombs at me. And I'm sitting there in almost unbearable pain—but still drinking water for my throat. By the end of this last afternoon's session, my hands were starting to tremble. One or two newsmen picked that up and thought the Senators had hit on some sensitive area of questioning that had really rattled me. What was rattling me, of course, was that my back teeth were floating. But I didn't want to begin another week, so I just sat there until it was through. You can't believe how quickly I made it out of that room and around the corner to the john.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that Senator Weicker's "fishing" questions in the course of your testimony before the Ervin committee extracted certain things from you that you wouldn't have said otherwise, and that there were other things that the committee could have found out if it had asked. Have these things since come out?

DEAN: Some. But some are not totally relevant to any of the criminal investigations still going on. There will be a time, however, when I'll sit down and reconstruct my years at the White House and they'll be a part of that.

PLAYBOY: Would it be premature for this sort of thing to be made public now?

DEAN: I think it would be at the time of this interview, because it could adversely affect the reputations of those currently under indictment and might influence the outcome of their trials.

PLAYBOY: But shouldn't the public know the facts?

DEAN: Yes, and I think I have a duty to history to explain these things. I plan to do it someday, but not now. I've already had a very handsome book contract offered to me, but I turned it down at the request of the Special Prosecutor's office.

PLAYBOY: Well, can you tell us if you've testified to everything you know about Nixon's involvement in Watergate and the cover-up?

DEAN: Anything I might add to what I've testified about President Nixon's role in Watergate would involve others whose cases have not yet been resolved, so I'll have to demur on that one, too.

PLAYBOY: What do you think would have happened if—prior to your testimony before the Ervin committee—Nixon had decided to tell the whole truth himself?

DEAN: If the President had stepped forward and told the American people what he'd done—and vowed to spend



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the rest of his term making it up to them—I think a lot of people would have said, “Well, he’s an awful man, but we might as well let him finish it out.”

PLAYBOY: Don’t you think that a full, truthful confession would have subjected him to impeachment or criminal prosecution?

DEAN: I doubt it. Nobody would have pursued it. That was partially my thinking when I finally—on March 21, 1973—went to see him about what was happening to the Presidency. It also came up in a later conversation when I told him I’d been to the Prosecutor. It was a difficult conversation for both of us. Before I left the office, I felt I had to raise my fear that he might be impeached. But I brought it up almost indirectly when I told him that I thought that if things were handled right, he would *not* be impeached. The President said to me, with an almost nervous laugh and a smile, “Well, I assure you, John, it will be handled right and that won’t happen.” His decision, unfortunately, was to try to avoid impeachment by keeping the lid on, not by taking it off. The compulsion to hide—the conviction that telling the truth would mean curtains—was too strong.

PLAYBOY: You said later that during that conversation with the President about impeachment, you had had a creepy feeling that he was speaking for the record—that he might be recording your conversation. Were you shocked when you found out that he *had* been taping you—and everyone else?

DEAN: I was *elated*. After all, the White House and Nixon’s supporters had been calling me a liar. I remember, after my appearance at the hearings, I was taking a few weeks off to relax at the beach in Florida and Dash called and said, “John, I’d like you to come back to Washington.” And I said, “Is it important, Sam? I’d really like to spend another few days down here before I get back in the thick of things.” And he said, “It’s very important!” So I flew back and met with Sam and one of the people on his staff at my house. Dash opened with some pleasantries and a few general questions and I’m thinking, Why in the world does he want me back here for this? But finally he said to me, “John, you said you believed one of your conversations with the President was taped. Do you think *all* of his Oval Office and Executive Office Building conversations could have been taped?” And I said, “Gee, I don’t know, but I’ll tell you how you could find out. First I would go to Albert Redman, the head of the White House Communications Agency, and subpoena him. He’s a military man and I think he’d be truthful, because he wants to protect his career and wouldn’t want to be caught lying. If he doesn’t know about it, the other people who would know about it would be the Secret Service.” And Sam started smiling. “Well, we have hard information that all

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of the conversations were taped." And I said, "That's fantastic!" Sam told me later he was testing me to see what my reaction would be. Well, I was delighted, because it wouldn't be my word against everybody else's anymore; there existed a documentary record that would corroborate everything I'd said in testimony.

PLAYBOY: Were you indignant at being called a liar by White House representatives and accused of masterminding the Watergate conspiracy?

DEAN: No, flattered. They tried to make it look as if I had been virtually running the White House, if not the country. I didn't know I had been so powerful. For a while there, I couldn't believe they were talking about the same job I had as their legal gofer. But I don't think I was chosen to take the fall as much as I was selected as the enemy; I'd betrayed them. Last summer I picked up a book called *President Nixon's Psychiatric Profile*, by Dr. Eli S. Chesen. It's a fascinating book that's gotten almost no play, but I hope it does now, because Chesen has really captured the personality of Richard Nixon as I saw it. I hope that as more tapes become available, the doctor does a revised edition of his book, because it's fantastic and could be of use to historians and students of the Nixon Presidency. He explains from a psychiatrist's standpoint why Nixon always has to have an enemy. He's always had one, and this time it was my turn; I'm sure I still am his enemy.

PLAYBOY: Does that psychological need for an enemy account for what Jeb Stuart Magruder called the atmosphere of paranoia that pervaded the Nixon White House?

DEAN: Well, it's tougher to account for than it is to describe, but I think you're right. Because had not the President wanted it that way, it wouldn't have been that way.

PLAYBOY: And he hired the kind of guys who'd give him the service he wanted.

DEAN: That's right.

PLAYBOY: As one who was hired by him, did you feel that you could give that kind of service?

DEAN: I don't know. Until the very end, I didn't work directly for the President. I worked for Haldeman and Ehrlichman. But I think when and if the key tapes are released, it will become clear that I tried to be his counsel and tell him when things were wrong; I did my best to give him good advice. I often found that the only way to persuade the President—or Haldeman and Ehrlichman—was to say, not that something was improper but that it was *impractical*. But however I put it, when he didn't take my advice, I didn't—at that time—have the courage to tell him, "Mr. President, you're dead wrong." Rather, I told him, "If you want me to go out and sell Wheaties, I'll sell Wheaties." There are countless

occasions in the tape transcripts when I've surprised myself at how much I tried to please the President, at my almost unconscious impulse to say things I knew he wanted to hear.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you were trying to do when, in response to Nixon's remarks about "getting" the people on the White House enemies list, you said, "What an exciting prospect"?

DEAN: I'm afraid so. I was trying to ingratiate myself with him. It's as simple as that. I'm not proud of it, but I guess I'm not the first guy who ever tried to curry favor with the boss.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have a good deal to do with the preparation of the enemies list?

DEAN: Let me give you a self-serving answer, which happens to be true. It wasn't my idea to draw up the list. What happened was that Haldeman asked me to prepare a memo on the subject. I did, but my name wasn't even on it; I was embarrassed by having to prepare it. I deliberately noted in it that I had to go to others to learn about how you screw your enemies. Nor were the names on the list prepared by my office; they came from Chuck Colson's office. I also passed the responsibility for executing the project from myself to some project coordinator, whoever he might be. I felt I had fulfilled my assignment by writing the memo and passing it on to whoever was more interested in doing that sort of thing than I was.

PLAYBOY: Do you know whose idea it was to draw up the list?

DEAN: No, I don't know for certain. But I think that when the rest of the tapes are made public, you'll have a pretty good idea.

PLAYBOY: Do you know *why* the list was drawn up, what criteria were used in deciding who should appear on it?

DEAN: Well, I never could figure out why Joe Namath was on the list. Maybe he was a member of the wrong ball club. At any rate, the list *had* him on the wrong ball club.

PLAYBOY: Were he and the others on the list considered dangerous to the Administration?

DEAN: Maybe not in Namath's case, unless he had refused to follow a recommended Presidential football play. But I can perceive the mentality that would feel that way about some of the others, because I saw it around me all the time.

PLAYBOY: The vindictiveness, you mean?

DEAN: A bit of vindictiveness. You know: We've got the power now and, by golly, we'll show them that we can let them have it when they try to fool with us.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like Colson.

DEAN: I think some of the tapes will show that even Chuck Colson's attitudes didn't always originate with Chuck Colson.

PLAYBOY: But from above?

DEAN: Above.

PLAYBOY: Can you tell us who?

DEAN: Not now, I'm afraid.

PLAYBOY: The majority of those on the enemies list ranged politically from liberal to radical. Did you share the President's intolerance of people on the left and of the center in general?

DEAN: No, I didn't. Let me give you an example of how Presidential policy in this area was made and how I'd deal with it sometimes. During the second Inauguration, a man charged out from the crowd along Pennsylvania Avenue toward the President's car. No one saw this on television; hardly anyone knew it had happened. He broke through the police line, but that was as far as he got; almost immediately, two Secret Service agents had him down on his back with their feet on him. But that night I received a call from the head of the Presidential Secret Service protection detail saying that the President wanted that man prosecuted. The guy had already been turned over to the Metropolitan Police and interrogated and he turned out to be a taxi driver from New York with antiwar sentiments who was just trying to make his point by breaking through the lines. He had no other motive; he wasn't armed; there was no threat to the President.

But the next day, at the Sunday-morning reception following the church service after the Inauguration, the President paused in the reception line and said to me very adamantly, "John, I want that man who broke the lines prosecuted. I want you to take care of that." And I got follow-up calls from Haldeman and Larry Highby demanding to know what I was doing about that guy. Well, I had looked into it and tried to find out what there was to it in terms of a potential offense, but all he'd done was break some regulatory statute by going through police lines during a parade. Anyway, the Secret Service and the Metropolitan Police prepared a detailed report, and it was sent over to the district attorney's office, where the deputy D.A. talked to Henry Petersen about it. I told Petersen that the President wanted this man prosecuted. He said OK, studied the case, called me back and said, "John, we'd really have to stretch it to prosecute this guy." I said, "Henry, that's all I need." So I just wrote on top of the file, "Petersen says no prosecution possible" and filed it. Thank God I never heard anything more about it. They just forgot about it.

PLAYBOY: Many of those at the top of the enemies list were members of the press, which the Administration wanted the public to believe was out to crucify the President. Did you believe it really was?

DEAN: No, not really. I think the press's attitude was and is fine. But I don't think he thought the press was out to get him,

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either. The tapes show that. Remember where he said, "Well, we're carrying a lot of the press this time"? Particularly during the campaign, there was a lot of editorial support for the President at both ends of the political spectrum. I think there's been a bit of overplay about Presidential paranoia toward the press, particularly by the press itself. There's no doubt that there *were* elements in the press that the White House staff was convinced were out to discredit the President. These they defined as "enemies," and said, "We'll get them later." A perfect example is *The Washington Post*. But it isn't true that Nixon was paranoid about the whole press. If anything, his Administration tried to manipulate the press to its own will more than any previous Administration, particularly with regard to Watergate. There was a large part of the staff at the White House that handled relations with the press. During Watergate, I became very involved in seeing what was happening with the press, how it was misled, how leaks were being put out and controlled. The Nixon White House had a superb news-management apparatus.

PLAYBOY: But it didn't stop with news management. When the Administration used FCC license-renewal powers as a club to subdue local TV stations, and when Ehrlichman hinted to CBS News head Richard Salant, over an outwardly friendly breakfast, that he should send White House correspondent Dan Rather back to Texas, that was intimidation, not news management.

DEAN: No question about it. But I think we've found that the press is independent and strong enough to have survived that experience and perhaps benefited from it.

PLAYBOY: In the daily news summaries that were prepared for the President by the White House staff, was there any slanting or censorship of what was published about the Administration?

DEAN: No, I'd say that the news summaries were, by and large, fairly accurate representations of the wire-service stories and magazine reports.

PLAYBOY: They didn't play to Nixon's prejudices?

DEAN: In some instances they did. For example, every now and then, they would attach a batch of political cartoons to the news summaries. But I never saw them attach any of the hostile ones.

PLAYBOY: Then Nixon had something of a false sense of security with regard to public opinion about the Administration?

DEAN: Well, he got that mostly from his staff. But he did read *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*. In many instances, he'd talk about things he'd read in the dailies.

PLAYBOY: Was he as isolated as we've been led to believe?

DEAN: Yes, very isolated. One thing that impressed me early on was his refusal to deal directly with most members of his staff. Everything was so channeled through Haldeman and Ehrlichman and Kissinger that he seldom got the flavor of what the rest of his staff was thinking. An option paper might be sent in, but that wasn't the same as having the man who wrote it argue that option in front of you and being able to ask him questions about it.

PLAYBOY: Were any of those options that were offered to Nixon the kind that could have been expected to be unpopular with him, or were they narrowed to those his senior staff thought he could deal with?

DEAN: I think the options ran the gamut.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported in the press that Nixon could deal with any kind of criticism as long as it was in written form, but that he simply couldn't tolerate any kind of face-to-face confrontation. Is that true?

DEAN: Well, let me give you a brief example from the morning he asked for my resignation. I refused to give it to him without the assurance that Haldeman and Ehrlichman were also going to resign. I was very surprised by his reaction to my refusal. He was flustered. He was nervous. And he caved in. He had obviously been misleading me when he said that he already had Haldeman's and Ehrlichman's resignations in hand, because he then said, "Why don't you go draft a letter that they can use for a model, too?" When I read the transcript of the conversation that followed, at the point when Haldeman and Ehrlichman walked in after I had left, I was amazed to read that he told them how tough he'd been with me. He'd been *anything* but tough. I thought to myself: This is the man who deals with foreign leaders?

PLAYBOY: What do you think held Nixon, Haldeman and Ehrlichman together? Was it friendship, the loyalty of a shared past or just a shared paranoia—or merely a pragmatic understanding that they'd have to stand together or go down together?

DEAN: Someday, when all the trials are over, I'll give you the answers to all these questions. And I'd add one more name to the list you mentioned—that of John Mitchell—and tell you, for example, how he felt about being Attorney General. I'll also tell you exactly how Haldeman became Chief of Staff; how he *made* Ehrlichman; and why Nixon needed them all.

PLAYBOY: That's all you're going to tell us now?

DEAN: Sorry.

PLAYBOY: Haldeman, Chapin, Ziegler and others on the White House staff made up what some have termed the West Coast Mafia. Were you aware that these people were known, as long ago as

their days in USC campus politics, for the kind of "dirty tricks" later made infamous by Watergate and its related scandals?

DEAN: No, not really. I'd had dealings with many of the White House staff while I was working at the Department of Justice. But I learned about past "dirty trickery"—if that's what it can be called—only after joining the staff. I already knew about their clubbishness, of course, but I wasn't invited to *join* the club for some time after I became a member of the staff, and I did very little socializing with them even after I was a member of the club, so to speak. I socialized with them just enough to know that their idea of a good time was talking shop together, *playing* at playing tennis and talking more shop. That wasn't my idea of a good time.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever really become part of the inner club at the White House?

DEAN: I certainly was on the way to becoming one of the President's boys after I began having dealings directly with him. I was getting reports back from Haldeman and Ehrlichman that the President liked me very much and, from Colson, that he was very fond of me. The President even tried to get me to talk at Cabinet meetings, because he liked my delivery. Nixon was very image-conscious and apparently liked the image I portrayed as one of his men. I also discovered, in reading the transcripts of some of the discussions at which I wasn't present, that Haldeman talked about my being a lot tougher than they thought I was going to be. Well, that's the kind of talk that makes Dean one of the boys, too. In the tape of a subsequent conversation, on the other hand, Haldeman said something like, "Dean's a good detail man; he remembers all those little things everybody else forgets about. But he's the kind of guy who ought to work in the background; we don't want him up front."

PLAYBOY: Perhaps they thought they couldn't quite trust you, that you weren't quite flexible—or pragmatic—enough to suit them.

DEAN: Well, I didn't think as they did on a lot of things. For example, Haldeman used to tease me for preferring my Porsche 911T to a White House chauffeured car. And other members of the staff seemed almost jealous of me when I was single. As one of them put it, "Kissinger gets all the press as the White House bachelor swinger, while Dean gets all the action—but no headlines." Despite all these incompatibilities, however, Haldeman and I worked well together and became good friends.

PLAYBOY: Maybe that was *his* pragmatism. Was Haldeman really as cold and as tough as everybody seemed to think he was?

DEAN: Well, he never turned on me, but I saw him turn on other people in my

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presence with that glaring look that was captured once on television during the Senate Watergate hearings when he was looking at Weicker. Do you remember that political cartoon showing Haldeman as the Frankenstein monster? I never saw that monster look at *me*, but I probably will when I testify during the Watergate trial. I've been told that I'm not on his "friends list" anymore.

PLAYBOY: Was that his weapon—the glare?

DEAN: The look, the heavy words—and the terse notes. You'd work on something very carefully and he'd shoot it down in one or two abrupt lines. He, on the other hand, used to say that he would often get a memo from me that would send him to the dictionary. I'd occasionally pick out a good 35-cent word and throw it in, because it was sort of fun to lighten up many of the ponderous memoranda.

PLAYBOY: It was reported that long after resigning, Haldeman continued to call the White House almost every day. Was he still pulling the strings?

DEAN: Well, knowing Haldeman, I don't think he'd make idle calls just out of force of habit.

PLAYBOY: So there may have been a kind of Hoffa-running-the-Teamsters-from-prison thing going on?

DEAN: That's your characterization, not mine.

PLAYBOY: Nixon's other chief lieutenant was Ehrlichman. What sort of man was he to deal with?

DEAN: It would take a hundred stories to get the full picture of the man I knew, but let me just tell you one now. I remember one time discussing with Ehrlichman a very serious problem about the methods of the campaign advance men, which I felt had to be changed. There was an incident down in Charlotte, North Carolina, and another one in Ohio, where they physically threw some people out of a hall because they had come to demonstrate. The demonstrators would go in one door and the advance men would have the ushers look at their tickets, say they were the wrong ones, tear them up and then run them down this chute right out of the building. This was a potential criminal violation of their constitutional rights, and I discussed this with Ehrlichman. I'd written a rather strong memo for the advance men to put in their manual, saying that they shouldn't do this sort of thing or they were going to face lawsuits—and eventually, that's what happened. But when I mentioned all this to Ehrlichman, he said, "Hell, that's nothing. You should have seen the operation we had at Madison Square Garden. We put people down in a tunnel, and when they came up, they didn't even know what city they were in."

PLAYBOY: Ehrlichman has been convicted of supervising at least one of the operations of the White House plumbers. Do

you agree with those who feel that the plumbers were a kind of secret police force, or were they, as others seem to think, little more than a tin-soldier operation?

DEAN: Well, that group was certainly more than a tin-soldier operation, but I think characterizing it as a secret police force would be a bit of an overstatement. It was too small and there was no real machinery operating. When I think of secret police, I think of something on the scale of Hitler's SS and Stalin's N.K.V.D.

PLAYBOY: However you want to characterize the plumbers' unit, why was it formed?

DEAN: The way I see it is that there was a do-it-yourself attitude in the White House. You couldn't trust the FBI or the CIA to undertake improper activities, so you did them yourself and you did them better. And you didn't have to worry about somebody's having something on you. Even in past administrations, the White House, the CIA and the FBI had used leverage against one another.

PLAYBOY: If you don't consider the plumbers' unit at least the nucleus for a secret police, how about the Huston plan, with its blueprints for surreptitious entry, electronic surveillance, political sabotage and the like?

DEAN: Now, the Huston plan *does* smack to me very much of plans for setting up a secret police force.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you involved in its preparation?

DEAN: No, that had all been done during late 1969 and early 1970, before I arrived at the White House. What apparently had happened was that Tom Huston had burned his bridges to the director of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, in setting this up. He had recommended things in his plan that Hoover opposed, even though Hoover in his earlier years had resorted to many of them. But Hoover wanted to ride out of the FBI on a white horse and he was annoyed with Huston for persuading the President to go ahead anyway. So Haldeman gave the Huston plan to me and asked me to see what I could do to implement it. It wasn't my kind of project, so I took it to Mitchell. He wasn't very keen on it, either, since he'd already had a problem with Hoover on it. So we took the innocuous first step of setting up an evaluation committee. Fortunately, it never got beyond that point.

PLAYBOY: Whether it went further or not—and there's a good deal of debate about that point—don't you think the Huston plan crystallizes the abuses of the Administration?

DEAN: I'm going to answer one of the questions that was never asked me on the stand: Yes, I do, and that's why I took that document, outlining the Huston plan, with me when I left the White House. I hoped that the President would

step forward and tell the truth and that my conversations with him would then be irrelevant. But I thought that if the day ever came when I had to tell what I knew about Richard Nixon and Watergate, no one would believe my unsupported testimony. They might believe me, though, if they saw in writing the sort of thinking and planning that went on. This was the only thing I knew of—in my possession—that showed the President of the United States involved in criminal activity and evidenced his utter disregard of the Constitution and the law of the land under the guise of national security.

PLAYBOY: You've talked about your distaste for getting involved with projects such as the Huston plan and the enemies list. Why didn't you refuse to work on them?

DEAN: I would have had to resign within the first month I arrived on the job, and I wanted to find out how the White House really operated.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you *didn't* resign?

DEAN: I almost did—just before the reelection. I had gotten into very serious discussions in September of 1971 with outside people about leaving Government, and had received some wonderful job offers. Haldeman finally appealed to me and said, "You've got to stay at least through the elections. It's a matter of loyalty. We brought you over here and gave you this opportunity and but for that, you wouldn't have gotten these new job offers. You'll have plenty more after the election." So I stayed on, not out of any great sense of loyalty but just because it seemed to be the decent thing to do. They *had* given me the opportunity of a lifetime, and I felt I owed it to them to stay on.

PLAYBOY: What was it that had tempted you to leave?

DEAN: I had become very tired of life at the White House. After I had been there about a year, I was ready to leave. I knew more than I wanted to know. It just didn't fit with the way I worked. As I've indicated, I didn't agree with Haldeman and Ehrlichman and the rest on a lot of issues. And I didn't approve of some of the things that went on. I'm reluctant to say all this, because I know it sounds self-serving, but it happens to be the truth. I was very unhappy, for example, knowing that Jack Caulfield—whom I liked as a person—had been assigned to my staff, knowing the kind of dirt that he was collecting on Teddy Kennedy; that bothered me. And Huston, with his plan, had been assigned to my staff; that kind of thing wasn't my bag, either. And the whole media orientation—that huge public-relations apparatus—of the White House bothered me. I wanted to be a lawyer. I enjoyed the part of the job that involved being a lawyer, but I didn't enjoy the rest of it.

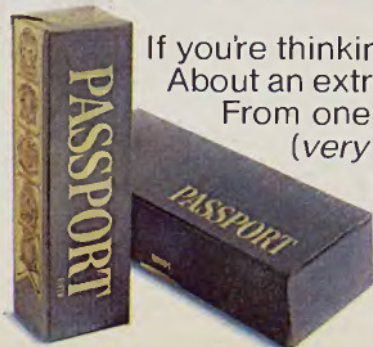
PLAYBOY: You say you didn't enjoy your



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job. That seems a rather bland reaction to the kind of things you had to do. Don't you find the Administration's extralegal activities, its attempts to preempt the FBI and the CIA, disturbing—even Orwellian?

DEAN: Yes, I do, especially in retrospect. As a matter of fact, last summer I reread *1984* and after several years at the Nixon White House, it made fascinating, almost frightening reading.

PLAYBOY: Do you see parallels?

DEAN: The whole thing, including doublethink. If something was said yesterday, you could put out a new statement today that would completely change it.

PLAYBOY: You mean "render it inoperative."

DEAN: Exactly. I'm surprised Orwell didn't use that phrase. Anyway, when you picked up the newspaper in the morning and read the new cover story that had replaced yesterday's cover story, you began to believe that today's news was the *truth*. This process created an atmosphere of unreality in the White House that prevailed to the very end.

PLAYBOY: You mean those who made up the stories were believing their own lies?

DEAN: That's right. If you said it often enough, it would become true. When the press learned of the wire taps on newsmen and White House staffers, for example, and flat denials failed, it was claimed that this was a national-security matter. I'm sure many people believed that the taps *were* for national security; they weren't. That was concocted as a justification after the fact. But when they said it, you understand, they really *believed* it.

PLAYBOY: National security is a defense Nixon used to justify almost every offense committed in the course of Watergate. How would you define it?

DEAN: National security is like that vague term Executive privilege. Both terms have been abused; both concepts have been damaged; they've been used as shields for secrecy. To me, national security deals with clear and present dangers, posed by a foreign nation or an internal saboteur, that threaten the sovereignty of our country or the very foundations and workings of our Government.

PLAYBOY: Would that include Daniel Ellsberg's theft of the Pentagon papers? How did Nixon feel privately about Ellsberg?

DEAN: Well, since the case relating to the break-in at the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist is on appeal, I've got to demur in that area. I wasn't called as a witness in that one. In fact, when the judge who tried the case heard that I wasn't on the witness list, he said, "Thank God Dean isn't testifying here, too." Although the prosecutors told me they might call me as a rebuttal witness, they didn't have to.

PLAYBOY: Why did you choose to break the news of the burglary of Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office?

DEAN: I was dealing with the prosecutors at the time and I realized that if I didn't tell them what I knew about it, I could be charged with another offense—obstruction of justice—when I was trying to tell them what offenses I'd *already* been involved in. I also knew that my knowledge could affect the outcome of Ellsberg's trial. I didn't know, you see, if the break-in was justified by threats to national security, but I didn't think so. Everybody at the White House was telling me it was, but I always told them I didn't think that would sell.

PLAYBOY: Was Nixon being a conscious hypocrite when he used national security as grounds to justify the break-in?

DEAN: I think he wanted to believe that, because it would justify the break-in. As I said before the Senate committee, I just don't think he realized the implications of some of the things that went on. Now, that doesn't mean I think he was unaware that these things were wrong, but because he was the President, he felt he could make them *right*—merely because he said so. The power of the President is so enormous that I think when Nixon sought to justify something, it was for him, as for all believers, not only the truth but the *law*.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like the doctrine of papal infallibility.

DEAN: For some it nearly was. To the believers, Presidential statements rang ex cathedra. Others went along less out of faith than out of fear—fear that they'd lose their jobs. Whenever people left their White House jobs or were eased out, breaking the cord was a wrenching experience for them. They missed the White House mess, where they could eat in luxury. They missed the limousines, the helicopters, the White House pass and stationery, the telephones with 400 buttons on them, the rides in 707s that hold only 34 people—and most of all the status that goes with saying, "I work at the White House."

PLAYBOY: Is it healthy for Presidential advisors to wield so much power? Shouldn't such appointments be subject to Congressional approval?

DEAN: I wouldn't advocate that. I think each President, as each Senator who picks his administrative aide and each judge who picks his law clerk, should be able to pick the men he can work with. The responsibility should fall on him to pick the right people. But I would like to see a more dominant Cabinet. The Nixon Cabinet, for the most part, was totally controllable by the White House staff. A strong Cabinet member should be able to tell a White House staffer, "Buzz off" or "Have the President call me himself and I'll tell him why I'm doing what I am."

PLAYBOY: But if staff appointments aren't

even subject to cursory Congressional investigation, where's the accountability?

DEAN: The accountability must rest with the President. We can't overreact to a Watergate to the point of hampering the operations of any President we're unhappy with. The advise-and-consent process wouldn't solve this for the White House staff.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the proposal we began to hear, toward the end, that the Nixon Administration should be dissolved for lack of confidence, as in the British parliamentary system?

DEAN: That's not a viable option. I've had an awful lot of mail from people on just this issue, and that's made me think a lot about it. I think our system is very workable as is. It may be that we were simply lucky this time that the system worked so well. Indeed, the system has been tested by Watergate in a way it's never been tested before. All branches of Government responded with incredible performance—the Congress with its hearings and its impeachment inquiry, and the courts in handling the evidence-gathering and criminal-justice aspects of it.

PLAYBOY: Those are magnanimous sentiments coming from a man who's been sentenced to prison for one to four years. Considering the fact that the term you have to serve is heavier than those meted out to all others who admitted complicity much later than you, do you think your sentence was fair?

DEAN: Well, frankly, the severity of my sentence surprised me. I had thought that when Magruder was sentenced to ten months to four years, that that sort of represented the perimeter of what I might expect myself, because Magruder was involved not only in the cover-up but in the planning of Watergate and in countless perjury situations; whereas—though there's no doubt about my participation in the cover-up—I had never perjured myself, I had *not* been involved in the actual planning and the record is pretty clear that, in my own way, I had tried to stop it from occurring. So I was surprised when my sentence exceeded Jeb's.

But I have to consider the fact that Judge Sirica has been accused of being pro-prosecution, and if he in any way coddled the Government's star witness with a light sentence, there could be another motion to disqualify him. Also, the prosecutors' case would be stronger, since they obviously had done no favors for their key witness. So sometimes you might have to pay an extra price for telling the truth. But, being a lawyer, I realize that the system is capable of self-correction and by the time this interview comes out, we'll know if I'm right in hoping that it may do so in my case. The judge has 120 days from the day he sentences to modify it in any way he may

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see fit. I can only pray he'll reconsider in the light of my effort to right the wrongs of Watergate and reduce what I cannot but feel is a very harsh punishment.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about having to serve time in prison for carrying out the orders of a man who has now been totally exonerated for issuing them?

DEAN: Well, I don't believe that Richard Nixon has been or ever shall be totally exonerated. While it's true that he's been pardoned for any Federal crimes he may have committed as President, he can't escape the judgment of history. Nor can President Ford's pardon free him from the guilt of his own conscience. Only the truth can set him free, and Nixon has rejected his freedom. Speaking for myself, I would rather admit that I have done wrong, accept my punishment—despite the inequity it represents—and long for the day when I'll leave prison a totally free man.

PLAYBOY: How do you think history *shall* judge Nixon? And how do you think he wants to be remembered?

DEAN: Let me answer the second part first. During my time at the White House, I was very aware of the fact that elaborate plans were being devised, through the Nixon Foundation, for the President's future Presidential library. It was going to be a vehicle by which Richard Nixon could continue to influence American politics and make history as long as he was so inclined.

PLAYBOY: How?

DEAN: By means of everything from television specials to control over rights to the books written by those who worked for him. Now, of course, as a result of Watergate, it's going to be very difficult to raise the money for that operation. As to how history will judge Nixon, that depends upon what the future holds for the former President. I think the decision not to prosecute him will influence his role in history. There's also the question of whether or not there will be further revelations involving him. I believe there will be.

PLAYBOY: Big ones?

DEAN: Big ones.

PLAYBOY: Things you know about but don't want to talk about?

DEAN: Things I *can't* talk about now. Maybe I should say it's "national security"! Not really. I just think there are going to be further revelations and that these, too, will influence history. Another factor will be the former President's decision on whether or not finally to come around and say, "Yes, I did these things and here's what they were. Some of them were bad. But I also did a lot of good things." I think history will judge him much more kindly if he does that. Otherwise, how can you know whether it was really Richard Nixon or Henry Kissinger who decided to go to China? If he doesn't make a clean breast of Watergate, there

will always be a question about his credibility on everything else ever accomplished during his Administration.

PLAYBOY: Because of Watergate, almost a dozen men are serving or have served time in prison. But some people question whether justice is being served even behind bars. The prison in which you're going to be confined, for example, has been called a country club among detention facilities. Do you think it's fair that Barker, Martinez and several of the other Watergate burglars served time in harsher quarters?

DEAN: Well, I don't think *anyone* involved would say he had been sent to a country club. And I suspect that in time even more people may ask if justice was served by harshly punishing those involved in Watergate.

PLAYBOY: What bothers you most about going to prison?

DEAN: I think the toughest thing is the punishment it's going to force on my wife and the situation it places her in. We're very close and interdependent, and this is going to be a tremendous shock for her, and a heavy burden, given the fact that her mother is very ill.

PLAYBOY: Won't imprisonment be a shock and a burden for you, too?

DEAN: Of course. I take some comfort, though, in the fact that Mo's going to be very busy writing a book while I'm away. During the period when I was so consumed with preparing my testimony and with my court and Congressional appearances, I suggested that she keep a diary of her reactions to what was going on. She has a fine, perceptive mind, and she's a good writer. I've read some of what she's written so far—she started keeping her diary in April of '73, and it runs up to the present—and it's such a fresh perspective on the whole thing that I asked Hays Gorey, a writer friend, to help her turn it into a book. I think it will provide a side to the story of Watergate that no one else could ever provide. Plus, you know, how our own relationship underwent strain at times—especially during that treadmill period of cover-up, cover-up, cover-up—and how the experience we've gone through since then has brought us closer together. I believe she has something to share with other women, and with men—something that may help others in time of crisis.

PLAYBOY: How do you plan to spend your time in prison?

DEAN: I'll be very busy for the first several months preparing for my testimony as a witness in upcoming trials.

PLAYBOY: And after they're over?

DEAN: Well, I'm not given to idleness. I plan to do a lot of studying and a lot of reading for pleasure.

PLAYBOY: Including *All the President's Men*?

DEAN: I said reading for *pleasure*.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to do any writing?

DEAN: If I do, it won't be on my own Watergate book. That will have to come later.

PLAYBOY: After you're out?

DEAN: Long after. There are many other things I want to do with myself.

PLAYBOY: You don't think you'll have trouble finding a job?

DEAN: On the contrary. A great many people seem to want me for jobs that run the gamut. Some I'm very suspicious of; they're obviously for publicity purposes. But others are legitimate offers that are very interesting. I'm really not worried about that. I don't know what I'll do when I'm out of prison, but I do know I'll never again allow myself to get into the rat-race type of life I once led. Life is too short and I intend to stop and smell the flowers. I'm also going to spend a lot of time with my wife, who is my best friend. And with my other friends. And traveling.

And I have a few pet projects. I intend to start on at least one of them while I'm still in prison. For example, I think that the Japanese-Americans who were incarcerated during World War Two got from the American Government some of the worst treatment that has ever been administered to any group of people. I've collected material on this for years, and I've talked with many *nisei* who suffered at the hands of our Government, which never really made any amends. I think it owes something in restitution to the Japanese-Americans. And when I come out, I'm going to make it one of my top priorities to see that they get it. Thanks to my years of experience in Government—the invaluable opportunity I've had to find out from the inside how it works—I know there's a great deal I can do, and I know exactly how to go about it. So, even though it ended badly—and rather early—I hope my career in Government hasn't been a total write-off.

PLAYBOY: At the end of his testimony, White House aide Gordon Strachan told the Ervin committee that he would advise young people to stay away from Government service. Would you agree with that?

DEAN: No. In fact, I would give the opposite advice. I'd like to encourage as many young people as possible to get *into* Government. It needs their energy and their idealism, and it would respond; politics doesn't have to be a dirty word. The more young people—those who were the *most* indignant about the abuses of Watergate—get involved, the less likely it is that a Watergate could ever happen again. In fact, *because* of Watergate, I don't think it ever will.

PLAYBOY: It's been observed that Washington scandals seem to run in 50-year cycles.

DEAN: Well, I think we've got at least 100 years to wait this time. At least I hope so.





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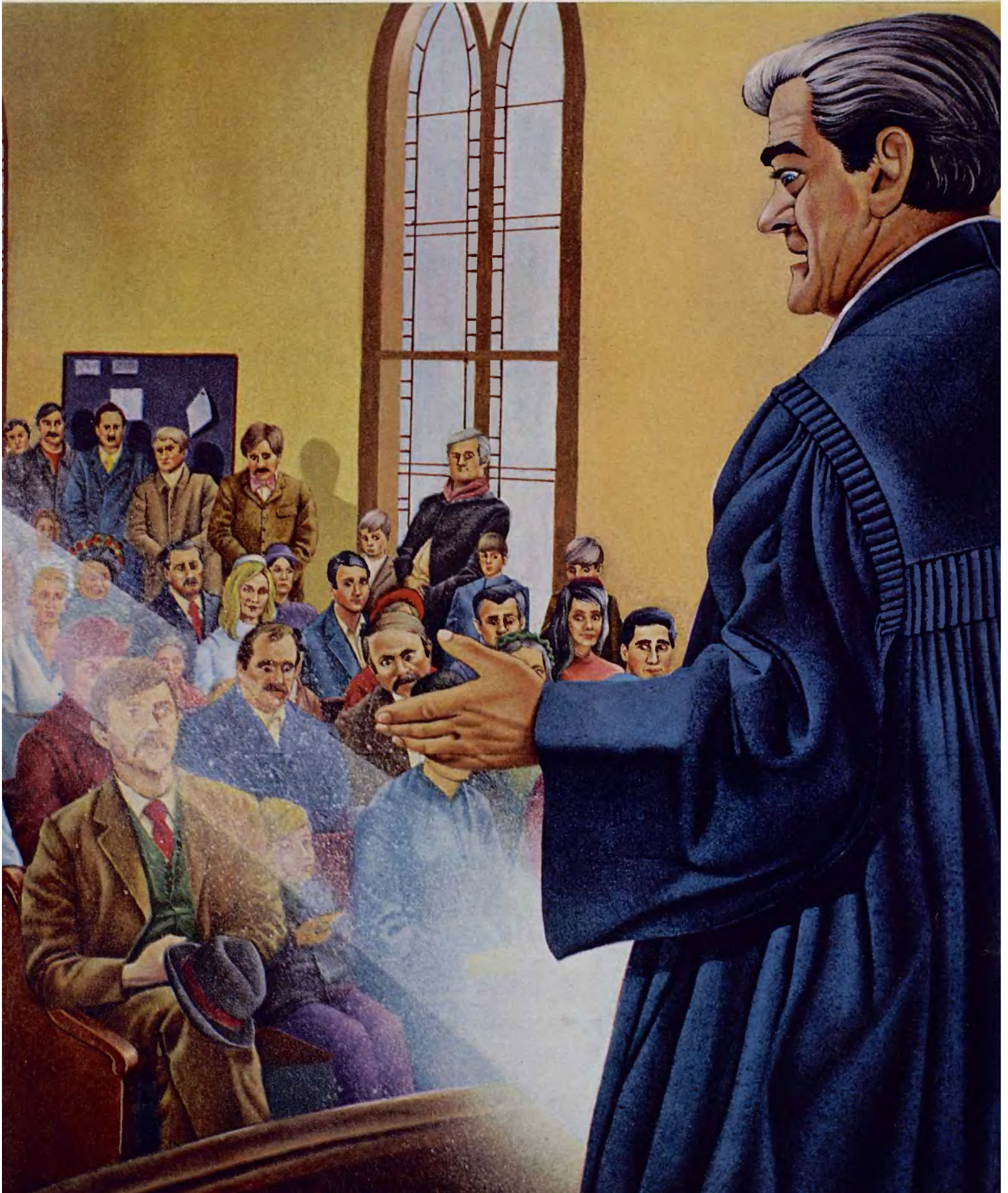
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joy to the
world, the preacher's
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fiction By JOHN UPDIKE I INHERITED HER. Alicia had been hired by my predecessor, a languid Gnostic stirred to dynamism only by the numen of church finances. Having ministered to our flock and its fleece during the go-go years, he left me a fat portfolio and lean attendance rolls. I was told, indeed, that the Reverend Eccles (short for shekels) believed that nothing so became a parishioner's life as the leaving of it, with a valedictory bequest to the building fund. At any



A Month of Sundays



rate, the nominal members stayed away from the Sabbath pews as from an internal-revenue collecting point, until the word went about in the land that lo! the new parson was not a hunting one but a hunted. Oh, shame upon me as I recall those Sundays, my sermons so fetchingly agonized, so fashionably antinomian. I suffered, impaled upon those impossible texts, weeping tears with my refusal to blink at the eschatological, yet happy in my work, pale in my pantomime of holy agitation, self-pleasing in my sleepless sweat, a fevered scapegoat taking upon myself the sins of the prosperous. The blue-suited businessmen regarded me with guarded but approbatory grimace as a curious sort of specialist, while musk arose thicker than incense from between the legs of their sea of wives. But enough of such shoptalk. I was sincere, if the word has meaning. Better our own act than another's. The Lord smiled; the cloud of witnesses beneath me grew, while wiring hung inside the pulpit like entrails in a butcher's shop, and my collection of interior pornography improved in technical quality (the early graininess expunged by computer enhancement from these latest Danish imports), and the organ behind me pertly sliced a premature end to the eloquent anguish of my silence.

She was pert, short, nearsighted, blonde in the hard ironed style, argumentative and rather metronomic. My organist at the previous church had been a plump black man (the music teacher at the local high school, and victimized by the ubiquitous demands of suburban tokenism) who rolled on the bench like a flywheel and set the pews to swaying during collection so the plates hopped from hand to hand like the bouncing ball at a sing-along. Sweeping the floors became a franchise, there was so much dropped change. Alicia, why do you keep hiding behind these wisecracks? When you sat down to play, I wondered if the thick soles of your trendy shoes wouldn't keep you from pedaling properly. Chartreuse bell-bottoms peeked from beneath your cassock. Behind your tinted octagonal spectacles, were your red-rimmed rabbit eyes really so shifty? I found out, didn't I?

"Mrs. Crick, did you feel you might have taken *A Mighty Fortress* a shade fast?" She is divorced, with two small children. Hire the handicapped. Her age on the edge of 30, as mine is on that of 40. Those ten years up on me, and the set of her lips, stiff as a sugar rose, and the impudent monocle flash of one or the other of her spectacles as she tips her head goad me to add, "At your tempo, *A Flighty Fortress* might be the better title. You left the choir procession stranded halfway down the aisle."

"The children's choir dawdled filing out" is Mrs. Crick's response. And: "You

can't drag every hymn just because it's religious."

In retrospect, and no doubt then as well, beneath my prickle of dislike, I loved her standing up to me. Life, that's what we seek in one another, even with the DNA molecule cracked and our vitality arraigned before us as a microscopic Tinkertoy.

"There's such a thing as feeling," I told her.

"And such a thing as feigning," she responded.

Why can't I keep this in the present tense? She recedes in the vaults of the past as, on many a night, the clatter of the choristers having ebbed in a wash of headlights, she would switch off the organ (a 1920 three-rank electropneumatic, with a thrillingly discordant calliope of stops), gather to her breasts her *Sämtliche Orgelwerke von Dietrich Buxtehude* and *Oeuvres Complètes pour Orgue de J. S. Bach Annotée et Doigtées par Marcel Dupré* and 99 *Tabernacle Favorites for Choir & Organ* and sigh and retreat down the dimmed and silenced nave to the lancet doors and the black car parked in the black lot beyond.

"Good night, Mrs. Crick."

"Good night, Reverend Marshfield."

The draft from her opening the door, traveling along the carpet with a sacristan's tread, arrived at my ankles as the sound of its closing arrived at my ears. I feel my cassock sway in this wind. It is dead winter. Reverend. A chill. Her bloneness receding down the aisle. Her bottom, in tight slacks, surprisingly rounded, expressive. A touch of sadness in her shoulders. Her old car. I knew little about her life apart from Thursday nights and Sunday mornings. She gave piano lessons in the neighboring suburb. She had two children, who did not come to Sunday school. She must have had lovers.

"You are implying," I said on the above-mentioned occasion, "what?" My wariness was not that only of the watcher but of the watched. For some time, her attention had been upon me: That was the prickle.

She sat on the arm of a pew and hugged her pastel sheaf of music tighter. In this strained position her knees, bonier than the rest of her, protruded and pressed white edges into the stretchy knit of her tights. Was she about to weep? Her voice was dry. "I'm sorry. I don't know what I was implying. You're a good man. No, you're not. I'm sorry, I don't have any control over what I'm saying. Something else has upset me, not you."

"Would you like to tell me what?" I asked, though it was more about me, her image of me, that I wanted to hear.

"Oh, some man. Some stupid man."

"Who won't marry you?"

She looked up, her eyes behind the tinted lenses blurred. I never, as a rule, look toward people's eyes. Their mouths tell all. Hers was tense, prim. "That

must be it," she said, sarcastically.

"I'm wrong," I offered.

"You're close enough." Her head bowed again. "You just get so tired," she added, of another "you," in weak apology.

I was anxious not to overdo; I missed my vestments, which veil me, enable me to speak with a voice arising from elsewhere than my own constrained chest. Her life, the Gothic carpentry of the church, the night outside, the parish and its intricate life all as in an Uccello converged on this moment, in whose black center I was sensually conscious only of my white hands, posed anxiously before me as if trying to build a house of cards in the air between the cavity of my chest and the glow of her bowed head. Their palms tingled. To this moment, toward which four decades narrowed, I had never been unfaithful to my wife. There had been temptations as strong, but my will to be tempted had been weaker.

"Tired of what? Tell me."

She lifted her face; her face was behind glass.

What do I mean, writing that? Am I imposing backward upon the moment the later moment when truly she was behind glass, her foot and her hair, with Ned? Or did my knowledge that a process of seduction was at work, that this face could, if not now, later, be touched, secrete in panic a transparent barrier? Her eyes, behind their tinted lenses, had to be guessed at. Her jaw wore a curious, arrogant, cheap, arrested set, as if about to chew gum. "Of men," she said, interrogatively—"?" It was an offering. "You'd be shocked if I told you."

I did not dispute. Dinna press, when swinging a golf club or parrying with a woman. Let the club do the work. I may have resolved, also, in this pocket of my silence, to make her pay later for this snub of hers; or again this may be read in retrospect, a later loop of the film overlapping.

"Then tell me about *me*," said I, bold and insouciant, a modern cleric, perching on the arm of a pew opposite. The wood nipped my buttocks. "I'm not a good man," I rehearsed my prey. "I pretend to feel."

As I had hoped, she became argumentative. "'Good,'" she said. "I don't understand goodness. The term doesn't have much meaning for me. Things happen, people do things, and that's it. I know you don't believe that. I *do* think you exaggerate yourself as a believing unbeliever, as a man sweating it out on the edge of eternity or whatever; you *tease* the congregation. You shouldn't. Those people out there, they're just dumb; they don't know why they're hurting, or going into bankruptcy, or knocked up, or alone, or whatever. You shouldn't act out your personal psychodrama on their time. I mean, this isn't meant to be your show, it's *theirs*."

"I see," I said, lying.

She saw I was. "I mean," she said,



"It's not easy, Martha, being married to a nymphomaniac!"

and I loved the flush of earnestness stealing that arrogant gum-chewing cool from her features, "don't be so angry, about patterns and obstacles that are all in your head."

"Angry? Am I?"

"I'd say," Alicia said, "you're the angriest *sane* man I've ever met."

So you've met angry insane men? But I didn't ask that; I asked, benevolently, "What do you think I'm angry about?"

"What we're all angry about. You're unhappy."

Still smiling, still stoking my smile with interior vows of revenge, I asked, inevitably, "And what makes me so unhappy?"

I assumed she would answer, Your theology. Instead she said, "Your marriage."

"Isn't it perfect?" I asked; the words, inane yet divinely enunciated, arose beyond me, in some primer angels update.

My dear sexy organist laughed. Her laugh filled the church like golden mud—or do I misquote? "It's *terrible*," she pronounced, myopic and merry and her kneecaps thrust white-ly through her panty hose by some stress in her perching position. "It's worse than mine, even, and that didn't last three years!"

There is a Biblical phrase whose truth I then lived: Scales fell from my eyes. She was right. In her helmet of centrally cleft gold, this angel had come and with a burning sword slashed the gray (as cardboard, as brain cells) walls of my prison.

This conversation took place early in Lent; I kissed her in the vestibule the evening of Holy Saturday, gathering her in between the lancet doors giving onto the nave and the weather-stripped doors giving onto the expectant night, gathering her into my arms, her head frosty with hair, above the wire rack of Lenten pamphlets and appropriate verses directed at the alcoholic, the lonely, the doubtful, the estranged, gathering into my arms a startling, agitated, conflicted, uneven mix of softnesses and hardnesses, warm spots and cool, her body. After Easter, her black Chevrolet providentially having torn a gasket, she let me drive her home and took me upstairs to her bed.

Probably the conversation as I have set it down is a medley of several, scattered through a number of post-prerehearsal interludes, in drafty ecclesiastic nooks haunted by whiffs of liquid wax and spilled cider, or on awkward frozen lawns while our gloved hands groped for the handles of differing automobiles.

• • •

Alicia in bed was a revelation—at last I confronted as in an ecstatic

mirror my own sexual demon. In such a hurry we did not always take time to remove socks and necklaces and underthings that clung to us then like shards or epaulets, we would tumble upon her low square bed, whose headboard was a rectangle of teak and whose bedspread a quiltwork sunburst, and she would push me down and, her right hand splayed on her belly, tugging upward the tarnished gilt of her pubic fur so as to make an unwispy fit, would seat herself upon my upraised phallus, whose nettles she had firmed with fingers and lips, and whimper, and come, and squirm, and come again, her vaginal secretions so copious my once-too-sensitive glans slid through its element calm as a fish, and politely declined to ejaculate, so that she came once more, and her white-skinned joy, witnessed, forced a laugh from my chest. This laughing was unprecedented for me; under my wife's administration sex had been a serious business.

The minx's breasts were small but smartly tipped, her waist comfortably thick, her feet homely and well-used-looking, as were her active hands, all muscle and bone, and her pubic patch, as I have said, the curious no-color of tarnished gilt, gold dulled to the edge of brown, the high note of her blonde head transposed to a seductive minor.

At the join of Alicia's abdomen and thighs you could count the tendrils one by one; they thickened in the center to a virtual beard that, when we showered together ere returning to the scoured world, she would let me shape with soap into a jaunty goatee. She loved her own cunt, handled it and crooned of it as if it were not the means to a child but a child itself, tender and tiny and intricate and mischievously willful. "My trouble is," she told me, "I think with my cunt." "I'm kissing my own cunt!" she sighed unforgettably once when I fetched my mouth fresh from below and pressed it wet upon her own. The lover as viaduct. The lover as sky-god, cycling moisture from earth to cloud to earth.

Though she was a fair enough sky herself. We played in each other like children in puddles. Dabbled and stared, dabbled and stared. The mud of her, white and rose and gold, reflected blue zenith.

Play. There was that, in daylight, laughing, after a marriage bed of nighttime solemnity and spilt religion, spilt usually at the wrong angle, at the moment when the cup had been withdrawn. What fun my forgotten old body turned out to be—

(continued on page 92)





THE UNITED STATES CELEBRATES
A SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY THIS YEAR, AND IN THE SPIRIT
OF OUR HISTORIC SESOICENTQUADRAGENARINOVENNIAL,
WE PAUSE TO REMEMBER OUR GLORIOUS PAST—
AND TO HONOR SOME OF THE MEN AND MOUSETRAPS
WHO MADE IT WHAT IT WAS

Happy 199th

AMERICAN!

THIS IS A HISTORIC OCCASION. It is the year of America's sesquicentennial—our 199th birthday. It is a year that makes us think back to our past, our heritage, our great traditions. And we at PLAYBOY would be remiss if we failed to strike up a brass band and celebrate with a few fireworks of our own. And so, we salute you, America—beginning with your top men, our Presidents!

George Washington will always be remembered as the father of our country, but these days people enjoy going over his elaborate expense accounts and talking about his wooden false teeth. The accounts prove that he was gifted with considerable imagination, but the part about the teeth is a malicious slander. He had several sets of dentures in his lifetime. One was carved from walrus tusk; another was lead-based and inset with hippo, cow and elephant teeth; and his last set, built around a metal spring that held them in place, boasted a variety of such tusks and teeth, including a couple from people who weren't using them anymore. Let there be no more tasteless jokes about splinters.

Our next President, John Adams, was also known as His Rotundity. It was suggested in public during his term that he had sent someone to England to procure four mistresses—two for himself and two for his Vice-President. When Adams heard the allegation, he shrugged it off, saying that if it were so, the someone kept them all for himself. His son, John Quincy Adams, was our sixth President, and he was accused of serving on one occasion as a pimp for the czar of Russia, in spite of Washington's warnings about foreign entanglements. Old Quincy, in a departure from his proper New England upbringing, also went skinny-dipping in the Potomac every chance he got. Between the Adamses, of course, came Thomas Jefferson, who, in a democratic gesture, freed his slaves—after many democratic gestures in the barn with those who struck his fancy. Another of his interests was vivisection. Tom experimented with animals so frequently that one wing of Monticello became known as Dogs' Misery.

James Madison we remember for being all of five feet, four inches tall and for having a memorable idea on national defense: When war with Great Britain seemed imminent, he proposed that the U.S., instead of building a Navy from scratch, simply rent Portugal's. Martin Van Buren was rumored to be Aaron Burr's illegitimate son. He wasn't actually that interesting, but his Vice-President, Richard M. Johnson, was. He considerably improved on Jefferson's earlier example by keeping three black mistresses and making absolutely no secret of it.

Then there was Millard Fillmore.

There were a few vague rumors about Honest Abe's having other women; but talk chiefly centered on his family, most of whom—such was the loyalty he inspired—were Southern sympathizers and slaveholders. One of Lincoln's brothers-in-law called him "one of the greatest scoundrels unhung." Word of Mary's disloyalty reached such proportions that Abe felt obliged to go up Capitol Hill and assure a

Congressional committee that there was no treason in his family. The unfortunate Andrew Johnson was drunk when he was sworn in as Lincoln's second Vice-President. He was drunk again when he took the Presidential oath. General Grant, as President, did his best to follow in Johnson's footsteps. Like many drinkers, he trusted his fellow man. On the solid advice of his phrenologist—whom he saw twice a week—he let his friends pull off the great Crédit mobilier scandal. But then, during the Civil War, eight generals were appointed from his little prewar home town of Galena, Illinois—making it the richest lode of military talent since Sparta.

You probably don't remember President Tilden, even though he actually won the election of 1876, since

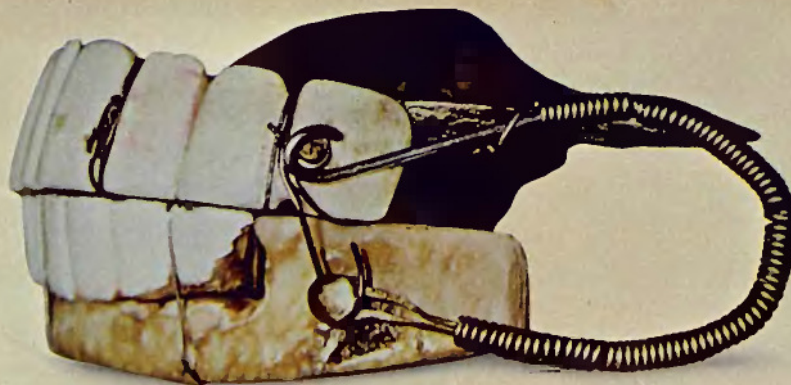
he made a deal that gave it all to his Republican opponent, Rutherford B. Hayes. Another of our finest elections took place shortly afterward, in 1884, featuring Grover Cleveland and James G. Blaine. Back in Buffalo, Cleveland had carefully cultivated his bachelorhood and liked to relax at a men's club where women were allowed—provided they weren't related by marriage to a member of the club. A fling with one guest resulted in child support and some attempted blackmail for Cleveland. The Republicans did their best to tell people about it. On Blaine's side, he had clearly taken some bribes and was blithe enough to admit it—though it seemed honestly earned money to him. So the Democrats chanted, "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine/The con-ti-nen-tal liar from the state of Maine!" and the Republicans replied, "Ma, ma, where's my pa?/Gone to the White House—ha, ha, ha!" It never got that lively again.



Our most celebrated Presidential philanderer, and justly so, is Warren G. Harding. His brief Administration was highlighted by the Teapot Dome scandal, rumors about his affair with young Nan Britton (substantiated a few years later, when she wrote a book about it, claiming she had a child to prove it) and general ineptitude. He once told his biographer, "My God, this is a hell of a job! I have no trouble with my enemies. I can take care of my enemies all right. But my damn friends, my goddamn friends, White, they're the ones who keep me walking the floor nights." When he died, many people believed that his wife had poisoned him.

Certainly, there is more to know about our Presidents. But we can stop with Harding. It is a hell of a job. We should give every man who takes it a mistress and credit at the liquor store.

Many historians credit President Warren G. Harding (below) with two unforgettable achievements: growing his magnificent mane of silvery hair and initiating the first joint session of Congress ever held in a White House closet.



George Washington ate here.

President John Quincy Adams (below) was a refined New Englander who knew the value of good health and regular habits. He went swimming in the Potomac as frequently as possible and never diddled himself underwater.

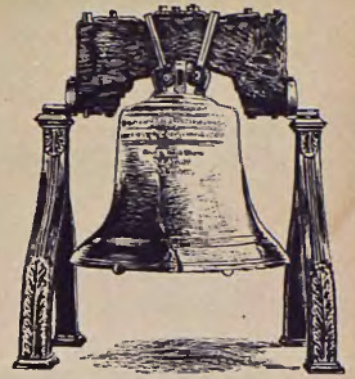


Andrew Johnson gave us two splendid Inaugurations. Senator William M. Stewart was there for both: "When he entered the Senate Chamber to take the oath of office as Vice-President, and to call that body to order, he was very drunk . . . and was unable to stand without assistance. I do not believe he was conscious when he took the oath of office." He took the Presidential oath in his hotel suite just hours after Lincoln was shot: "In a few minutes Johnson came in, putting on a very rumpled coat, and presenting the appearance of a drunken man. He was dirty, shabby and his hair was matted, as though with mud from the gutter, while he blinked at us through squinting eyes, and lurched around unsteadily. He had been on a 'bender' for a month."—from *Reminiscences*.



Ben Franklin (above) gave the world bifocals, a more efficient stove and a radical grandson known as Lightning Rod, Jr. But his greatest contributions were to medicine, including a practical solution to his chronic bladder-stone problem. Typically, he tackled it head on.

Like the republic for which it stands, the Liberty Bell boasts a long, glorious heritage. Originally cast for the Pennsylvania State House in Philadelphia, it didn't crack until 1752—the first time it was rung. It has been melted down and recast only twice, and in 1828 civic-minded Philadelphia gave it to a bellmaker as part payment on a new one. A hardheaded businessman, he left it behind as worthless scrap.



After his historic midnight ride (during which he stopped for a snack), Paul Revere was caught by the British and ordered to talk. He did. For his exemplary service in the war, Lieutenant Colonel Revere was put under house arrest and relieved of his command—on charges of disobedience and cowardice. He did, however, make fine teapots and bowls.



In Congress (below), solemn traditions rapidly formed. A great debate in 1797 concluded brilliantly when Lyon of Vermont spat upon Griswold of Connecticut; a few days later, Griswold attacked him with a cane (a precedent revived against Charles Sumner in 1856) and Lyon countered with some fire tongs he kept handy. American oratory had begun.





Pioneering camera buffs combed the frontier to record spectacular vistas few men had seen.



The Old West attracted brave, daring men with imagination—men like General George Custer and his woefully neglected brother Tom (above), who also served proudly and well in the Army. Tom's military feats pale before the tactical brilliance of Little Big Horn, but he was expert at riding a horse into a saloon. The horse was then expected to leap atop the billiard table; if it didn't, Tom knew how to handle balkers.

YANKEE INGENUITY

Someone famous once said, "Put an Englishman into the Garden of Eden, and he would find fault with the whole blarsted consarn; put a Yankee in, and he would see where he could alter it to advantage." Good Ole Amurrican Know-how: It's what



Progressively Equipped Riot Policeman, 1857

sets us apart as a people. Have you ever heard of Bulgarian ingenuity or Paraguayan inventiveness? We thought as much. Many other aspects of our heritage have parallels elsewhere, but it was America that singlehandedly gave the world the (continued on page 228)



Month of Sundays

(continued from page 86)

the toy I should have been given for Christmas, instead of the jack-in-the-box, or the little trapeze artist between his squeezable sticks, or the Lionel locomotive recurrently entering its papier-mâché tunnel. Thank you, playmate, for such a lightheaded snowy morning, your own body more baubled than a Christmas tree, with more vistas to it than within a kaleidoscope. In holiday truth my wonder did seem to rebound upon you, merry, merry, and make you chime.

Play, and pain. Her moans, her cries at first frightened me, at the very first because I naïvely imagined I was in my new-found might hurting her ("You're wombing me!" she once cried, astraddle) and next because I feared such depth of pleasure was not enough my creation, was too much hers, and could too easily be shifted to the agency of another. There is this to be said for cold women: They stick. So beneath our raptures I heard the tearing silk of infidelity and she heard the ticking clock that would lift me, from whatever height of self-forgetfulness, on to the next appointment, and home, to check the patch of invisible mending on my absence. Alicia found it hard to let me go, I know. For I was a rare man, in this latter world of overexperienced men, in the degree of power I granted her over me. Her bestowals had not for some years, I judged, won such gratitude and ardor. So my swift resumption of my suit of black, even to rubber overshoes in the postpaschal season of slush, caused all of her skin, bare on our bed, to stare amazed. Her clinging to me naked, at the head of the stairs, is the only embrace it displeases me to recall.

Play, and pain, and display. Her house was a little peach-colored one in a row of such houses on a curved street so newly scraped into being that mud ran in the gutters when it rained and the only trees were staked saplings. The upstairs windows were dormered; her children had a small room each facing the street and Alicia had taken for herself the long room giving onto the back yard, with its brave spindle of an infant beech, and an incipient box hedge, and a bleak garage, and an alley where an oil truck seemed often to be idly churning, and the backs of the next street in the development, and across a waiting tract of purple woods tinted ruddy with coming buds what seemed to be an abandoned gravel pit and, on the crest above it, incongruously, the little spikes and buttons of tombstones in a cemetery. I had, a few times, buried souls in that cemetery. I loved this sparse, raw neighborhood, for its impoverished air suggested that Alicia did not have the means to leave me, however often I briskly dressed and left her, and its lack of trees—the opposite of my own heavily oaked and elmed neighborhood of Gothic McKinley-vintage mansions—

let the light in unclouded, nude as ourselves and, like us, eternally young. Oh, Alicia, my mistress, my colleague, my advisor, my betrayer, what would I not give—a hand? No, not even a finger, but perhaps the ring from my finger—to see you again mounted at the base of my belly, your shoulders caped with sunshine, your head flung back so your jawbone traced its own omega, your hair on false fire, your breasts hung undefended upon the delicacy of your ribs and anxious for any mouth to tease them, any hand to touch them, but untouched taking pleasure, it seemed, in their own unresisted swaying, in the smooth wash of light. I lifted my back, the muscles in my thighs pulled, my face was fed, you moaned. We bent a world of curves above the soaked knot where our roots mixed.

Alicia was nearsighted and had to look closely. Else, but for my voice and smell, I was a mist of maleness to her. And I, I borrowed courage from her shamelessness, and looked my fill, and reduced under the caresses of my eyes the brute biological engineering of her pores, striations, pimples, mucuses, wrinkles, wobbles, calluses and widening flaws—for time had made familiar with her, younger than I though she was—reduced to the service of love. There. That is what I meant by display, though the word love pains me as imprecise. Precisely, I worshiped her, adored her flaws as furiously as her perfections, for they were hers, and thus attained, in the bound of a few spring weeks, a few illicit lays, the attitude that saints bear toward God, and that I in a Christ's lifetime of trying (40 [present age] minus 7 [age of reason] equals 33) had failed to reach; that is, of forgiving Him the pain of infants, the diabolism of disease, the wantonness of fortune, the billions of fossilized deaths, the helplessness of the young, the idiocy of the old, the craftsmanship of torturers, the authority of blunderers, the savagery of accident, the unbreathability of water and all the other repulsive flecks on the face of creation.

We preened for each other, posed, danced, socketed every dubious elbow of the mortal envelope in an avid French kiss of acceptance. You've read it before, I know. Skin is an agreeable texture. Penises and vaginas notably so, patent pending. Weaning is an incomplete process. Sex can be fun.

Still, what a relief to have *intelligere* become *esse*. Land hol! She appeared to me during those afternoons of copulation as a promontory on some hitherto sunken continent of light. I had to drive from her town to mine along a highway that, once threaded shadily through fields and pastures, was now straightened, thickened and jammed with shopping malls, car lots, gas stations, hero-sandwich par-

lors, auto-parts paradises, driving ranges, joyless joy rides for the groggy offspring of deranged shoppers, go-go bars windowless as mausoleums (GAY NITE TUESDAYS, CUM IN DRAG), drive-in insurance agencies, the whole gaudy ghastly gasoline-powered consumerish smear, bubbling like tar in the heat of high summer. Yet how washed and constellated it all looked in the aftermath of my sinning! How the fallen world sparkled, now that my faith was decisively lost!

. . .

We look alike, my wife and I. That is what people meeting us for the first time say, sometimes with evident amusement. We do not, ourselves, feel this; nor, during our courtship, was it anything but our differences that intrigued us. She was serenity and beauty; I, agitation and energy. She was moderate; I, extreme. She was liberal and ethical and good; I, Barthian and rather bad. Above all, she was female and fruitful; and I, masculine and hungry. My impulse, to *eat* her, to taste, devour and assimilate, which continues into even this our misery, though my bite has become murderous, began with the first glimpse; she was standing, in pleated tennis dress, in the windy warmth of an April day when tennis had become suddenly possible, beneath a blooming fruit tree, a small apple or a crab apple—a distinction I was too youthful to make at the time. Within this dappled shade, her head grazing the petaled limbs, the lowest was so low, Jane's prettily pale form appeared one with her arbor. There was a piquancy in her seeking this delicate shade, on so delicately bright a day; I later learned she was allergic to the sun, and so she has remained.

Both pale, both moderately above median height, both blue-eyed and not a bit fat—tendony, rather—with the something tense about us qualified by an aura indifferent and ashen as of stalks of smoke, we make, in public, a twinned impression intensified, of course, by two decades' worth of phrase swapping, signal giving and unconscious facial aping. We have been worn by the same forces into parallel spindles. We lie down in bed together side by side and turn as if on a single lathe. We resort, I sense, to a common expression under stress—an upward tilting of the head and tighter trimming of the mouth that lets our besieger know we have withdrawn into a fastidious, and despite ourselves shared, privacy.

Oh, I know, I know, dear unknown reader, that just thinking of this woman tricks my prose into a new ease of fancy and airiness of cadence; I am home. But do not be fooled; this ease and comfort are not palliation, they are the disease.

. . .

The Reverend Dr. Wesley Augustus Chillingworth, Jane's father, had loomed as professor of ethics at the divinity school I attended. A green slanting

(continued on page 211)

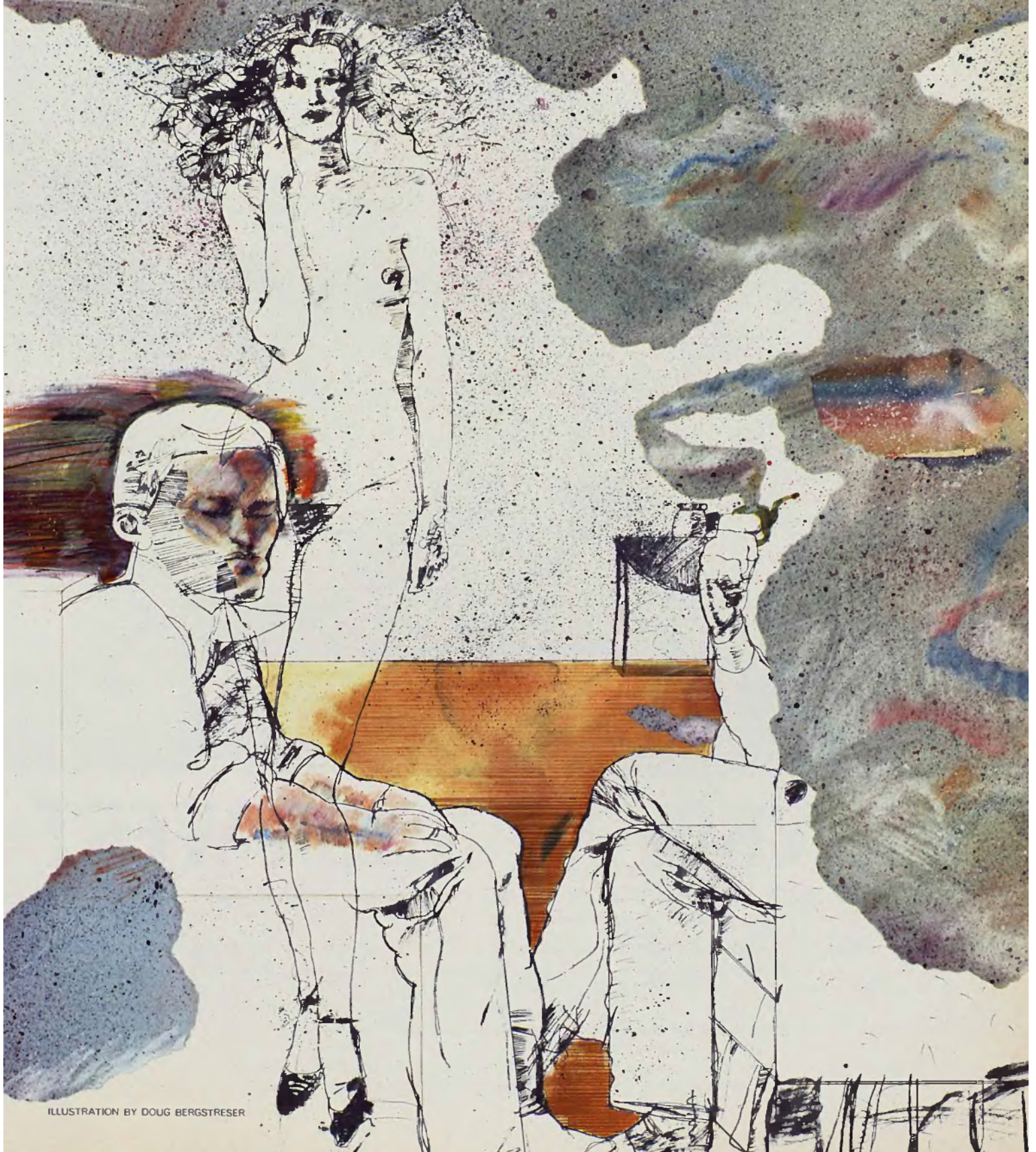
fiction **By John Collier** *in his mind's eye, he could see the murder victim—almost*

TWO YOUNG MEN with junior-executive haircuts were taking a drink together after a long hot day at the office. They worked in the Marseilles branch of the E. T. & Orient Line and it was in Alec Weaver's apartment where they now had their drinks.

Alec's features were not unpleasing and his smile was that of one who is anxious to please. The combination can suggest a certain vulnerability. "I should like," said Alec, "to write a story about a murderess."

His friend was Jay Wisden, who had a face like his name, a face with a pipe in it. He now removed this accessory. At once (continued on page 130)

asking for it





PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

a visit to playboy's new paradise by the pacific, a contemporary shangri-la for work and play

AS MOST PLAYBOY readers know, the official headquarters of the remarkable corporate empire known as Playboy Enterprises, Inc., is the 37-story Playboy Building on Chicago's Magnificent Mile along North Michigan Avenue. In this imposing architectural landmark, topped by the rotating Bunny Beacon—reportedly the most powerful sea-and-air-navigation light ever built—PLAYBOY editors toil over story outlines, photographers pose Playmates of the Month, architects draw up plans for new Playboy Clubs and Resort-Hotels, secretaries pound their typewriters, artists sketch illustrations and mail-room clerks receive, sort and distribute thousands of letters, manuscripts and subscription order forms daily. But the true nerve center of the operation, *aficionados* have long realized, is a building some blocks away—the stately, 74-room brick-and-stone edifice known as the Playboy (text continued on page 108)



An aerial view of Playboy Mansion West and a part of its five and a half landscaped acres in the lush Holmby Hills area of Los Angeles. Modeled after a 15th Century English manor, the 30-room Gothic-Tudor home is set among redwoods and pines in a pastoral seclusion that seems a world apart from Century City and Beverly Hills, just a five-minute drive from the gates of the estate. But the Mansion is center of operations for Playboy Enterprises' new ventures in the film, television and recording industries, and it is contemporized with spectacular added attractions—some of them (such as the lakelike pool and waterfall above) visible even from the air—that have made it business-and-pleasure headquarters for hundreds of famous friends and associates of host Hugh M. Hefner (lounging at left).



Hefner (above) welcomes actor Michael Callan and friend Karen Malouf at the front door of the Mansion. For a lark—and for her December '73 pictorial—Barbi Benton (below) slides down an ornate oak banister in the Great Hall.



A jovial Joe Namath and Sammy Davis Jr. (above left) are greeted by Hefner as they arrive for an evening at the Mansion; and flower lover Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain tries to convince a little lady that he's really a gentle giant. Hefner and Barbi (below) mingle by the Great Hall's double staircase with an assortment of friends ranging from this issue's Playmate, Lynnda Kimball (foreground), to actors Peter Lawford and Michael Callan.





An animated charades player (above left) acts it out in the Mansion's baronial Living Room. In a quiet corner of the room (above right), upcoming Playmate Ingeborg Sorensen waits for a chess challenger to make his move. Hefner visits with friends and bearded brother, Keith—a devoted ski buff who's a year-round resident of Aspen—at one of the impromptu dinner parties (below left) that seem to be a nightly event. In the Library (below right), Hefner and Jason Miller, star of *The Exorcist* and author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning play *That Championship Season*, discuss with Playboy executives Sal Iannucci and Ed Rissien the screenplay of *Season* he's just completed for Playboy Productions.



Los Angeles lawyer Dan Busby, a Hefner chum, shares a bottle with a lady in the wine cellar (below). Barbi leads Hefner and friends in a Library sing-along overseen by a striking Gallo bust of Barbi.





Hefner introduces actor Stuart Whitman (above) to Mocbeth, a rare hyacinth macow named after Ployboy's first film production, Roman Polanski's oward-winning version of the Shokespeare classic. Hefner pal Bill Cosby (below) jokes with guests (among them actor John Phillip Low) in line for a poolside buffet. A nude sun bather (bottom) fondles Lambert, a pet llama that strolls the grounds.



Roquel the raccoon, another Monsion pet, romps beside one of the man-made streams that wind across the estate's huge "back yord" (above) as a group of swimsuited guests plays volleyball to an audience of squirrel monkeys hidden from view in the redwood trees ot right.





As part of her December '73 pictorial, Barbi walks a pair of pet woolly monkeys—additions to the menagerie inspired by a trip Hefner made to Africa. Peter Sellers feeds the Japanese koi and Peter Lawford shows actress Kathy Baumann around the greenhouse, which also features aquariums and an aviary.



A circle of friends (below, including *Deep Throat*'s Linda Lovelace, seated right) watch a chouette at poolside between Hefner and a tough team: backgammon pro John Rockwell and realtor Leonard Ross. Backgammon fever runs so high at the Mansion that Hefner and several other aficionados were prompted to open Pips, a private restaurant/disco/backgammon club in Beverly Hills.





On a sunny summer afternoon, Hefner and Barbi (above) chat with fellow swimmers at the edge of the pool, an organically designed configuration of racks, flowing water and verdant landscaping linked with streams and ponds that gives the grounds the look of a luxurious private park so idyllic that some guests call the estate Shangri-La.



Cyndi Wood, 1974's Playmate of the Year (above), takes a macaw named Merlin for a wade in the pool. During the shooting for her November '73 pictorial by ex-husband John Derek, Ursula Andress (below) was disarmed by the antics of a pet goose named Lucy that kept getting into the act. Hefner gave the goose to Ursula as a gift.





Tisa Farrow, Mia's actress sister (top left), takes the plunge beneath a waterfall during a photo session for a pictorial, *Tisa*, which appeared in *PLAYBOY's* July 1973 issue. An uninhibited bather (top center) dashes warm water onto the plans of an intruder. A tender moment is shared by Hefner and October '72 Playmate Sharon Johansen (top right), a professional dog handler who was responsible for the early training of the Mansion's two sheep dogs. It's splashing room only in the uniquely shaped pool (below left) as an overflow crowd gathers at the water's edge. Sun worshiper and skinny-dipper (below right) meet halfway. Producer Lee Wolfberg (bottom) administers a leisurely lube job.





Hefner and Barbi (above) take a breather after a set of singles. Movie star Jim Brown (below), the ex-football great and a highly competitive tennis player, too, prefers the love game at courtside. Hefner smashes one over another net (bottom) in a volleyball game on the lawn.



Reachable by swimming through a waterfall, the Mansion's unique Jacuzzi cave (above)—a romantic rock grotto equipped with thermostatically controlled air and water temperatures, dozens of strategically located high-intensity jets and even stereo from simulated racks—has become the most popular spot on the grounds, "probably because of the emphasis Americans place on health," says Hefner.



After a sauna, guests cool off—and warm up again—in the Bath House's mirrored playroom (above). Others repair to the Game House (below) for pinball, any of the electronic permutations on Pong or an old-fashioned rack of pool—tonight between Tony Curtis and Jimmy Boyd, coached and kibitzed by Keith Hefner, Joe De Carlo and Don Adams.



The many moods of the cave are enjoyed by an embracing couple (Kathy Baumonn and boyfriend Don Busby, opposite, top right) in the sensuous turbulence of the Jacuzzi, and by a playful foursome (top left)—two of them, Hefner and upcoming Playmate Hope Olson, in the cool of the pool and two in the heat of the whirlpool.



Mansion parties range from charity affairs (an A.C.L.U. benefit drew Yul Brynner and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., below) to shindigs such as the one at which Hefner is upstaged (right) on the dance floor by Playmate Janice Pennington in an abbreviated wedding costume.



Stars and superstars really come out on fight night at Mansion West. Jim Brown and Jack Nicholson (above), Mick and Bianca Jagger (top right) and Clint Eastwood (right) showed up for the closed-circuit telecast of a recent heavyweight match.

At the black-tie A.C.L.U. fund raiser, a chic lawn party that attracted an enthusiastic crowd of some 400 celebrity guests (below left), master of ceremonies Burt Lancaster addresses the gathering from beneath an enarmous outdoor canopy in front of the bandstand.



At a pair of charity benefits, Playboy Foundation Director Burton Joseph chats with Ralph Nader (below), and Red Buttons and Lloyd Bridges huddle (bottom). Indefatigable Groucho Marx (below right) rewards Marilyn Cole for her 1973 Playmate of the Year victory.



An overview of the prefight scene in the Great Hall (above)—a night, unlike most at the Mansion, when male guests outnumber female. Among those in the crowd: Joe Namath, Grauch, David Janssen.



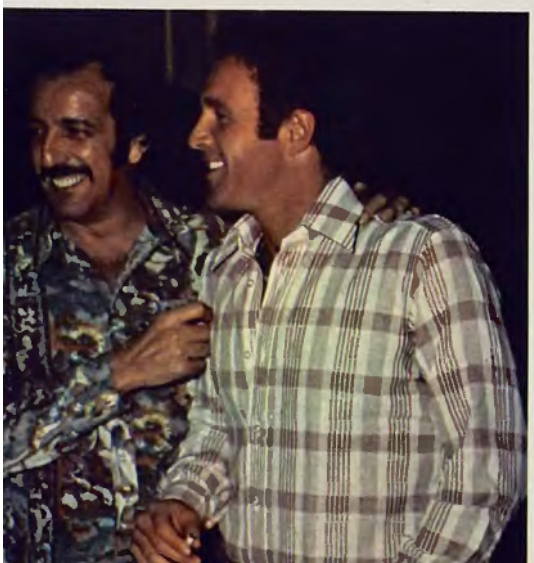


On a more informal evening at the Mansion (above), Hefner—in his familiar terrycloth jump suit—is greeted with an affectionate hug by friend Linda Lovelace, in a blouse that attracts a lot of attention to an undeservedly overlooked portion of her anatomy.



Going formal on a more elegant occasion (above left), Hefner dances with actress Barbara Leigh (subject of a May '73 pictorial), and Anthony Quinn takes a turn with his wife (above right). Songwriter-singers Ringo Starr and Harry Nilsson (below) share a drink on the patio.

After a rousing title fight last year, Paul Newman and James Caan (below) recap the ring action and trade one-liners with friends, publicist Warren Cawan, left, and L.A. businessman Joe De Carlo.





Topping off a typical Sunday at the Mansion, Hefner and Barbi are joined in the Living Room after a buffet dinner (right) by assorted friends (including Tony Curtis and spouse on the couch beside them) for the special showing of a new feature film on theatrical projection facilities that are also used for screening the rushes of Playboy films in production.



Dressed to the nostalgic nines almost entirely in white (below), Hefner and Barbi pose for a beautiful mock-formal portrait in front of the fountain-driven driveway of Playboy Mansion West before being driven in that 1928 Rolls-Royce touring car to the Hollywood premiere of *The Great Gatsby*, F. Scott Fitzgerald's story of a man to whom Hefner, with his legendary lifestyle, has often been compared.

Hefner and Barbi make their appearance (above left) at the New Year's Eve pajama party that's held at the Mansion every year. Later on, Hefner pauses to greet Elke Sommer and writer husband Joe Hyams (top right). Still going strong near dawn, Karen Black (above) strikes a leggy pose in her shortie nightgown. Barbi and guests on Hefner's birthday—"Twenty-one at last," he said—break up over his surprise (below) at finding Playmate Christine Maddox popping out of a giant cake.





Mansion—where, since 1960, Hugh Hefner has resided and presided over every phase of the company's activities. You read about it in PLAYBOY's January 1966 issue.

"King of the Status Dropouts," New Journalist Tom Wolfe called Hefner after a visit to the Chicago Mansion. "Hefner has had the publicity and financial success to compete for status at the highest level," Wolfe observed. But, he continued, Hefner has not chosen the traditional route, that of going out and being seen at all the right places; rather, he has brought the outside in, not merely to the building with the rotating beacon, and not just to the building with the rotating bed, but "deep inside his house—at the center of his bed. The center of the world!" Wolfe saw it this way: "Hefner's genius has been to drop out of the orthodox status competition and to use money and technology and to convert his habitat into a stage and to get on the stage, not in the spectator seats, and to be the undisputed hero himself." It is, Wolfe concluded, "a *controlled* universe, with one's own self as king, dropped, not *out*, but *in*."

Well, wait till Wolfe sees what Hefner's dropped into *now*. As Playboy Enterprises expanded from publishing, clubs and club-hotels into the production of motion pictures, television programs and records, the boss began to spend an increasing amount of his time on the West Coast, where the business of show business is done. First step in meeting the logistical challenge, late in the Sixties, was the acquisition of the sleek black Big Bunny jet, a stretched version of the DC-9, with its interior transformed into a contemporary bachelor's pad and the familiar Rabbit logo emblazoned on its tail. Now Hefner could travel back and forth from Chicago to Los Angeles in privacy, a convenience that allowed him to transact business with other Playboy executives at 30,000 feet. But once on the West Coast, he felt the need for facilities similar to those he'd become accustomed to in Chicago. What was needed was a Playboy Mansion West, and in 1970, Hefner found just the sort of property he was looking for in a replica of an English Tudor manor set on five and a half acres in Holmby Hills, just outside Los Angeles. The place, as they say, had "possibilities"—not the least of which, Hefner quickly saw, was a chance to take advantage of Southern California's balmy weather and tropical greenery and let the sunshine into his plans for a second business-and-pleasure dome. So architects, landscape artists and battalions of workmen were recruited to turn flat, rich topsoil into gently rolling hills, to transplant entire forests of vegetation and even to build shelters among the trees for a private menagerie. Talk about your California dreamin'. . . . Like its Chicago counterpart, Mansion West has become

a mecca for the bright, the beautiful and the talented, who are naturally attracted to its very special atmosphere of hospitality—an ambience that takes its cue from the master of the house.

. . .

Hef is a uniquely casual host. Even though the house is usually filled with guests, he comes and goes as he pleases, and he wants them to feel that same freedom. So he keeps the scheduled events to a minimum: Most nights there's a buffet dinner for 10, or 20, or 30 or more, that goes on from six to eight, or nine or ten, and then a feature movie, or maybe two, and then games, maybe until dawn, and then a splash in that crazy pool, and then breakfast, and then. . . . But that's nothing compared with the gathering of the clan on Sundays—something of a legend in a town jaded with lavish parties—when artists and actors and other friends and the most amazingly beautiful girls throng to the buffet laid out on the pool-side patio and. . . . But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

Let's begin with a weekday morning at nine just a few short months ago. One of those great Southern California mornings. You're on a crest in Holmby Hills, the most elegant of L.A.'s many posh communities. You're awakened by the sunshine streaming through the windows of your second-floor guest bedroom, just down the hall from Hef's quarters. The Red Room, it's called. The walls, the plush carpeting, the velvet drapes are all a deep crimson. The first thing you're aware of after the sunshine is the *silence*—no sounds of the city at all. Los Angeles seems far away. You can't even see the city from your room, let alone hear it. You might as well be at a secluded country estate, though you know Sunset Boulevard is only two blocks away.

You remember your first impression of the place. Most people, on their initial visit, struggle for the right word and then just call it overwhelming or outasight. And it is—from the moment those tall, electrically operated iron gates open—esame by remote control and you begin to ascend Mansion West's long, meandering drive. ("That driveway's so long it should have off ramps," one TV correspondent cracked to his audience while covering a party last year for a local station.) Dead ahead is a large white-marble frieze depicting a number of mythological maidens, one of whom has her feet demurely wrapped in a cloud. That's appropriate, because there is an ethereal, dreamlike quality to Mansion West. You're just a few hundred yards from rush-hour traffic, and suddenly you find yourself in the middle of a forest. Then a break in the trees allows you a fleeting glimpse of the Mansion sitting atop a terraced lawn. Rounding one last curve, you arrive at the courtyard, swing past a white-marble center fountain with lion heads and cherubs spouting water and

park beside the massive golden oak front door.

The Mansion itself is a graceful blend of Gothic and Tudor architecture. Ivy-covered stone walls with leaded windows rise to a slate roof, edged with burnished-copper drains, dotted with tall chimneys, castle-type turrets in the corners. You look past the courtyard to the rows of redwood, pine and spruce trees and flowering bushes, punctuated by flagstone paths. Writers from several magazines have searched for a proper phrase to describe the place: *Rolling Stone's* reporter called it a "miniaturized Versailles." A correspondent from the *Chicago Tribune* saw it as a "baronial castle" and pronounced the sight "awesome." A writer for *New Times* described it as "the real thing—paradise!"

Back inside the Red Room, a butler has already placed the L.A. *Times* outside your door. Wearing one of the terrycloth bathrobes that are provided in all guest rooms, you pick up the paper and walk down the thickly carpeted hall, past the electronics room, where Larry Stack, the resident electronics engineer on Mansion West's 24-hour staff, is fiddling with a console that *can't* be anything less elaborate than the computer controls for a moon shot. A few steps farther, past the door to Hefner's quarters, you pause at the head of a broad, twin-balustrade staircase that leads down to the Great Hall. Good name. It's a two-story, oak-beamed vastness that seems to elicit images of lords and dons sipping sherry at Oxford and Cambridge, or echo with the final notes of some string quartet once ensconced in one of three Gothic wood-carved balconies high up on the massive walls. But instead, you hear the rhythmic beat of Elton John wafting in from somewhere else and you remember that the hall was packed the night before with Hefner's friends—some dressed in robes, on their way to or from the Jacuzzi Grotto behind the house; some dressed to a Hollywood tee: guys in casual-chic jeans, girls in see-through blouses and dresses. This morning, as you descend the staircase, nodding to the pair of six-foot hand-carved wooden monkeys standing at the bottom with outstretched palms—where gentlemen used to deposit their calling cards—the hall is splendid in its solitude, white-marble floor softly aglow.

You walk across the Great Hall under an ornate bronze chandelier to the Mediterranean Room, so named because of the dark-bamboo table and chairs, a sculptured fountain and green-tile floor: it's like an elegant little sitting room on the Italian Riviera. You sit at the end of the table that lets you look out onto the back yard, still glistening with dew. "Back yard" is inappropriate, an inadequate name for the greenery, waterfalls and exotic wildlife to be found just beyond those leaded windows. Nothing but

(continued on page 114)

I SUPPOSE it would have been a fair bet 20 years ago that at least one out of every ten readers would at once recognize 221B. Today would even one in 50 know it for the number of a certain London door that once opened onto magic for those of us who, in our teens and 20s, knew that the most famous detective in the world lived behind it for most of his professional life? What none, or only a very few of us, then knew was that he would die quietly on the Sussex Downs, whither he had retired from 221B Baker Street to keep bees. How could we have known that Sherlock Holmes had died? We knew in our hearts that he had never existed—other than as a character created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. His death was, in fact, due solely to the activities of a few homicidal scholars who, in reconstructing the chronology of Sherlock Holmes, drove him to the grave around 1926. They could, no doubt, have told us just as ingeniously what Ophelia had eaten for breakfast on the day she drowned herself or what size tights her Black Prince wore.

I said that Holmes's door once opened onto magic because it does no longer, because last night, abed—alone, alas—while rereading his *Adventures* for the umpteenth time, I found my hitherto unalloyed pleasure suddenly troubled by the suspicion that somebody—Doyle?—was having me on. I felt a little annoyed at this, for if there were any justification for such an uneasy feeling, why had I never felt it before? I laid down the venerable volume and pondered the problem as briefly as is proper for anybody in the alert company of Holmes, who could solve a mystery by observing the blue stain on a man's forefinger, the chalky clay on his toecap, a Masonic sign on his tiepin. After my first minute of pondering, I was able to murmur, "It is of no significance." After the second, "The matter will become clear in a moment." After the third (it shall under no circumstances go

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET SHERLOCK

essay
BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN

are
gentle holmes
and dear old watson
irrelevant



without saying), "The problem is solved." The solution to my uneasy suspicion that I was being conned is quite simple. The magic of Sherlock Holmes has faded because crime has caught up with him. He was far too successful to remain persuasive in these all too crime-laden days.

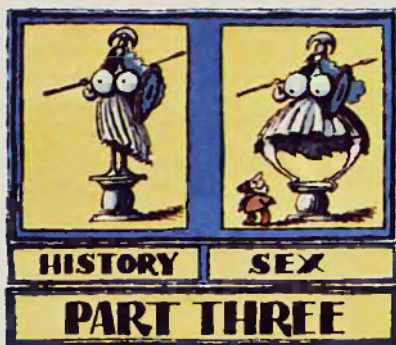
Tactfully, one does not wonder what Holmes would have thought of his odd modern counterpart, the detective in *The French Connection*. What that bloody, battered and battering troglodyte would have thought of the violin-playing Holmes would probably be unprintable. Yet each of them must be considered a pure example of the social heroism of his time. Holmes was the hero of

an imperialist, capitalist society, the occasional ripples on whose life were always sure to be oiled into peace by its Gilbertian police and its Holmesian detectives. The rough, crude fellow of *The French Connection* is a sample of the countless unsung social heroes of our own brutal day—those cops who don't sell heroin at street corners after dark. Things have changed, that is all. It is another and very different world, and we are a different people. With gratification, we read *In Cold Blood* or attend the adventures of *Bonnie and Clyde*, for such books and films must gratify us or they would not be financially successful. No mystery was solved in them. The criminals needed no unmasking.

We were content to see justice satirized and the law in a sweat. It is the taste of our skeptical age. We solve nothing. We live with the knowledge that we never shall solve anything, neither in peace nor by bloody war. We nurse no false hopes. We live in blissful despair. Nobody is so open to disillusion as the optimist; only the pessimist is never let down.

Holmes, the solver of all problems, the man who never failed—or, well, hardly ever failed—now appears to our bloodshot eyes as a con man, proclaiming on every page that Reason, Science, Progress, Technology and Systematic Deployment of the Intellect must inevitably lead to the millennium. It was in the air of his times. H. G. Wells, a solid believer in Progress, wrote *The Stolen Bacillus* on the heels of Conan Doyle's adventure of *The Naval Treaty*. Holmes and Aldous Huxley were near contemporaries. So was that clinical observer of abnormality Charcot, and the greatest analyst of the mind, Sigmund Freud, was one of his pupils. Bertillon, born a year earlier than Holmes, had invented the anthropometric system by means of which all criminals could be classified with a tape measure. Popular scientific education, typified by the Technical Instruction Act of 1889, was to help create exactly the sort of semiliterate, optimistic public that would revel in the triumphs of Holmes's inductive methods. Every horizon glowed.

I know that I shall be reading my Holmes again tonight. Not anymore for his detection, which now seems infantile, but for the enduring attraction of his *Adventures*, which, far from dwindling since they were first published 82 years ago, has multiplied with the years—the nostalgia they evoke for nothing more or less than the London of my boyhood: the clomp-clomp of the hansom cab, the trundling buses, the fogs, the gas lamps, the quiet nights, the smoking chimneys that betokened so many cozy firesides—peace. 

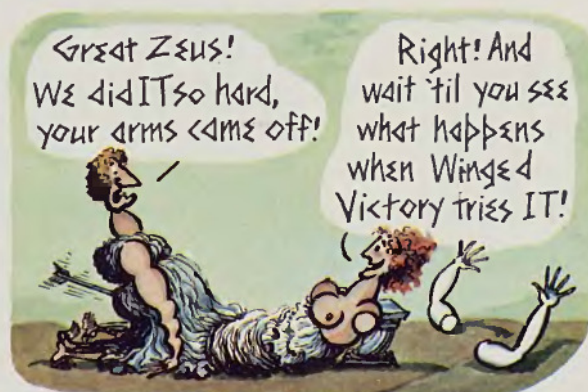


ROUNDLY A OBSERVED HISTORY of SEX

The Ancient Greeks
Had A Word For IT.

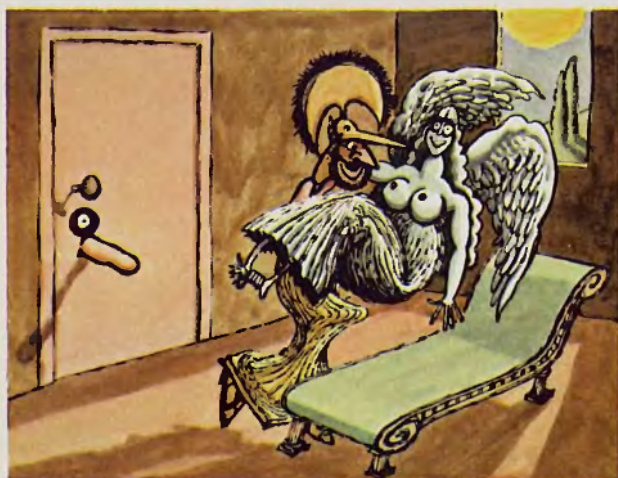
by ARNOLD ROTH

How IT came about



THE TRIALS OF ULYSSES

Ulysses' Winged Victory: as seen by that ubiquitous voyeur...the dreaded person-eater Cyclops

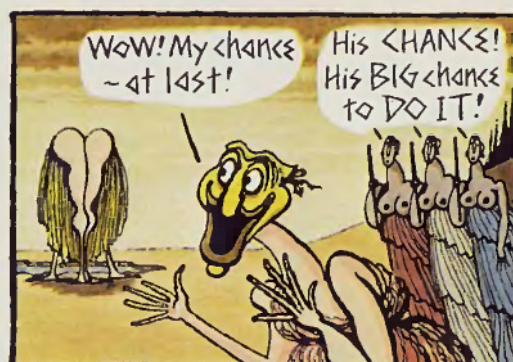


Ulysses and the Sirens (introducing that unforgettable trio of Patty, Maxene and LaVerne)



A GENUINE GREEK TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

(reviving the unforgettable Greek chorus of Patty, Maxene and LaVerne)



A classic case of Supply & Demand: The Lysistrata Embargo



THE GLORY of GREEK CULTURE—and HOW IT GREW

The Greeks created three rigid, classic styles: DORIC, IONIC and CORINTHIAN.



PORNOGRAPHY not having been invented yet, the Greeks did ART instead.



Greek scholars sought ways to measure all things.



Greek sculptors chiseled statues of everybody and everybody's.



PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

(continued from page 108)

treetops, hillsides and blue sky as far as you can see. And—at this hour of the morning—not another guest in sight. It's a great time to be alone; Hef's kingdom is at your command.

You push the black button set in a small walnut box on the table. These portable electronic boxes—a creation of Playboy's own engineering staff—are to be found in all the rooms on the main floor of the house; they send a signal to the kitchen staff for service. They are the subject of jokes among regular guests at the Mansion: agent-manager-turned-producer Lee Wolfberg, an old friend of Hef's from Chicago Rush Street days, says he had them installed at his house, but when he pushes them, nothing happens. What happens here is that a gentle chime rings in the kitchen, the door swings open and a butler appears, ready to take your order.

This morning, it's John who answers your call. As soon as he sees you, he goes back through the door into the kitchen and returns with a tall glass of freshly squeezed orange juice. He knows the guests' tastes. Amid all the luxury of the Mansion, some of the small pleasures—like freshly squeezed orange juice—are the biggest treats. John takes your breakfast order and you ask what happened after you went to sleep last night. "Nothing special," he replies. "Ringo Starr and Harry Nilsson were out in the Game House until about five A.M. Miss Benton and Mr. Hefner played backgammon for a while after the movie; they retired at two A.M. and had a snack sent up around four. Becky and Joni [Hefner's secretaries] and some of the others watched *Fantasia* and then *Frankenstein*. Omar Sharif was here for a while, but he left as soon as the backgammon game was over. A few went swimming and took a Jacuzzi after the rest of the guests went home." (The Jacuzzi is what regulars call the oversized whirlpool baths custom-built for Mansion West and powered by Jacuzzi-type water jets.)

John delivers his report on the night's activities in the flat monotone of a Walter Cronkite commenting on the national budget, but there is an appreciative twinkle in his eye.

Shel Silverstein appears, wearing a loose-fitting bright-red bathrobe—bald head and bushy beard sticking out on top, bare legs below. Shel greets you in his curiously high-pitched gravelly voice, slouches into one of the chairs beside you and orders breakfast. He is another of Hef's longtime friends; an early contributor to the magazine with cartoons of his outrageous adventures around the world, he is better known today for his ability as a songwriter (*A Boy Named Sue*, *Freakin' at the Freaker's Ball*), which has won him a Grammy award.

"Is it true," you ask, "that you started

your songwriting career making up jingles—many of them obscene—to entertain the Bunnies at the Chicago Mansion?"

"Yeah," he says, with a cackle.

Shel has just returned from three weeks in Nashville, where he's been writing material for various artists—and just cut a record of his own, his first as a performer in some time. "I think I'll call it *Suck My Album*," he says slyly. "That's what it's all about, isn't it?"

After a few days, or maybe a week or two, at the Mansion, Shel plans to head back up the Coast to his houseboat in Sausalito. He's a hard man to pin down; the one thing you can depend on is that Shel will show up without notice at the Mansion every few weeks—and disappear just as suddenly after an indeterminate stay.

That's the way it is with those who hang out at the house; they're a free-form floating family—maybe 30 or 40 regulars who come and go, group and regroup in ever-changing combinations. At any given time, you'll run across several of them somewhere on the property—provided, of course, that Hefner is in town. The cast of characters includes actors, artists, writers, comics, athletes, singers, musicians, stewardesses, models, directors and producers, backgammon and bridge champs, stars and starlets, Playmates and would-be Playmates, Bunnies, business executives, a hair stylist, a lawyer and a porn queen—an amazingly diverse group, most of whom, like Silverstein and Wolfberg, have a close relationship to Playboy, but all share a single similarity: their special friendship with Hefner and with one another. For all of them, Mansion West is a second home.

It's 11 o'clock. In the morning, all the action's in the Mediterranean Room, and by now, it's jumping like brunch at the Polo Lounge. This can be a difficult room to leave, because before one conversation ends, another's begun, and you never know who's going to come by. In the course of an hour, you might hear about the peculiarities of California politics (Hefner helped in the successful campaigns of Mayor Tom Bradley and Governor Jerry Brown—and both have been guests at Mansion West), the problems someone's having on his latest movie or what some girl said to Warren Beatty the night before (usually, yes).

One of Hefner's secretaries, Joni Mattis—a striking brunette who was a Playmate back in November 1960, as well as one of the original Bunnies in the first Playboy Club, in Chicago, that same year—is talking to a Playboy executive on the phone and shushing everybody from time to time so she can hear. Hef's other L.A. secretary, Becky Strick, a blonde in her late 20s who hasn't been a Playmate but looks like she should be, is huddled

with Les Marshall, a handsome, soft-spoken Hawaiian who is Hefner's executive assistant. Les used to be aide-de-camp to the commanding general of the Fourth Infantry Division in Vietnam and now he, Becky and Joni are the personal liaisons between Hefner and the rest of the world, whenever he is on the West Coast—relaying messages, scheduling meetings, handling correspondence, planning trips, making up party lists, conveying instructions to Pauline Kingerley, the house manager, and Dick Hall, grounds and maintenance supervisor, handling dozens of daily requests from Hef on matters big and little. The three of them often spend several hours a day on the phone—communicating with Playboy's various offices in Chicago and L.A. The West Coast operations of Playboy Enterprises now include Playboy Productions (the motion-picture and television divisions), Playboy records and music publishing, the L.A. Playboy Club (recently relocated in elegant new facilities at Century City), photo-department offices and studio, Playboy Models, Playboy Limousine service (now leasing private yachts and planes as well as chauffeured limos), business and promotion offices and L.A. ad offices for PLAYBOY, OUT and VIP.

Les, Becky and Joni must know when to interrupt Hefner while he's engaged in some other activity and when to see to it that he is not interrupted. One of the significant changes in Hef's lifestyle on the West Coast is that he no longer divides his work and play as clearly as he used to; they are now so interrelated that it's almost impossible to distinguish where one ends and the other begins, and he actually seems to accomplish more now with his new L.A. daylight schedule than he did in those round-the-clock work marathons as a recluse in his Chicago Mansion in the Sixties.

Over table talk you hear the easily recognizable shuffle of the master's slippers as he crosses the Great Hall and appears quite unexpectedly in the doorway. He's wearing his familiar blue pajamas with a matching robe and has the first Pepsi of the day in hand. He greets the gang around the table and then draws Becky and Les away for a short conversation about the day's schedule. Hef returns, Becky trailing him, note pad in hand. "Dick Rosenzweig wants to know if Bob Preuss can schedule a board-of-directors meeting out here a week from Friday."

"Here at the house—a week from Friday." Hef repeats her statement. "That's fine."

"Bob Gutwillig needs a couple of hours with you early next week to discuss preliminary negotiations with several Japanese firms regarding the franchising of Playboy Clubs and Resort-Hotels in that country and the possibility of our

(continued on page 204)



food and drink

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

WINTER, in grim detail, comes early to Scandinavia and lasts forever. No wonder the descendants of the vikings culinarily indulge themselves during the year-end holidays. It's their antidote to the endless night—and it's a good one. Celebrating starts the day after Christmas and may go on for a fortnight, with New Year's Eve the high point. Lusty Scandinavian appetites and general *Gemütlichkeit* are sustained during the. (continued on page 126)

Skool Days

*throw a
blues-chasing
year-end
scandinavian
bash*



REMEMBER WHEN you were younger and Mom and Pop would sit glued to the radio and listen to President Roosevelt talking to his fireplace? Remember when magazines were only a dime? Remember when Presidents stayed in office? Remember meat? Those, friends, were the good old days. It's a darn shame they're no longer part of our culture. But guess what, gang? We've found a copy of one of those good old dime detective novels, the ones you used to read in the barber chair. And it's free. How's that for nostalgia?

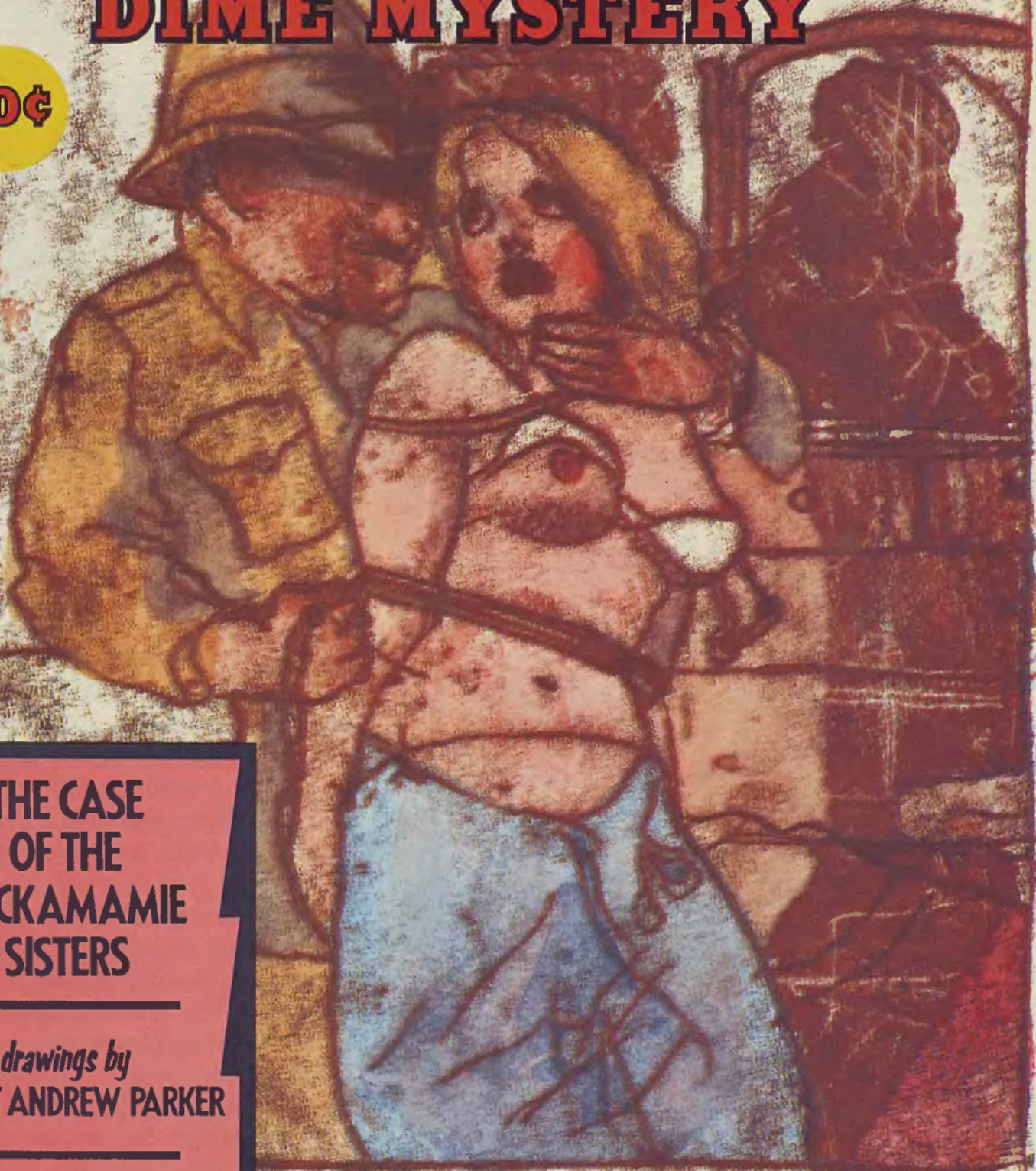
THE **PLAYBOY** DIME MYSTERY

10¢

THE CASE
OF THE
COCKAMAMIE
SISTERS

drawings by
ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

text by
JOHN BLUMENTHAL



I'M SITTING in my office on 34th Street, cleaning the blood and part of my aunt's large intestine out of my .38, when this sharp sheila comes in and sashays on over to my desk. She's got a pair of galoshes on her that sure look waterproof. After we size each other up, she tells me her name is Myrna Leroy and that her sister Gesundheit is missing.

"How long has she been missing, toots?" I asks, taking out a flask.

"Seventeen years," she says, weeping into her hankie.

"Maybe you better sit down," I says, "and tell me about it."



II

So she tells me this crazy story about how her sister was kidnaped by the vicious cad and ex-president of France, Lord Axel Esprit; how he carried her off to a Kenya motel, where he planned to ravish her and drink an iced coffee; how she'd been shipwrecked and brought up by a bunch of apes. . . .

"Wait a minute," I says. "You don't expect me to believe any of this salami, do you, sister?"

But her big brown eyes tell me that she's on the level. Since this is the first time I've ever heard a pair of big brown eyes talk, I decide to listen.





III

"Oh, you haven't heard anything yet, Mr. Monroe," she says sweetly.

"Call me Elsie," I says.

So she continues. Seems this Esprit fellow had big plans for Gesundheit. He was part owner of a circus and since Gesundheit was brought up by apes, she'd be a whiz on the trapeze. So he kidnaped her and took her off to a dark cave somewhere west of the Jersey Turnpike. One day she breaks a milk bottle over his noodle and tries to escape.

"Then what?" I asks.

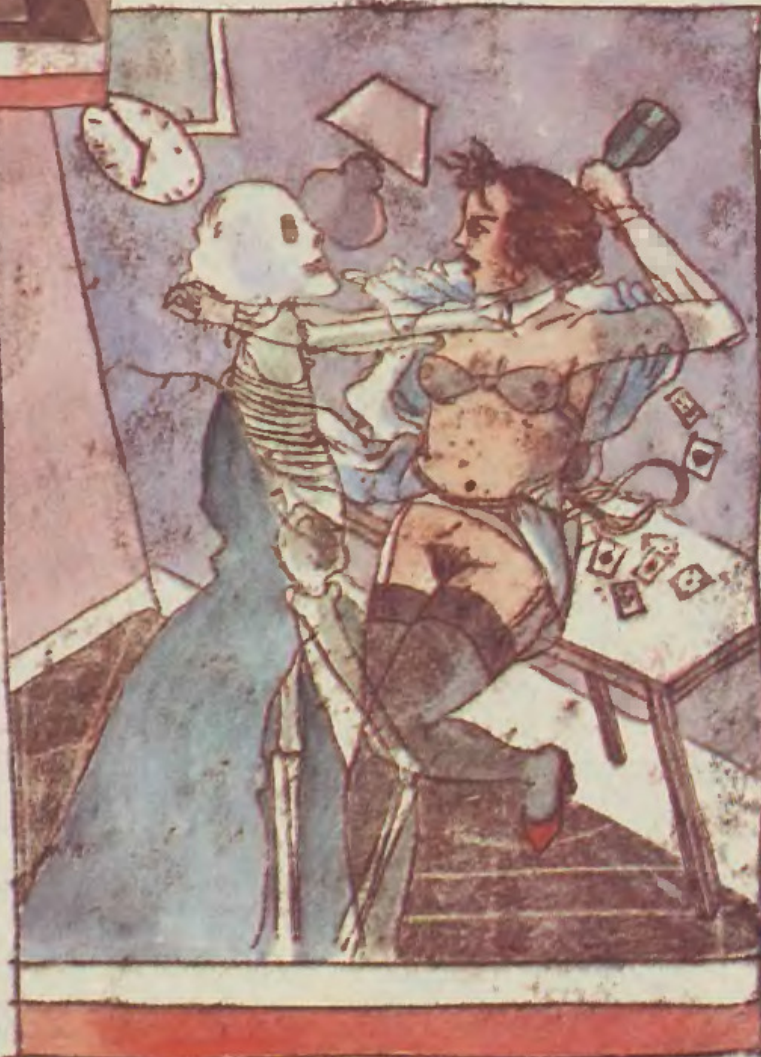
"She went to the store to get another bottle of milk."

IV

Well, none of this is making much sense to me, but I let the dame go on. Being a private eye, you meet all kinds of crazy dames and the best thing to do is humor them and then take all their dough.

"So," I says, putting out my cigarette on my chin, "keep talking, baby."

So she goes on with the story, telling me how Esprit has a whole covey of dames locked in his basement, how he likes to dress up in skeleton suits on Saturday afternoons and scare people, how he always tucks his necktie into his pants——



v

Then, all of a sudden, this punk comes barging into my office without knocking, grabs the dame and points a .45 at me. I've always been scared of guns, especially ones that are pointed at me, but this guy looks harmless, so I coolly stares him in the eye and says, "Please don't harm me, sir. I'll do anything you say."

"Shut up, Monroe," he says. "Or I'll make your head look like a pitted watermelon."

Then he motions me out into the hallway, where a couple of nasty-looking thugs are punching each other in the stomach for practice.



vi

One of these thugs claps me one on the butt with his gun noggin (or something like that) and suddenly I'm sitting blindfolded in a big black Packard, driving down a country road. I don't know it's a country road, though, for, as I says, I'm blindfolded.

Later, we pull up at this mansion and they take off the blinders and there's Esprit and a dame who must be Gesundheit.

"Well," I says, "you must be Miss Gesundheit."

"How did you know?"

"Simple," I says. "I sneezed and nobody said anything."





VII

"Then . . . then you must be Mr. Monroe," she says.

"How can you tell?"

"It's written on your lapel," she says.

I make a mental note to tell my dry cleaner to be more careful next time.

"Mr. Monroe," says Esprit, "allow me to show you the premises."

Having no choice, I follow him into his basement, where, sure enough, he's got a bunch of gorgeous dames shackled to the wall. A couple of other dames are flying around on a trapeze. My instincts tell me he's some kind of pervert.



VIII

"You must think I'm some kind of pervert or something," says Esprit.

"Who, me?" I says, gazing into his gun nozzle. "Not at all. Hell, shackled dames are a dime a dozen. And I have trapezes in my basement. Doesn't everybody?"

Says he, "You see, Monroe, ever since I was a child, I wanted to own the greatest circus in the world. To be another P. T. Barnum. You might call me a circus impresario."

I think of a couple of other things I could call him, but I keep my clam shut and follow him back upstairs.



Back upstairs, Gesundheit is reunited with her sister Myrna and they're crying and carrying on.

Touched by their emotion, Esprit puts the .38 (marked down from .45 because it is secondhand) on the table and forgets about me. (A lot of people do that.) My private-eye training pays off, as I'm able to glide noiselessly over to the table and trip on a light cord, which startles Esprit, who grabs a plastic banana off the table and threatens me with it.

"Make one wrong move, Monroe," he says, "and you're as good as dead."



"Oh, yeah?" I says. "Go ahead. You think you're hot stuff, don't you? Well, you're not. Actually, you're room-temperature stuff."

Then he shoots me in the arm with the banana. How am I supposed to know it's loaded? I know *I'm* loaded, but that doesn't count.

In the melee that follows, Myrna grabs the .38 and pulls the trigger six times and once for good measure, which puts five holes in the drapes and one in Esprit. It's a fatal one, though, and he falls to the floor, gurgling some gibberish about where to send the drapes.



XI

"Oh, sister," Myrna says joyously, "after all these years, we're finally together again. I have so many questions to ask you; for instance, where did you get that idiot dress?"

After giving Myrna a sisterly punch in the solar plexus, Gesundheit turns to me and

says, "How can we ever thank you, Mr. Monroe?"

"You might try money," I tells her.

"One thing," she says. "How did you know where the secret door was?"

"Simple," I says. "I sneezed and nobody said anything."

NUMBER THREE

16th Year of Publication

Readers Digest

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST

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Skool Days

(continued from page 115)

rounds of visiting and good-natured cavorting by smorgasbord, aquavit and glögg.

The smorgasbord is a wildly generous buffet of meats, seafood, fowl, game, smoked delicacies, *Wursts*, salads and cheeses that never quits. Romantics trace its origins back to pagan fertility romps and viking feasts when travel was difficult and the clan stayed awhile on the rare occasions they gathered. Visitors brought gifts of food—usually the specialty of the region—to make their lengthy layovers more palatable to the host. Contributions were tossed onto a huge table in the center of the hall and became part of the communal board.

While specifics have changed considerably, today's smorgasbord still has a racy viking character—informal, lavish and expandable—making it easy to accommodate drop-ins and tag-alongs. You'll find it an ideal style for your own year-end binge, whether it's for half a dozen or half a hundred. For all its variety of savory fare, a smorgasbord is easy on the host. Many, or perhaps most of the rations can be purchased in tins or in ready-to-eat form from delis, appetizer counters in supermarkets and department stores, cheese shops and gourmet and specialty food stores.

Aquavit is the Scandinavian national drink and a perfect foil for hearty smorgasbord food. Thirty-two degrees is considered the perfect temperature for pouring aquavit: cold enough to frost stemmed aquavit shot glasses. At restaurants and catered parties, the bottle is brought out in an ice jacket. Proper form requires that the entire contents of a glass be drained in one gulp. But even stalwarts usually take their drams in two or three swallows.

Aquavit is typically clear and is spiced with caraway; Aalborg is the brand best known in the States. Aalborg also markets eight variations in Denmark, including a golden, dill-flavored Jubilaeums—also available here, though in short supply. Linie aquavit, from Norway, is even darker and slightly winy. The name and character come from its crossing the equatorial line (*linje*) in old madeira casks. The label pictures a sailboat and certifies the crossings, sometimes with actual dates and the name of the vessel. It's very hard to come by in this country.

Beer is also drunk with smorgasbord. You might try the excellent Danish Carlsberg, Norwegian Ringnes and Swedish Pripps as alternatives to good domestic brews. An arrack-based liqueur, Swedish Punsch, cherry heering or "a little black one"—aquavit and coffee—are favored after dinner and glögg is welcome any time.

Setting Up the Board

Smorgasbord has been described as organized potluck. Old hands go around

the table four times, starting with herrings and aquavit, going on to chilled seafood—herring pickled, spiced or smothered in mustard sauce, white wine, ginger sauce or dill, plus shrimps, lobsters, oysters and clams—then to cold meats such as Danish boiled ham, sliced turkey, beef tongue, salami, *Wursts*, roast beef round, *laks-skinke* to Westphalian or prosciutto, all with salads, and finally to hot dishes, for which recipes follow. Cheeses (try Västerbotten, a Swedish sharp cheddar, or Nøkkelost, spicy and medium firm) may be taken with the cold meats or before the coffee and dessert. (The latter might include fresh fruits and berries, gingerbread, Danish butter cookies and *julekage*—yeast cake with citrus.)

For breads, have on hand dark, light and sour rye, Limpa (anise flavored, slightly sweet), Knaekkebrod (similar to Ry-Krisp), flat bread and whole-grain loaves, served with sweet butter, preferably. You'll also need plenty of plates—a fresh platter is prescribed for each round. The disposable kind make sense.

GRAVLAX (Serves 10 to 12)

- 3 to 3½ lbs. fresh salmon, center-cut piece
- 1 large bunch fresh dill
- 6 tablespoons coarse salt
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon coarsely crushed peppercorns (preferably white)

Have salmon split and boned but not skinned. Use a deep enamel, glass or earthenware dish about the size of the pieces of salmon. Line bottom of dish with sprays of dill. Combine salt, sugar and peppercorns. Rub mixture into both sides of each piece of fish. Lay one piece in the pan, skin side down. Cover with sprays of dill. Put second piece of fish, skin side up, on top of dill. Cover with more dill. Put a heavy plate directly on top of salmon and weight it down—use 3 or 4 unopened cans as weights. Refrigerate 24 to 48 hours. To serve, remove salmon from marinade and scrape off seasonings. Place on carving board or flat platter, skin side down. Slice very thinly on the diagonal, cutting away from the skin. Serve with lemon wedges and mustard sauce.

MUSTARD SAUCE

- ¼ cup prepared mustard
- ¼ cup sugar
- ¼ cup salad oil
- 4 teaspoons vinegar
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh dill

Combine mustard, sugar, oil, vinegar and pepper; mix well. Chill. Just before serving, stir in chopped dill.

SWEDISH MEATBALLS (Serves 10 to 12)

- 1 lb. ground beef
- ¼ lb. each ground pork and ground veal
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 3 tablespoons minced onion
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon each pepper and nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons each butter and oil
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup hot beef bouillon
- ½ cup light cream

Have meats ground twice. Pour milk over bread crumbs; let stand until absorbed. Combine meats with bread-crumbs mixture, egg, onion, salt, pepper and nutmeg; mix well. Form into small balls. Heat half of butter and oil in large skillet. Brown meatballs in several batches to avoid crowding the pan, adding more butter and oil as needed. When meatballs are browned all over, pour off all but 1 tablespoon fat in pan. Stir in flour, add bouillon slowly and bring to boil, stirring. Return meatballs to pan, reduce heat, cover pan and simmer 10 minutes longer. Stir in cream; cook until sauce returns to simmer. Serve from chafing dish.

BEEF-APPLE SALAD (Serves 10 to 12)

- 1½ cups sliced pickled beets
- 3 to 4 firm apples, peeled and cored
- About ¼ cup mayonnaise
- 1 to 2 teaspoons sugar
- Salt, pepper

Cut beet slices into thin strips and place in bowl. Finely dice apples and add to beets. Thin mayonnaise with 1 teaspoon beet juice, then mix with beets and apples. (Add a little more mayonnaise and beet juice if needed.) Season to taste. You may not need to add salt if the beets are salty, and amount of sugar will depend on sweetness of apples.

Note: Scandinavian cooks often mix a little finely minced ham into this dish.

DILLED SHRIMPS (Serves 10 to 12)

- 2 lbs. small to medium shrimps, in shell
- 1 quart dark beer
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 large lemon, sliced
- 6 to 8 sprays dill (crown dill, if available)

Rinse shrimps, but don't peel. Boil beer, salt, lemon and half of dill for several minutes. Add half of shrimps and bring broth back to simmer; simmer 3 minutes. Remove shrimps and discard dill in pot. Add fresh dill to broth and simmer second batch of shrimps. Take pot off heat, remove shrimps and add half a tray of ice cubes to broth. When lukewarm, pour broth over shrimps and put in refrigerator to cool for 12 hours. Scandinavians serve shrimps in the shell, usually without

(concluded on page 237)

THE SUN BURNED through the summer dust of Port-au-Prince, road grit and charcoal smoke. The consoling sway of palm was stilled at midday. With total confidence, Fritz emerged from the shop and set an unwrapped quart of ice cream on the floor of his Fiat. It would go too fast for mere melting, I said; it would explode—fashionable chocolate, the first Haitian atomic bomb.

"Wrong again, my friend," he said. "It's mocha. And I know from experience of my many years how nicely it will last from this creamery to my villa."

In the back seat the child, Marie-Claude, said, "Jouxoux." Toys.

PATERNITY

*a love spanning three
generations had been
crowned by this last
and purest passion*

fiction **By HERBERT GOLD**

"It is every Saturday like this," Fritz explained. "Only usually not you or any other friend, although sometimes her real father comes for a sandwich at bedtime on Sunday. I keep her toys at my villa, a bath suit, a bathing suit. Now she must bathe at once. She smells"—sniff!—"chérie, tu sens le pipi."

"It's just a little-girl smell," I said.

"I suppose you would be the expert, dear friend."

I have known him for 20 years now. For Fritz, tall, elegant, a blond, blue-eyed, coffee-colored Haitian who has delighted three continents and many islands with (continued on page 226)



THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry newsmakers who—in word or deed—made the headlines in '74

humor **By JUDITH WAX**

Though marriage is a chancy game,
They seemed well-matched to hack it.
If Chris and Jimmy came unstrung,
Would Cupid raise a racket?



Chuck Colson says salvation's his.
The question now is, can he,
Having found reform through God,
Quit walking on his granny?

Bill Saxbe took on Justice
And showed himself no mouse;
His tongue appalled (at times, recalled
A predecessor's spouse).

They tell us that porno's the public's sole taste,
No subject is thought past the pale,
But Groucho and brothers had all of 'em ached;
Their "Animal Crackers" weren't stale.



The guru Maharaj Ji, who
Proclaims a holy life,
Has traded in his hobbyhorse
To get himself a wife.

Though whirlwind Tristan Kissinger
Found time to wed Isolde,
What if he'd got his schedules mixed
And honeymooned with Golda?



They got the bomb in Delhi,
But they didn't come to grips
With how to fill the belly
On Indira's fission chips.

Miss Linda Blair of "Exorcist"
Did not have time to grow up
Before she hit the Big Star list
On talent mixed with throw-up.

Miss Quinn's brave try on CBS,
Alas, did not ensnare raves;
'Twas clear that by the dawn's gray light,
Walters ruled the airwaves.

When bits of the story began to unfold,
Herr Brandt claimed the whole thing was silly;
But then when the spy left him out in the cold,
It ended the tale Willy-nilly.



"The Biggest Showbiz Coup in Years!"
(The "Gatsby" flacks insisted).
The one who came out lucky, though,
Was F. Scott . . . 'cause he missed it.

Though trauma abounded,
Most shocking to hear
Was Disney's Duck, Donald,
Turned 40 last year!

The transcripts proved Bill Rehnquist,
A justice of renown,
Was moonlighting at other work
As Renschburg, well-known clown.



When put away behind stone walls,
Brave prisoners have cried.
(A judge could frighten Howard Hughes
With 30 days outside.)

The Aussies thought that Frankie had
A certain lack of tact,
And should he try to encore there,
Ol' Blue Eyes might get blacked.

Playboy Press bought Spiro's book,
A mighty blow for art.
(Just think of spending all that dough
To give unknowns a start!)



To say Hank Aaron's pitiless
Would probably be truthless,
And yet he showed no mercy when
He left the records Ruthless.



To film the Bernstein-Woodward tale
Deserves the screen's top pair;
Though Redford's set for Woodward, where
Will Newman get the hair?

Did Connally skim milk-fed cash,
A pail of dairy pull?
Uncowed, he pleaded innocence,
Grand jury—though—said, "Bull!"

The arts in Mother Russia
Were given every chance;
Was Panov not allowed to write
And Solzhenitsyn, dance?

Though Watergate was far away
From Richard Nixon's garden,
He swore, "If I have gone astray,
Dear Jer, I beg your pardon."

Though Rabbi Korff backed Nixon up
(A real comfort giver),
The rabbi's words were not enough;
He should have tried chopped liver.



Our brand-new President appeared
American as pretzels.
"A good old trusty Ford," fans said,
And no one mentioned Edsels.

When Rocky got his V.P. bid,
He gladly took the chalice;
He's given up his White House aims
(He's got a bigger palace).



Jaworski, in pursuit of Dick,
Avowed to get the truth;
Yet Nixon put him where he is—
How sharp the serpent's tooth!

Mr. Bono does his act
Solo at the mike.
That's because he couldn't learn
To Chér and Chér alike.

asking for it (continued from page 93)

he looked as naked and surprised as the shortsighted do when they strip off their glasses. "Since when have you had the notion of becoming a writer?"

"Only of this one thing. It might solve a problem that sort of has me hooked. Why should anyone want to get himself bumped off? It's been stuck in my mind for ages. I can almost see the guy. And yet . . . no, I can't see him."

"He probably looks like any other nut."

"What makes him tick? And how does he bring it off?"

"No good asking me, brother. After all, you know the experts."

"At the Striptease, you mean. I wish I'd never taken you there. To me, Louis Camatte is just another businessman."

"Not to me, he's not."

"He lives for his kids. Good schools, nice friends; that's what he wants for them. He's proud of that horrible wedding cake of a villa. He wants to cover Marie with fur coats and diamonds and things."

"They say she needed a bit of covering in the old days."

These words hung in the air as if they had no place to go. Unwilling to take them in, Alec stared out of the window. Far down the street, between high buildings, the water of the port showed as blue as a flag.

Jay wondered if he had said the wrong thing. He reinstated his pipe and, with it, his look of sagacity. "Didn't you tell me one time there was a girl you dreamed up and couldn't stop thinking of? Did you have to write a story about her?"

"No. But, by God, I made one up, though! Under the influence of that shrink I went to in New York. Mimi. A slave."

"Black?"

"No. Just a type. A physical type. Psychological, too. Certainly a sexual type. The slave. Masochistic. Made to be kept down. Crushed flat. Brutalized. And yet—look out! A woman like a snake."

"Traacherous?"

"Asking to be trodden on. But tread on her—and you're done for. Do I make myself clear?"

"Clear enough," said Jay, lighting up. Anything is clear enough to a man who is lighting up.

"It was the summer before I transferred here. I couldn't stop thinking about her. She became so real I thought I might be going round the bend. It was mostly because of her I wasted my money on that shrink. Fifteen hundred bucks! And stuck in the city the whole summer!"

"But he got rid of her?"

"He did, more or less, I suppose. But see what a con the whole thing amounts to. He hooked her up with certain dreams I had and things I remembered from

when I was a kid; and he got me believing that this was a nursemaid I had when I was about four. Mamie, her name was. Which seemed to make it plausible."

"Seems so to me, I must say." And Jay emitted a judicious smoke ring, which, however, was already disintegrating.

"Wait till you hear what this bird cooked up. When I was five, we spent a couple of weeks in Atlantic City."

"A traumatic experience in itself, I imagine."

"This girl was supposed to take me to the beach in the afternoons. Instead, on certain days, she took me to a cheap lodginghouse. To a back room, up three flights of stairs—dirty stairs. And there she left me hanging about on the landing, while she was in there with a man—a Marine."

"Audibly?"

"Very much so. Until one day I thought she was shouting for me."

"So you opened the door?"

"And there she was! Under him. A hideous, sweating, gobbling brute! Mamie! Crushed down! Brutalized! And, blast her, enjoying it!"

"Classical situation. And I notice the effect lingers."

"Yes. I can see it now. Smell it, too. That shabby landing. The sun coming through a dirty window onto a wall the color of puke. And the waiting. And the wondering. And opening the door. It seems I opened it slowly, because the first thing I saw was the belt and the Marine's cap. On a chair. And then—the bed."

"Well, I can understand your being a bit obsessed with your Mimi or Mamie or whatever you call her. But what's all this got to do with the other character—the murderess?"

"Oh, nothing at all. Absolutely nothing. Nothing to do with him. I was just giving you another example of the way I can get hooked on a person. But wait till you hear the payoff."

Emitting smoke, Jay waited.

Alec, after one of those pauses that seem to allow for a change of gear, resumed in a steady, precise and reasonable tone. "Nothing could be clearer. Nothing could be more real than that memory. All the same, Jay, it was all a lot of crap. When I got my transfer, I came over here by boat. I think I told you that. Very well, on that boat, out from under the influence of that so-called analyst, walking my ten times around the deck one morning, I suddenly realized that that particular episode could never have happened. Listen to this: My father went broke and had his breakdown when I was four. After that, there wasn't any money for any nursemaid—Mamie or Mimi or anything you like—to take me around. The year after, when I was five, like I said, it's true we did go to Atlantic City. For a

cheap couple of weeks. My mother and me, and nobody else at all. No lodging-house, no stairs, no back room, no door to open; absolutely nothing at all."

"Might have been something you'd seen and forgotten," said Jay. "Something you'd seen in the park."

"In my opinion, it was nothing at all," insisted Alec. "Nothing but a bloody egg laid in my head by that shrinker. Hatched out under his expectant silences. You feel you have to say something."

"And you certainly did. But isn't there always some little germ of reality in these things?" asked Jay. "Maybe something you don't even recognize at the time. As, for example, with this murderess who's got stuck in your mind. Somebody's triggered the thought."

"I know nobody like that," said Alec.

"You know one fellow who's certainly asking for it." And Jay lifted up the stem of his pipe and he pointed it at the ceiling of Alec's living room. A little smoke oozed out, as from the barrel of a pistol that has just been fired. The pipe pointed, at an angle slanting up through several floors, to a row of flimsy structures on the roof of this bad modern building; structures such as are called ateliers by the agents and, by the occupants, hutches.

"You can't possibly mean André," said Alec.

"That young man," said Jay, "is my choice as most likely to succeed in ending up at the bottom of one of the *calanques*, with a hole in his head and a couple of yards of heavy chain wrapped around him. Like those two they fished up at Easter."

"You're out of your bloody mind," cried Alec. "You're talking about a guy who loves his life, loves his work—"

"You call it work? Picking out a few bars on the piano and making with the offcolor monolog in between?" Jay blew out long clouds of contempt for this ignoble occupation.

"That's not fair, Jay. That's what he does at the Striptease. Everyone's got to eat. It's what he does in the daytime that matters."

"Exactly," said Jay.

"He composes. People say he's got talent. Certainly he lives for his music, and he—"

But Jay was enveloping himself in a smoke cloud so dense that Alec was forced to stop and look and, hence, to listen. One should beware of voices speaking out of clouds. "It's the music he makes with Marie Camatte I'm thinking of," said Jay.

"How do you know?" cried Alec in almost childish distress. "What have you ever seen to make you say a thing like that? It's not true, and I don't think you should go around saying such things."

Jay was not the man to press a point where he saw it was causing pain. "Well,"

(continued on page 238)

*cocaine may be an elegant
way to get off, but the queen of
drugs isn't always a lady*

A VERY EXPENSIVE HIGH

article **By RICHARD RHODES**

COCAINE—coke, flake, blow and lady, the white crystalline compound that Sigmund Freud made famous in 1884—is also called snow; and now at the beginning of 1975, a blizzard of cocaine is blowing over us, little spoons hanging from our necks like crucifixes, snorting noises in the next room coming from people who don't have colds, people working 20-hour days who used to work four. The United States Bureau of Customs seized only six pounds of illegal cocaine in 1960, but 907 pounds in 1974, and the bureau estimates that each figure accounted for less than five percent of the traffic. Both estimates are probably low. In the past two years, cocaine has spilled from the ghetto and the mansion to become the illegal drug of choice, second only to marijuana, of many prosperous middle-class Americans. At \$60 to \$90 a gram, one user's evening's worth, it isn't likely to replace Jack Daniel's or Chivas Regal on the side table, but it is being used, socially and privately, in every major American city. Illegal laboratories in Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Argentina are working overtime to satisfy the growing North American demand, a demand that must seem all the more surprising when you consider that cocaine is classed, inaccurately but legally, as a hard narcotic and is subject to the same Draconian penalties as heroin. Who, even as recently as five years ago, would have guessed that

otherwise straight people, doctors, lawyers and merchant chiefs, would take such risks? And what are we to make of that?

. . .

Late afternoon in a friend's apartment, the door locked, the sunlight slanting through the windows. I've never tried coke before, have hardly even smoked grass, am apprehensive, feel the tension of this fiercely illegal act in my arms and at the back of my head. The tension shapes itself into an uncontrollable grin, the facial equivalent of a giggle, a child's response to the forbidden, playing dress-up in Daddy's shoes. I grinned so when news of another friend's suicide reached me years ago and was appalled until I understood that we sometimes respond by opposites, grinning with fear, crying with joy. My friend isn't grinning; he is grim with tension after a bad day at the office.

From the locked drawer of a low table he removes a glass one-ounce vial and a miniature spoon. The vial is half full of a powder not quite white, a tinge of brown to its white. The spoon, its bowl smaller than the nail on my little finger, has a ring attached to its handle and could be worn on a chain around the neck, though my friend prefers not to advertise his interest in cocaine by so wearing it. Others do, perhaps even some who don't use the lady, as once, as teenagers, we carried a condom in our wallets when we had no ladies to use.

"This is it," he says, holding up the vial. "It's fantastic stuff. It can do things nothing else (continued on page 170)



ILLUSTRATION BY BILL KAPRA





*you never know—
sometimes the search
for a playmate
doesn't go beyond
your front door*

CLOSE TO HOME

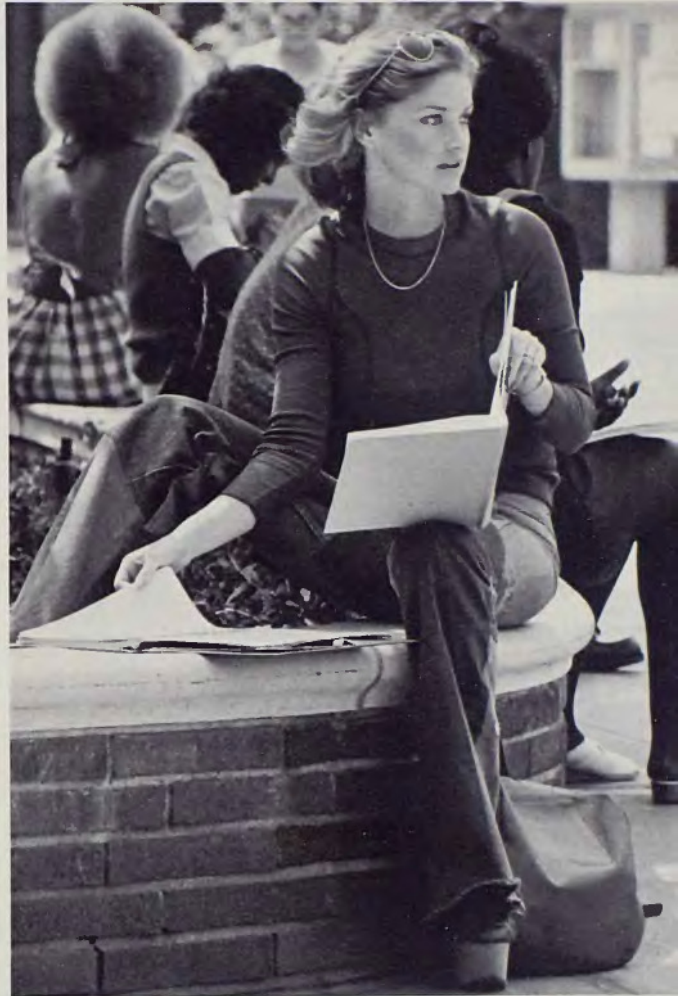
LYNNDA KIMBALL is the victim of an unusual occupational hazard. She was working as a part-time photo stylist in PLAYBOY's West Coast studio when someone asked her to pose for the gatefold. It's a familiar story, the stuff of late shows and soapers: A jaded staff photographer, unable to recognize the obvious when they're staring him right in the old F-stop, one day put on his glasses, pulled the hair from over his eyes and beheld the lovely Lynnda. Rumor has it that a tiny electronic flash went off in his frontal lobe as the full extent of his



As a photo stylist for PLAYBOY, Lynnda frequents antique-clothing stores and art-deco shops (above), looking for funky objects that will enhance a picture. Of course, we didn't mind when she turned up empty-handed for one of her own shootings. Look Ma, no props.







Lynnda noticed one difference between acting and modeling. "We do scenes in class where you have to convey the 'experience' of sunshine or a cup of coffee or a visit to the dentist. You have to move your body in a certain way to convince the audience that your feeling is genuine. When you model, you don't have to be believable, only beautiful." Just look at these pictures. Unbelievable, right?



discovery became evident. The only thing that puzzles us is why it took so long. Attentive readers (we have no other kind) noted Lynnda's potential last year in the July pictorial *Heady Stuff* (she was the model perched atop two giant lips) and again on the August cover (she was the board-walk waif ogled by a crowd of comic-strip crazies). Before she wandered in front of our viewfinder, Lynnda lived with a friend in Bolinas, a seacoast town above San Francisco. "I was one of those people," says Lynnda, "who think California begins when you cross the Golden Gate Bridge driving north. There's no toll and the first thing you see is the rainbow on the arch of the tunnel leading into Marin County." There she raised vegetables in her back yard, sampled the dry red wines of the region, reread the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy and enjoyed what are sometimes called the country comforts. "When I lived in the middle of nowhere, I did next to nothing and that felt natural. Then I moved to Los Angeles. It was a head-on collision. Suddenly, I was pure adrenaline. It took a while for my body to adjust to the rush. Now I'm addicted to the chaos. I've become an adrenaline junkie." To satisfy her activity habit, Lynnda attends courses at Los Angeles City College and then goes across town to take acting, fencing, dancing and speech lessons at the Lee Strasberg Theater Institute. Although it sounds like she's preparing for the lead role in a women's lib song-and-dance swashbuckler, she has no plans for a Hollywood career—she doesn't even own a television set: "An acting class just seemed to be the right thing to take in Los Angeles. Like a Berlitz course in a foreign language—it helps me understand and communicate with the natives. And besides, it's a lot of fun. Your mind and body have to be quite agile on-stage. We do exercises that help shed inhibitions and free the instrument for self-expression. I am more aware of my body now than I've ever been before." And so are we.



"I keep busy just to keep my balance," says Lynnda. An average day includes a music-appreciation course at LACC (opposite top right and above) and a workout with her acting and fencing coaches at the Strasberg Institute (below). Errol Flynn, eat your heart out.





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS JANUARY



Test driving the props and costumes she finds is all part of the job and a chance for some spontaneous clowning. That's what we like: a stylist with style.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The recent bride, who was already seeking a divorce, explained to the attorney that her husband was so hugely endowed that intercourse was a painful experience. "OK," advised the lawyer, "if you simply can't put up with it, you ought to file your petition."

"Like hell I will!" snapped the girl. "Let the big ape sandpaper his!"

We know a beautiful woman with lustrous raven tresses who does 100 strokes a night as a beauty treatment. And after that, if she has any energy left, she brushes her hair.



My dearest darling," sighed the young man hoarsely, "I love you! I worship you! You are the sun and the moon and the stars and all of life to me!"

"No, please, don't!" whispered his date as she disengaged herself.

"What's the matter, my only one?" he panted.

"It's just that I don't want to get serious," she answered softly.

"But wait!" countered the young man. "Who's serious?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masturbation* as a self-service elevator.

A kinky night-coach passenger grinningly exposed himself to the stewardess as he boarded the plane.

"I'm sorry," said the girl frostily, "but you'll have to show me your ticket, not your stub."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *avant-garde* as a French chastity belt.

Mused a film fan in far Pago Pago
As she mirthfully munched on a mango,

"Those who tilted that flick
With its accent on prick
Should have added a Poon to that Tango."

Pills, coils, condoms—they're none of them foolproof," said the man to his drinking companion at the club bar. "There's only one tried-and-true method of keeping your wife from becoming pregnant—good secretarial service!"

A bachelor rancher was sitting on the porch glider with his girlfriend and doing some heavy petting. "I'm sorry you can't join me for the barbecue tomorrow afternoon," he said suddenly, "but there's a dance for the hands tomorrow evening. Can you come then?"

"If you don't control those hands," the young thing moaned, "I'll come right now!"

Called on the carpet for having been verbally savage in his handling of the football squad, the new coach snapped at the university president, "If you don't like the way I do things, you can shit in your hat! And as for you," he turned and snarled at the athletic director, "you can fucking well screw yourself!"

"Tell me," asked the educator, mopping his brow after the coach had left, "what are Dubin's qualifications for the job?"

"In his ten years at Sorghum State before he came here," replied the athletic director, "his record was ninety-one wins, two losses and three ties."

"Hmm," mused the university president, "I suppose I can always buy myself a new hat—but I'd say you have a real sex problem."

A distorted young fellow named Fred
Had a tool with a corkscrew-shaped head.
He found, having hunted,
A girl corkscrew-cunted,
But—alas!—with a Fred-reversed thread.

Our Unabashed Dictionary (Japanese edition) defines *cunnilingus* as constluctive cliticism.

It's rumored that the state of Washington has refused to register the acronymic name of a new, all-female organization called Women Helping Others Relax and Enjoy Seattle.

The plane hit an air pocket just as the gay passenger raised his glass of wine, with the result that a substantial amount of the liquid cascaded into his lap. "Well, now," said his constant companion in the adjoining seat, "let's take you right back to the washroom for a little clean-up. I've always wanted to sample *coq au vin*."



A fundamentalist minister, sorely tempted, finally propositioned the buxom young contralto one evening after practice in the choir loft. "Where?" she enthusiastically inquired.

"Maybe . . . right here, on the floor," he panted.

"It'd be too cold," whispered the girl.

"How about on that bench over there?" asked the clergyman.

"That's way too small," giggled the chorister. "But wait, Reverend, how about doing it against the organ, standing up?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the minister. "Anybody who came up here might think, God forbid, we were dancing!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Well, tell me a little about her. Is she good in the sack?"



article By JOHN MEDELMAN

"DOES YOUR HUSBAND KNOW YOU'RE BISEXUAL?"

they've got a program in minnesota to help you over your sexual hang-ups. they'll try to convince you to talk "dirty," but they'll settle for just talk

A FILM is being shown. In it, an angry man fires out titles from a pornography library. The man's face is round, lumpy at the edges, with wild black hair like curled horns and skin peeled white by the fumes and sulphurs of New York. In a black turtleneck, against a black background, he looks like one of the reckless, seedy, whoring, half-learned, hung-over monks of the Middle Ages, methodically blaspheming after a tavern keeper has beaten him up. . . .

The Monster Cock; Why Not Eat Cunt?; They Fuck, We Fuck, I Fuck; The First Prick in Her Love-Box; She Put a Time Meter in Her Snatch; Fifty Million Frenchmen Suck Cunt; The Cock Gobbler. . . .

In the big room beneath the screen is an audience of pilgrims, professional people, mostly, lounging on hundreds of huge black and purple and yellow and orange and green and other pillows (\$25 each from San Francisco), come to see if what they've heard is true—that the

old rugged cross has been stashed with the collarbones of antique saints and the orgasm is the blessed symbol now. . . .

Twat's My Line; Where There's a Will There's a Lay; The Hump and Suck Club; A Philadelphia Lawyer Splits a Cunt's Hair; The Mod Mod Cocksucker; Famous Historical Fuckers. . . .

In corners of the room, awkward and stark, tall in their chairs and rigid-moving like machines, are people with a fiercer purpose. These are genuine pilgrims—palsied people, quadriplegic "wheelers" in their chairs, "Cadillac wheelers" in motorized chairs, people with no feeling below the waist, people with no feeling below the neck—come to see if what they've heard is true—that a magic seminar can give them back their sex. . . .

She Sucked My Prick in Lover's Lane; Artful European Suck-offs; The Fucking Fucking Fucking Service Club, Inc. . . .

Onscreen, the blaspheming monk is accelerating toward his close. He stops, gulps air and hurtles on again. His face grows larger and larger. Delight mixes with the fury in his voice. Grins break through his hostile gaze. Somehow, in some way, he is winning. . . .

The Art of Fucking; The Art of Asshole Screwing; The Art of First Fucking; The Art of Cunt Lapping; The Art of Finger Fucking; The Art of Cock Sucking; I Want More Fucking Fucking Fucking Fucking Fucking Girls.

The film is relaxing something in the people. Most are suspicious, tight, apprehensive; their taboo systems, their value patterns—their central arrangements of themselves—are getting bashed around and a lot of them are mad. The movie is pulling up a little of the anger in the air, condensing it, letting it drift away.

"We have to be lightning rods for hostility," says Ted Cole, a

doctor and member of the staff. "It's a wearing role and it's hard to learn."

"We would like to extend to you an invitation to attend a two-day Sexual Attitude Reassessment (SAR) seminar" begins the form letter from the Program in Human Sexuality. "This seminar, initially developed for medical students, has been expanded to include members of the professions, community representatives and other interested persons. Evaluation of previous seminars indicates that it is beneficial to attend with your spouse, fiancé or a significant other person with whom you would like to share your experience. We strongly encourage this inclusion."

"Warning!" begins an article by a medical school staff writer. "If you are embarrassed or offended by utter and complete sexual frankness, the Program in Human Sexuality of the University of Minnesota Medical School is probably just what the doctor ordered."

Standing before the people in the big room is Cole's wife, Sandy—tall, auburn-haired, with muted, profoundly ladylike voice and movements. While an aurora borealis of a light show swirls behind her, she is asking, "Why don't we list the words for some common human actions? Let's begin with masturbation."

A half-swallowed voice mumbles, "Jacking off."

Sandy smiles a pleased-teacher smile. "Jacking off. That's good." Her hand reaches out, sweeping the audience. "How about some more?"

"Beating the meat?" she says. "Good . . . 'Flogging the bishop' . . . really? . . . 'Polishing the cane?'" (Here she gives an involuntary sweet laugh.) "What's that?" She leans forward, listening to a middle-aged man near the front. "Here's someone who says 'Racing for Beverly,' but he thinks it might be special to the gang he grew up with."

People laugh, are shouting out words eagerly now. As they shout, someone in the control booth writes the terms with a grease pencil, projecting them against the light show on the wall.

"Hey, those are all men's terms!" comes a strong female voice from the cushions.

She is seconded by a male. "What about some women's terms for beating off?"

But there don't seem to be any women's terms for beating off. This will puzzle the reporter throughout the SAR, for in the small-group sessions, he will find that women's masturbatory enterprises make Portnoy's seem like those of a tubercular castrato.

Sandy Cole has been calling up the words for elimination, for menstruation, for oral-genital sex, for intercourse—and the wall behind her has become the rainbow as it would be decorated by eighth-graders with the technology and guts. . . .

Turning, whirling, standing out from the colors are "muff diving," "piss," "pee," "whizz," "flying Baker," "blow job," "shit," "crap," "number two," "eating cock," "falling off the roof," "hair pie," "clam sandwich," "taking a dump," "tube steak," "riding the rag," "dipping the tallywinkle," "pie at the Y," "sucking cunt" and one poor lonely "coitus."

"When the SARs began," says Ted (he pronounces SAR as it's pronounced in *Porgy and Bess*—"Boy!" "Yas—SAR!"), "all the leaders were men. Then we decided people would be more comfortable with some women. Without any idea of what I was letting her in for, I signed up Sandy. I needed a female body and hers was available—she came right out of the kitchen to lead a SAR. I thought I'd say, 'Do this,' 'Say that,' 'Bring those'—but she said, 'I'm not a dog, I'm a person. You can't order me around like that.' Now she manages the whole two days—senses when one film should be substituted for another, senses whether we have to spend a lot of time reassuring people or we can move ahead; she keeps everything on schedule—and she handles the people who can't take certain movies, the ones who walk out of small groups, the ones who show up in the lobby looking dazed. Until we began working on this program together, I didn't know the woman I'd married."

Sandy is delicate-boned and slim and must approach six feet in her platform shoes. As the reporter lies on a bright pillow watching her, a phrase begins circling in his mind—"lily maid of Astolat"—and he's added a second ancient figure to this strange pageant, not even a solid figure like the monk but one etherealized out of some literary Victorian's repression and denial. With her auburn hair piled in a bun, then sweeping down behind the cheekbones of her creamy, long, perfect Anglo-Saxon face, Sandy Cole detoxifies everything she is summoning up on the wall; she is obviously a woman who is happy encouraging others to do what they must but who has no need to do any of those things herself. She is a woman who could never fart.

"Sandy provides the permission and the warmth," says Ted. "I provide the authority and the white coat." A mournful, hesitant quality softens his voice. "People don't seem to relax with me the way they do with her. We have a little sherry party at the end of this first day. Sandy spends it surrounded by people; I spend it wandering around, trying to get someone to talk to me. And several times when I've actually gotten into a conversation with a woman, the husband has come around and dragged her off."

Cole has an odd resemblance to Dr. William Masters, co-author of *Human Sexual Response* and an abrupt, unsocial advocate of touching and affection as essentials of satisfactory sex. Cole has the same fit square build as Masters, the

same bald head, the same direct aggressive manner, even the same skewed focus in one eye, which dampens the toughness of his gaze (or increases his power and mystery, depending on his relationship to you and the bounce of your ego at the time). Also like Masters, he has a background in conventional medicine—first as an internist and now as a professor of rehabilitation medicine.

The bright room lights come on. People blink, turn their attention from the wall to Sandy, who says, "Now we'll go into something I suppose is familiar to everyone in this room—masturbating." She pulls out a folder. "First you might like to hear what the medical community thought of masturbation within the lifetimes of many doctors still practicing. Here's an excerpt from *Health and Longevity*, subtitled 'Absolute Authority on Every Subject'—which might indicate how much the medical mind has changed in the 65 years since it was written." (There is laughter—ironic, abrupt, resentful—from the nurses, the psychologists, the social workers in the room. This resentment toward the regal position of the doctor, toward his implication that he is an error-free machine, toward his management-*vs.*-labor outlook, toward his incredible income, is a constant undertow at the SAR.)

An expression that could contain an alloy of malice slips across Sandy's face at the audience's laugh and vanishes. (Later, when she is hustling around, checking with the caterer, getting hand-outs delivered, trying to shepherd people to the right places, worrying that the program is running too long, she will say, "People—especially doctors—keep coming up and wanting to know what my credentials are. When they find I don't have an M.D. or an M.S. or a Ph.D., they stop taking me seriously. 'Just a housewife,' they think. They don't care about my competencies, just my certificates.")

From the book on masturbation, Sandy begins to read: "'Onanism or Self-Pollution: Beyond everything, [it] is a crime against nature, punishable by consequences that are simply appalling. [The youth] falls into a distaste for everything except the opportunity of indulgence . . . the secretion of the reproductive liquid . . . withdraws a very precious portion of the blood. The muscles . . . become soft; his body becomes bent; his gait is sluggish and he is scarcely able to support himself. The wretched being finishes by shunning the face of men and dreading the observation of women.'

"For girls," says Sandy, "the prognosis is worse: 'ulcerations of the vulvouterine canal, abortions, and sometimes nymphomania and furor uterinus, terminate life amidst delirium and convulsions.'"

The audience laughs, but with a touch of uneasiness. The Mayo Clinic was
(continued on page 152)



*the ageless sex kitten has
just had a milestone birthday,
but—as you can see—
what's in a number?*

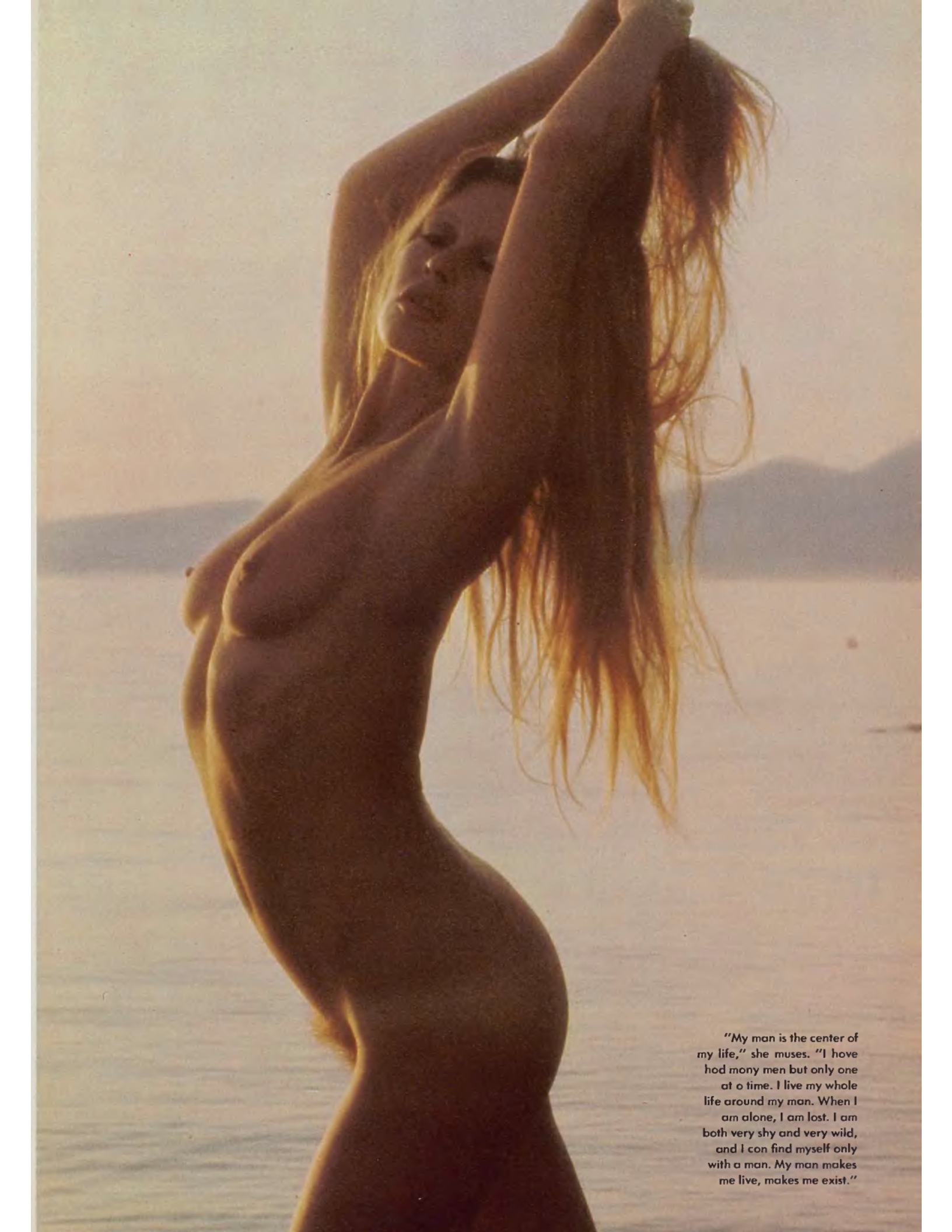
BARDOT- INCROYABLE!

SHAKESPEARE ONCE wrote of Cleopatra, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." The old Bard might just as well have been talking about France's ageless sex kitten, Brigitte Bardot, who turned 40 last September and on that occasion remarked, "Look at me, now that I am 40 years old. So what?" So what, indeed! As a birthday present to BB, her current lover, 25-year-old Laurent Vergez, took the photographs on these pages at BB's sumptuous villa in St.-Tropez. Vergez, who some of BB's closest friends predict will be the next Monsieur Bardot, is the newest in a list of lovers and husbands that includes Roger Vadim, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Jacques Charrier, Gunther Sachs, Bob Zaguri, Sacha Distel and many, many more. "No man can have any security in loving me," says BB. "The problem is to hold on to me. And that is difficult."



BB, a sun worshiper all her life, spends most of her days on the shore of St.-Tropez. "I am a wild animol," she soys. "I do what I want to do. No one can stop me. Life is so short."





"My man is the center of my life," she muses. "I have had many men but only one at a time. I live my whole life around my man. When I am alone, I am lost. I am both very shy and very wild, and I can find myself only with a man. My man makes me live, makes me exist."



What does the most prominent sex symbol in the world demand in her men, besides physical attraction? "Complicity," says Bardot. "Not always having to speak to be understood, having passwords and mad coded laughs. Feeling like making love at the same moments and for the same reasons." Second to men on her list of favorites is man's best friend, the dog. Once, when visiting a home for stray dogs, BB, unable to resist their whines, stowed 15 dogs in her Rolls-Royce and took them home. This is where the term lucky dog was derived. Will Bardot fans ever see her on the screen again? "I am not interested in making movies anymore," she says, although she may do a stage tour of Italy in 1975. She is infatuated with the impresario. At 40, when life supposedly begins, the world's reigning sex kitten sums herself up in two short sentences. "I am not an actress," she says. "I am a phenomenon."

Over the past few years, Bardot has been turning down movie offers to maintain a life-style she describes as an "external vacation."





"DOES YOUR HUSBAND KNOW?"

(continued from page 146)

already a huge business when this book was written; surgeons such as William Halsted and Harvey Cushing were developing the core of modern surgical technique. What crazy superstitions, wonder many in the audience, are they—today—promoting as scientific fact?

"He forgot the hair on the palms!" calls someone from the cushions; the laughter becomes easier, and Sandy introduces some movies about masturbation.

"These are personal statements by the people in them," she says.

Beside each other, on a split screen, are two naked women. Both would probably be attractive in person, but in a medium that casts Cloris Leachman as homely, these women are not beauties. One has a kind, round, earnest face and a body that is more than plump. The other has a lean, expressive face whose bone structure and constantly drawn-back lips are suggestive of a coyote's; her body is on the scrawny side of thin.

The round woman gets out of a bathtub, reclines on some pillows, props a mirror between her legs and—with measured dignity appropriate to a featured soloist—begins masturbating. Her hand massages, plucks, flutters, squeezes; she stops to adjust the mirror, then resumes; even at orgasm she retains a benign and slightly formal smile.

The lean woman's face is contorted as her segment begins; she is taking a shower and apparently this is about to make her come. (This woman appears again in a movie about "pleasuring" and intercourse; in neither film is she ever *not* about to come.) The reporter reflects that it would be pleasant to go about perpetually on the edge of orgasm but wonders if it wouldn't give a certain Alfred E. Neuman "What—me worry?" sameness to one's life.

The men who masturbate are a teenager and a dancer. And here the sound track shows a curious sex-role bias. The women masturbate to Son of Manto-vani soft rock, full of violins and guitars. The men masturbate to a hard-whacking beat from *Tommy*, heavy with the slap of drums.

The teenager looks like any big kid pumping his dork on a dull Saturday. He is reading a book titled *Graduation Night* and he meticulously catches the jism with what most teenage boys will recognize as a wiping rag from a gas station. His expression is what the reporter remembers his own was at such times—abstracted and slack, with some mild grimacing near the end. The most interesting aspect of the film comes from Sandy: "The teenager made it himself, for a high school senior project. I always wonder what grade it got."

On the split screen beside the teenager, the dancer prances and struts, flings

himself onto a bed, massages his cock like a curator shining a dinosaur bone. He is a tiny thin man and so immensely pleased with his penis, his body, his sensations that there would be no surprise in seeing Dr. Seusslike subtitles drift across the screen: "HALLOO! I AM!! I AM ME! I'M THE BEST THAT THERE IS! I'M THE BEST THAT COULD BE!" When he begins to come, he thrashes about like a man battering his way out of the center of a haystack. He finishes with his head under a pillow but jumps up promptly and struts to a table, where he salutes the camera crew and swigs a glass of wine. His self-satisfaction is enormous, as if he had just banged a whole chapter of the Junior League.

Again the lights in the big room come on. "We'll break now for our small-group meetings," says Sandy. "Small groups one and two will meet in the rooms to my left; three and four will meet in. . . ." There are eight groups, each with about ten members.

People stir uneasily on their pillows, stand hesitantly—then hurry off to form long slow lines at the toilets, come back to crowd into slower lines at the coffee machines. They and their Significant Others stand close together, touch, cling to each other's clothing—like children about to be abandoned to the first day of kindergarten. (Significant Others and the people they come with are always assigned to different groups.)

Aggregating their experiences, the professionals have gone through the first hour alone with a paranoid schizophrenic, managed the first operation in which a patient began to die, have had the first confrontation with a gang of angry relatives in the hall. . . . And, with all this experience, they are unhappy about crowding into a small room to talk with strangers about sex.

Eventually, all reasonable delays have been used up, the doors to the small rooms have been closed and small-group leaders are asking people to introduce themselves and tell what they expect to get from the SAR.

Those who treat patients or meet clients or advise parishioners know what they're supposed to get from the SAR: They're supposed to get so used to sex that they can discuss oral-genital coupling and anal intercourse as easily as they can discuss the side effects of tranquilizers or the efficacy of prayer. As Cole told the large group, "One of the sex-education pioneers likes to say that a doctor suspecting a sex problem will often ask, 'How's your sexual life?' and stop there. Can you imagine a doctor suspecting kidney disease, then stopping with, 'How's your urinary life?'" One of the course readings advises, "Anything that can even be *mistaken* for a wince or a

looking away can stop your patient in his tracks and exacerbate his problems."

The Significant Others (originally "spouses and fiancés," titles that did not fit the homosexual partners, the fathers and mothers, the same-sex/other-sex living companions of people who attend) are less sure why they're there. In the reporter's group is Cynthia—tall, severe-looking, in her mid-20s, with sand-colored hair snatched up so tight on top of her head she seems coifed by a power lathe.

Even before the door is closed, Cynthia has precipitated the first group interaction; she has announced in a small and hostile voice that her husband has made her come to the SAR, that she is tense and when she is tense she has to smoke. If tension had compelled her to massage her clitoris or even the nearest cock, the group leaders and many group members would surely have extended warm support. But *smoking!*

The group leaders—a sad-faced, wise-looking quadriplegic named Jonas and a squarish, plain, cheerful woman named Joan—ask the others, "How about it?"

"This is an awfully small room," says a woman.

"Do you really *smoke*?"

"You can kill yourself, if that's your bag, Cynthia, but we shouldn't have to take your trip."

"I *can't* stay if you smoke. I'm allergic."

Jonas and Joan help work a compromise. Cynthia will sit by the door and when her urge to smoke becomes overpowering, she will act out her perversion in the hall. After Jonas has moved to clear her place—his motorized wheelchair clicking and whirring and tacking like a ship moving sideways without tugs—the introductions begin.

There is Lester, a psychoanalyst in private practice in Omaha. Tall and big-boned, he gives the impression of having been stuffed with unhappy secrets until he is as soft and ponderous as a man made of leaf sacks. He has an inordinate capacity to just sit, with nothing moving anywhere—except his pale flat lips. "I came here with negative expectations," he says. "I think that this program and programs like it are helping to accelerate a tragedy in American life—the separation of sex from emotion. And without emotion, sex is just one more semiskilled amusement, like motorcycle riding." His voice is colorless but strong; even its flatness (it is as flat as a Nebraska prairie) lends it strength.

"That's good that you're so open," says Jonas. "I hope the rest of us can be as open as the SAR goes on."

Next to Lester is Judy. Out of God's molds, she has obviously come from the one marked STEREOTYPE A₂: LIBRARIAN. Around 40, she would not be remembered 15 minutes after being introduced



"Give it a break, Shari—I wrote that book specifically for people in temperate climates!"

at a party. Her bland face (with plastic-rimmed glasses she might have bought in high school) has the patient, inquisitive look of nearsightedness. She is wearing a shirt dress of some brownish shade—the uniform of the nonpretty woman.

But her voice is surprisingly confident and warm, without any “*Hush, can't you read the instructions?*” quality about it. “I’m an S.O.,” she says (short for Significant Other). “My husband’s a doctor who has some disabled patients—but that’s only one reason we came. We think we have a very sexual marriage, and we came as a kind of test, to see if we really are loving and comfortable and free, to make sure we’re not missing something we don’t know we’re missing.”

She turns slightly. “Lester, I think you’re right about emotionless sex. But I think you’ve got to ask, ‘Which emotions?’ Looking back, I can remember all kinds of emotions that seemed part of sex but really weren’t—anger, guilt, fear, some revulsion. . . . Maybe things like this SAR help clear away those junk emotions and leave room for the ones that count.”

Actually, Judy is a noticeable woman; one has to focus on her, that’s all. She is tan and has a taut, lovely body with the healthy aura that bicycling or tennis, plus lots of screwing, maintains. It occurs to the reporter that the bones and planes of her face probably would have made her look like a 40-year-old librarian when she was 24 and that—at 24—she surely would not have looked so cared for or content. She is an awkward carving, being polished toward beauty.

Lester gives the noncommittal psychoanalytic “Hmmm,” which could mean anything from “That’s a profound insight” to “Fuck you.”

Jonas and Joan exchange glances. To look toward her, Jonas must turn a few degrees in his chair. His head goes around easily at first, then stops as the awkward waterlogged weight of his body brakes it. He dips his head and gives a tug of his upper shoulders—his one expressive gesture. Joan smiles at him. She has a broad, homely, mischievous Steppes of Central Asia face. No, there’s something more powerful than mischief behind her face—and something so tender and aware that “homeliness” fits only at the first rough glance. In her face is sexuality—sophisticated, a bit self-mocking, but as inescapable and direct as thirst. Certain women with such Slavic faces—certain women born to reshelve books in libraries—what spell touches them near middle age, wonders the reporter, that makes them pop out like lilacs—fragrant and tough and brilliant—while the ex-cheerleaders, the home-coming queens sour into Weight Watchers and six daily hours of TV?

“I think this is going to be a fine group,” says Joan, and Jonas gives his loose snubbed nod:

“We’re going to be all right!” He has a

heavy-boned masculine face, with curly dark hair and a short beard the texture of steel wool. As he smiles, his brooding air gives way to radiance. In his smashed nervous system is a great quantity of life.

There is John, fastened into a dark suit, vest, striped tie and spit-shined black shoes. He is a little overweight, a little gray, but is the sort of handsome, rugged-looking man one always assumes played football somewhere along the line. “I’m vice-president of a bank,” he says, “so I’m always selling, always talking with people.” He pauses. “But I’m not used to talking about things like this. . . .” He finishes rapidly. “I’m here because my wife teaches sex education—the ‘sex lady of Merrit School’ they call her—and she wanted me to come. I don’t have any expectations. I’m just waiting to see what in hell comes next.”

There is the reporter, who gives two genuine reasons for being there. “I teach in a college where there are a lot of disabled students, and I’m uncomfortable with them. Also, I teach a mass-communications course where I talk a lot about pornography and pornography legislation. Lecturing about pornography to people 20 years younger than I am makes me feel like a dirty old man. I hope the SAR will make me more comfortable at work.”

There is Annie. She is small-boned, dark-eyed, pale-skinned, with slightly pointed ears and nose. Her striped pants suit, light make-up and short hair are meticulously neat. She makes frequent, unself-conscious grooming motions like a cat. “I’m a nurse,” she says, “and I work in a kidney-dialysis unit. Patients keep asking me, ‘Will I be impotent?’ ‘Am I going to lose my desire for my husband?’ ‘How soon will my wife start looking for someone with a stiff cock?’ And they ask the big question that I can’t answer—‘Is life worth living without sex?’ We have no social workers, no psychologists, no psychiatrists, no counselors at all for people on dialysis. We plug them in until their money runs out, and then we send them out to die.” She touches her hair with a little flick of neatness. “In the ward, we sometimes talk about the only time the whole dirty system might be nice—if we could see Spiro Agnew and Richard Nixon and John Mitchell and all those horrible, money-focused Republicans needing dialysis and running out of cash. I think we’d fight to see who’d shut down their machines.”

Jonas says, quickly, “I don’t think we’d better get into politics here. Sex is usually upsetting enough. And you said something heavy about sex. You said patients asked if people can get along without it. Do you think they can?”

“I’m not married,” says Annie. “And I’ve gotten along without sex for six months at a time.” She gives a throaty, vital laugh that has no connection with her appearance. “But it seems to be

either feast or famine when you’re not married—and I love those feasts.”

There is Eric, a wiry, quick-moving general practitioner. “Last year I went to a surgical refresher course because it was recommended. The year before, I went to a course in emergency medicine because it was recommended. Now I’m here because it was recommended. But I’m like John; I don’t know what to expect. And, like Lester, I don’t think I approve. I didn’t expect all this conversation; I expected data, statistics, hints on treatment—and instead I’m getting life histories out of a sociology text.”

There is Frank, a prison psychologist. He is lean, with a whisper-quiet voice. He has listened impassively, but when he smiles he puts across the quality that Jack Palance, playing a whisper-voiced satanic gun fighter, put across in *Shane*—a quality that makes the reporter check the distance to the door. “They gave me per diem and told me to come. But they should have sent a few lifers instead. Those are the guys who need some movies about crotch.”

And, again, there is Cynthia with the thin plain face and yanked-up hair—back from a cigarette in the hall. “Actually, I’ve got more reason to be here than I admitted,” she says. “I teach in a school for disturbed adolescents—but sometimes I think I’m as disturbed as they are. I’ve never had an orgasm. And even though I love my husband and we have really pleasant, warm times together, I get an awful feeling—somewhere between deadness and a cringe—when he touches me in bed.” She pulls out a cigarette pack, puts it back. “Those masturbation movies—you can’t imagine how I envied those women those long, long climaxes.”

“I don’t think I’d choose those women to envy,” says Lester, the immobile psychoanalyst. “If a woman carefully sets the stage, then calls in *Candid Camera* while she brings herself to orgasm, I’d say she was a candidate for psychotherapy.”

“Wouldn’t you call me a candidate for psychotherapy?” asks Cynthia.

“Yes,” says Lester, “on the basis of your frigidity and discomfort, I’d call you one, too.”

Irritation crosses Jonas’ face. “We’ve got a kind of contract in this seminar,” he says. “We’re as open as we can bring ourselves to be, but we don’t diagnose and we don’t do therapy. Other branches of the Human Sexuality Program do these things. . . .” He gives his cramped half-twist, takes in the rest of the group. “Did anybody else have any strong feelings about the masturbation movies?”

“I didn’t see what the grownups looked so pleased about,” says John, the dark-suited banker. “I think of masturbation as something for kids.”

(continued on page 250)

CAPTAIN BURGER'S AMERICAN DREAM

*he built an empire
out of meat and grease—
and occasionally he wallowed
in the stuff*

fiction

By PHILIP GIOFFARI



APTAIN BURGER stepped from the red Eldorado convertible and stood for a moment under a magnificent oak tree whose thick branches and sharp metallic-green leaves afforded protection against the heat and glare of the sultry June morning. A sweet fragrance dripped from the leaves, the fragrance of early summer, of promises and memories, of newly awakened dreams. In a direct line from the tree under which he was standing, some 20 or 30 feet farther on, was another exactly like it and beyond that another, and so on for as far as he could see. He imagined an early settler had planted them as a shield for his crops against the violent winds that blew otherwise unfettered across this flat New Jersey plain. What might have once been a farm was now the Cedar Rest cemetery, although there were no cedars in sight, with trimmed hedges beyond the black



CAPTAIN BURGER'S AMERICAN DREAM

iron-spiked fence and row upon row of white and gray headstones growing up out of the meticulously groomed lawns.

With a light, almost jaunty step, he strode out from under the tree and crossed the street. The sun was a white diffuse blur in the sky. Under his yellow paisley shirt and in his crotch against the tight pressure of his flowered denims, he could feel the uncomfortable build of perspiration. The sweet leaf smell was now tinged with something chemical. On this side of the street, the landscape was devoid of symmetry, without oaks or even the promise of cedars, a gray swamp of tall dry grass and weeds that stretched several miles across to the Hudson and the New York skyline beyond that.

"Why in hell you want to build here?" his accountant asked the first time



Captain Burger indicated interest in the swamp.

"Yeah, C. B., why here?" his regional vice-president wanted to know.

Even Ernie Falucci, his chauffeur and personal bodyguard, who knew his place and never spoke unless spoken to and who certainly never interfered in business matters, felt compelled to add his judgment. "It don't look like much to me, boss."

But Captain Burger had simply smiled with the quiet self-assuring confidence of a man who knows something no one else knows. In this case, what he knew, as a result of information obtained through a private surveillance agency he had hired to wire-tap the local building inspector's office, was that plans were under way to build an international sports stadium on this same road not two miles from his proposed construction site.

By fall of next year, when the leaves were turning gold on the oak trees across the road and the new sports stadium was hosting its first football and soccer season, the new Hackensack Captain Burger, according to his best estimate (and he had an uncanny knack for accuracy in this area), would be serving upwards of 3000 burgers a day, 1,100,000 a year. This would bring his national total in excess of 300,000,000 burgers per annum, a figure that staggered even his imagination and exceeded the wildest and most feverish success dreams of his youth.

He stared out not so much at the thin strips of bright-orange flag that marked his land as at the orange flags in juxtaposition to the dismal, dirgelike panorama of the swamp, seeing in that contrast a tension basic to every dimension of his life: his individual will against the will of the universe. Of all his 301 Captain Burger stands from coast to coast, this one represented a particular symbolic victory, because he had been born in this town, had learned about life on the muddy rat-infested banks of the Hackensack River, had had his ass kicked in more than once by the local punks and bullies. Savoring the sweet taste of a private vengeance, he strode forth upon his land, through the dry rasping grass, over the rubble of beer cans and Coke bottles and tires heaped there by an insensitive and unimaginative public. He traced the perimeter of his property, going from marker to marker, reverently pausing before each one as if he were making a pilgrimage to himself.

There was a reason why he had chosen this particular site, these two acres out of the ten or more miles of swampland that was available to him. It was on this precise spot more than 20 years ago that he had had his first girl, Rhonda Bedminster, a sensuous although flat-chested towny whom he had doggedly pursued to no avail for two years. She had never even given him the benefit of one of the cock-teasing stares she was infamous for

in adolescent circles around town. At least not until the night of his 15th birthday, when he stole a brand-new '54 Plymouth convertible out of the A & P parking lot and pulled up to the curb in front of Brogan's candy store, where Rhonda and her girlfriends hung out.

"Where'd you get it?" Rhonda asked him coldly, without so much as shifting a muscle in her body as she leaned sullenly against a parking meter. It was the first time she had ever spoken to him.

"I got it" was all he said.

"I know it ain't yours," she said, scorn dripping from the edges of her every word.

"I'm driving it," he said.

"I bet you stole it."

"If you're not interested," he said with a sharp edge to his voice that he was trying out for the first time, "there's others that are."

And with that she got in, her girlfriends wide-eyed with envy behind the windows of the candy store. He drove directly up to the swamp and pulled the car far enough into the weeds so that it was hidden from the road and without so much as a moment's hesitation, reached down inside her dungarees and grabbed for the first time the secret female treasure he had seen pictures of in magazines. To this moment, he could remember every detail of that night, the way each part of her body felt in his hands, the way the full moon turned the tips of the swamp grass silver. That was the beauty of love. Afterward it burned forever, like a sanctuary light, in the brain. Whenever possible, he let love be the inspiration for his business.

"We got twenty-five minutes to get to the airport," Ernie called to him from the catsup-red Eldorado, the color of 301 aluminum Captain Burger roofs from coast to coast.

As Captain Burger settled into the white-leather luxury of the Eldorado's back seat and as Ernie started the 500-cubic-inch engine, which purred as softly as a kitten, he turned to Miss Burger Queen, the beautiful dark-eyed girl beside him who was sullenly biting off pieces from a stick of sour-cherry gum. He did not see the slightly misty look in her eyes, nor did he seem to notice how the mascara had smeared beneath her left eye, like a bruise.

"I feel very special today," he confided to her.

Miss Burger Queen hunched the gum in her mouth between her tongue and her upper incisors and slowly let it ooze out in a pink pock-marked mass between her lips, where it dangled precariously for a moist fraction of a second before being sucked back inside, out of sight, in one soft fluid intake of breath. All the while, her dark eyes stared blankly back at him.

"Big deal," she said.

She turned away and looked out at the

swamp fleeing by them at 85 miles an hour, snapping her gum defiantly because it was the one thing she knew of that would irritate Captain Burger more than anything else.

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Linda Ann Creech, who was chosen Miss Burger Queen exactly one year ago to the day in the first annual Miss Burger Queen U. S. A. contest, waited until the FASTEN SEAT BELT—NO SMOKING sign went off on Eastern flight 909 to Miami before she left her first-class seat next to Captain Burger and made her way toward the rear of the plane. Several rows back, she passed Ernie, whose balding pear-shaped head was pressed between the colorful pages of *Stag Adventures*.

She resented Ernie in the same way she had resented her mother: He was always snooping around. For a year, he had been hanging around on the edges of her life like a shadow, perpetuating within her the same sense of uneasiness and irritability that she had run away from home to escape. Wherever they went, Ernie was never more than several yards behind, silent and vigilant, never very resourceful in the inconspicuous role he had been hired to play but faithful, more faithful than the most devoted German shepherd, Captain Burger would remind her whenever she complained. At restaurants he would eat alone at an adjacent table. In hotels he would occupy the connecting suite. In her fantasies she imagined him with a glass to the wall while they were making love. This particular image was so strong in her mind that it forced her to stifle the little moans and cries that normally accompanied her orgasms, an act of repression that was as frustrating to her as stifling the orgasm itself. Once while they were vacationing in Taormina on the eastern coast of Sicily, she was prompted in a moment of unparalleled exuberance to rush naked out onto the balcony of their hotel room with arms flung wide to embrace the sun rising like an ancient god over the Mediterranean. She was at first disarmed and then furious when she noticed Ernie calmly observing her from the next balcony over the pages of *Giornale di Sicilia*. Unblinking, without discernible lust, his eyes burned steadfastly into her like the tips of two cigars.

"Why is that man always lurking around?" she fumed at Captain Burger, who with great difficulty was trying to decipher his own copy of *Giornale di Sicilia*.

"He's not lurking," Captain Burger replied. "He's just doing his job. He's necessary for the operation."

"For what operation? What operation?"

"My operation, of course." He said it with the quiet arrogance of a philosopher who does not wish to elaborate

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TOP COATS!

*exclusively for
playboy: creative
menswear by the world's
foremost designers*

IF ANY PART of the male wardrobe has been neglected of late, it is the topcoat; same old thing after same old thing. So PLAYBOY Fashion Director Robert L. Green translated that observation into action by inviting a group of top international designers, including Pierre Cardin and Bill Blass, to do something about the status quo; their submissions are showcased on these pages. None of the outfits featured is currently available—but to further the cause of more creative menswear, Green is taking his topcoat show into major cities. So if history repeats itself, it won't be long before what you see here is what you'll get in your favorite men's shop. Try *that* on for size.

Here's one example of the kind of topcoat Green was looking for. It's a single-breasted cashmere model, mid-calf length, with squared-off notched lapels and flap pockets, by Cardin. (The accessories pictured are by Berney Schwartz for Eric Ross and Company.) Unlike the other coats in this special collection, it features a very tailored fit, which means it can serve as a substitute jacket, perhaps worn over a sweater. All this and practicality, too.



Opposite: Now, here's a fine kettle of fish—and the Bill Bloss wool/polyester Donegal tweed balmacoan with contrasting rib-knit cuffs worn by the copped gentleman isn't bad, either. But there's more to the story than meets the eye, as the coat can be reversed to a tan polyester/cotton poplin. And that's no fish story. Right: More piscatorial tomfoolery; but who cares when there's a camel's-hair raglan-sleeved single-breasted short coat (it comes with matching pleated slacks), by Dimitri, featuring contrast stitching and a deep center vent thrown over one's shoulders? Obviously, the lady does.





Opposite: To keep her feathered friend from stealing the spotlight, you need some elegant foliage of your own—such as this easygoing wrap coat with peak lapels, side pockets and deep center vent, by Angelo Donghia. It certainly isn't lost on the lady; she knows when she's dealing with the real macaw.

Right: This gent also has a good thing going, and unless his companion is crackers to begin with, she's going to flip out entirely over his self-belted single-breasted oyster-hued coat—Calvin Klein's contribution to the collection—with leather side pockets, raglan sleeves and inverted center pleat. Who can blame her?



THE VARGAS GIRL

"Sex is OK in its place . . . and your place . . . and my place. . . ."





Vargas



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upon a self-evident truth. "He protects me."

"They don't assassinate hamburger moguls," she flung back at him. She had learned that term only last week from an article on the hamburger industry that appeared in *Time* magazine.

"No one is immune from the wrath of a competitor," he informed her, having years before distilled the lessons of history into several handy, easy-to-use maxims, of which this was one.

Linda had almost gotten past Ernie (she thought unnoticed) when he, without lifting his head from the magazine, demanded out of the corner of his mouth, "Where you going?"

"To piss," she snapped at him without slowing down, tossing her head back defiantly. At that moment, the plane lurched suddenly to one side and she found herself being propelled more rapidly than normal down the remainder of the aisle. Her hands slipped helplessly along the smooth gray wall of the rest room; her fingers fumbled for the door latch and as the plane tilted upward, she slid into the small cubicle, where she was wedged uncomfortably between the sink and the toilet. She turned the lock on the door and sat down on the stainless-steel toilet seat, where she promptly reached into her purse, took a lilac-scented tissue from her ten-cent packet and began to weep uncontrollably into it above the steady churning roar of the engines.

She felt cheated. She felt that what was rightfully hers was being unconsciously ripped out of her hands. This was just the reverse of the way she felt last June, when, through the large front window of the Tucson Captain Burger, where she worked not so much because she needed the money, which she did, as to get a few hours' relief from her mother, who never stopped nagging her, she first saw the red Eldorado loom into view like a chariot over the distant rim of the desert. Against the flaming sunset, the car seemed for one magical moment as if it had spilled out of the sun, an extension of its radiance, the only moving thing in the vast lifeless panorama of the desert. Transfixed, she watched it race toward her on the Nogales highway. The angle of the road shifted, the car swung out of the sun, leaving a long white trail of dust in the magenta twilight.

When the car finally came to rest in the parking lot and the tall sandy-haired man emerged from the back seat, she felt a quivering sensation along her spine. Through the glass, she watched him stretch his arms and legs and then stride across the parking lot with a determined, aggressive step that told her he was no ordinary customer. When he came in through the glass doors, there was an aura about him that made her mouth go

dry and the palms of her hands feel clammy. In her confusion, she poured French fries into a strawberry thick shake. And then, in the next moment, she recognized him from the gilt-framed portrait that hung above the counter.

At a rosewood-grained Formica-topped table in the corner, munching from a giant bag of fries and sipping an orange float, he spoke with each of the female employees in turn, asking questions about the schools they went to, their family backgrounds, their hobbies and interests. But of the six countermaids, she alone had been given an envelope that contained an airplane ticket to Miami and told that she had been selected as a finalist in the first annual Miss Burger Queen U.S.A. contest. That night, as she watched the taillights of the Eldorado recede into the moonless blackness of the Arizona desert, she felt that she was the luckiest girl in the whole Grand Canyon State.

And two weeks later, when she was chosen Miss Burger Queen by Captain Burger himself out of more than 200 contestants from all over the country and awarded a \$25,000 cash prize, her sense of gratitude was overwhelming. She didn't understand why this honor had befallen her. What had she done to deserve it? Before this, she had never won anything in her life, not even a Teddy bear at the church bazaar. She thanked the heavens, Jesus Christ, Buddha, Mohammed and all the saints and angels she could remember from Sunday school.

In the year that followed, the \$25,000 cash prize was the least of the wonderful things that happened to her. Her picture was hung next to the captain's over the counter of every Captain Burger stand in the country. There was a full-color photo spread of her in *Pattie*, a trade publication for the hamburger industry. She attended the dedication ceremonies for each new Captain Burger; she jetted all over the country with the captain (before this, she had never traveled more than 15 miles from Tucson); she accompanied him on his vacations to Majorca, Taormina, St.-Tropez and Maui. Each day her gratitude grew, boundless, out of control. And then, of course, she fell in love with the captain and she realized with the first pangs of sadness and anticipated regret that she would never be happier in her life.

Someone was knocking on the restroom door. She tried to stifle her tears, but she could not. They burned her cheeks, were bitter on her tongue. Tonight it would all come to an end. She would be tossed aside like an unwanted crust of hamburger bun.

The knocking on the door was louder, more insistent. Ernie's voice said, "What the hell you doin' in there?"

"Go to hell," she said through her tears. "Go to goddamn hell."

Ernie had been with the captain for more years than he, Ernie, could remember. He had been through 301 Captain Burger openings, the captain's three divorces and innumerable crises both personal and professional. He knew the captain as far back as the days when his name was Ruggiero Kanarowski, son of old man Kanarowski, for whom Ernie had worked. The old man had owned an auto-body repair shop on a busy highway. For years it had been a one-man operation barely earning enough to support his Sicilian wife and send his son to college; but because he was getting on, he hired Ernie to do most of the heavy work while he limited himself primarily to giving estimates and ordering parts.

The young Ruggiero never showed his face around the shop. Ernie learned, through the old man, that he had married a beautiful girl, the daughter of a college professor from Upper Montclair, and that he had recently bought an abandoned diner out on Staten Island, which he was planning to convert to a hamburger stand as soon as he could accumulate enough capital. Right after that, the old man had a stroke while knocking out a dent in the fender of a Lincoln Continental. He was placed on the critical list at Hackensack Hospital, where he drifted in and out of a coma for almost a month.

During this time, Ernie, as faithful to the old man as he would later be to the son, kept the shop open every day and maintained an honest account of the hours he put in and the work he did. One night, just as he was getting ready to close, a man in a white-suede jacket appeared in the back doorway of the shop. The man stood immobile as a statue, the suede jacket open, his hands shoved deep into the pockets of his pants while his sullen eyes took in every detail of the place as if he were seeing it for the first time. When he came inside, he ignored Ernie, or rather looked at him no differently than he looked at the row of wrenches hung neatly according to size on the back wall. Ernie, his face glistening with sweat, his work clothes irreversibly stained with grease and oil, watched him stroll in and out among the deformed automobiles: a '53 Buick with a mangled bumper, a doorless '58 Chrysler, a Cadillac hearse with its radiator crushed in against the engine block. All the while the man, although apparently deep in thought, was particularly careful to keep his jacket from brushing against any part of the cars.

When the man finally spoke, he stood over a pile of bruised metal and twisted chrome, his back to Ernie. "My name's

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THE ELEVENTH HOUR SANTA

*yule pairings of classic
and contemporary gifts*

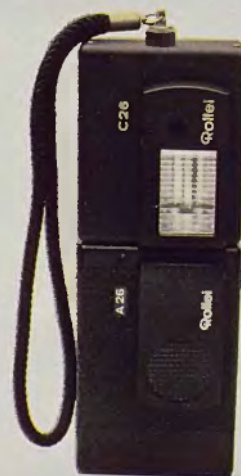
1 The all-time status symbol of Old Money and the Beautiful People, a classic vinyl-with-leather-trim Louis Vuitton (dig those crazy "LV"s) go-anywhere satchel that doubles as an oversized briefcase, from Saks, \$175.

Handsome, rugged and useful corduroy-grained leather **2** shaving kit that measures a roomy 10"x6"x6" features an easy-open zipper closure, vinyl interior and a pair of brass decorative rings, from Tex Tan, \$17.50.



3 Model A 26 pocket camera takes 28mm shots; features pull-open outer sleeve cover for viewfinder, automatic exposure control, Zeiss 40mm f/3.5 Sonnar lens complete with automatic flash, by Rollei, \$193.50.

An f/3.5 Macro Focusing Auto Zoom lens with one-touch zoom-and-focus control that lets you choose any focal length between 70mm and 210mm for exact framing at moment of film exposure, by Vivitar, \$469.50. **4**



THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

5 Digital AM/FM clock-radio 6½" x 6" with a grained-walnut finish, slumber switch and easy-to-tune rotary volume control is designed to fit compactly on a desk or night stand, by Magnavox, \$54.95 with ear jack.

Model A7340 open-reel four-track deck with accompanying eight-input mixer that gives the recordist sophisticated sound control, features a separate VU meter for each channel, by TEAC, about \$2400.



7 An extraordinary 250th-anniversary cognac, laid down between 50 and 100 years ago, is being sold by Remy Martin in a very limited edition that includes a hand-molded, individually numbered bottle, \$275.

Dry Sack sherry, medium dry and delicious straight or on the rocks, comes in a burlap-bagged two-bottle package, by Julius Wile Sons, about \$11.



9 The Dingo Boot comes with a genuine blue-denim high top and Chuck Berry's favorite footwear fabric—blue suede—for the body; all plus a snoot toe, stacked heel and a thick sole, by Acme, \$27.95 a pair.

For the automotive enthusiast, a maccasin-type leather shoe specifically designed for driving; has one-piece construction plus studs that prevent slipping off pedals, by Hunting World, \$45 a pair.



11 An 18-kt.-gold Tank watch that's a replica of the one Louis Cartier designed as a tribute to the World War One officers who fought to keep Paris free, from Cartier, \$750, including lizardskin band.

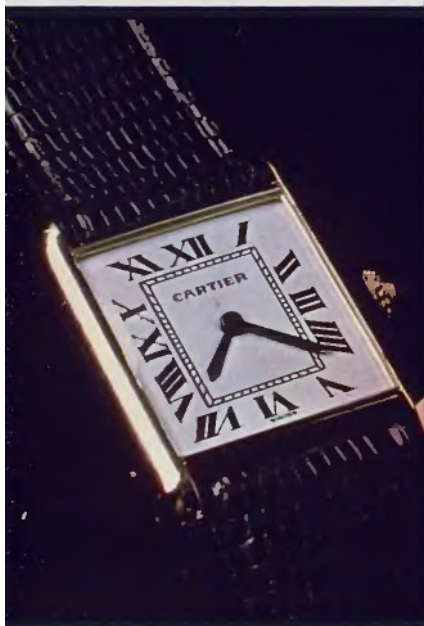
Solid-state watch in a 14-kt.-gold-filled case displays time, month and date readout at the touch of a button; guaranteed accurate to within 60 seconds a year, by Pulsar, \$395 with matching band.

13 A set of stackable ten-ounce Eight Deadly Sins cocktail glasses (in case you're wondering, the eighth deadly sin being, of course, "choosing the wrong side"), from the Horchow Collection, \$12.50.

The oenologically inclined man who has almost everything will double his pleasure with a crystal Pavillon wineglass or two from which to sip his cherished vintages, from Baccarat, about \$20 each.

15 A classically simple 18-kt.-gold Love Bracelet, designed by Aldo Cipulla, can be attached to or removed from a special someone's wrist only with the use of a screwdriver, from Cartier, \$450, including tool.

Here, form precedes function, as what you see is a sterling-silver bicycle-chain bracelet that's an exact duplicate of the real McCoy; the bracelet opens via a sister hook, by Off the Cuff, \$60.



VERY EXPENSIVE HIGH (continued from page 131)

does. It doesn't send you off into a corner and it doesn't fuck up your head. You can use it and then go on with an ordinary day and all that happens is that you feel normal, feel straight. I'm tired right now and I'm pissed off and I'm down. After the coke, I'll be ready for the evening." He unscrews the lid and dips into the cocaine with the spoon. "This is premium, better than you can get on the street. It's maybe seventy, eighty percent pure. I had it tested. It's cut with lactose. It's good shit." The spoon comes out of the vial mounded with the powder and in the late-afternoon light, suddenly it sparkles, the small flat crystals catching the sun. My friend sniffs to clear his head and then raises the spoon to one nostril and with a loud snort sucks the coke up his nose. His expression doesn't change, but his eyes widen and he lets his breath go slowly out. His motions now more serious, more deliberate, he dips the spoon into the vial and withdraws another mound of coke and snorts again, then leans back in his chair and is silent, abstracted, as I have been silent and abstracted by the first taste of a fine wine. He returns from that distance and looks at me.

"That was a full hit," he says, more quietly than before. "You should probably start with less. Be careful not to breathe out as you bring the spoon to your nose or you'll blow the stuff away." My hands are trembling, but not enough to spill the coke. I dip the spoon into the vial, tapping it against the side to level it, bring it to my nose and snort hard and feel a flare of powder brushing inside my head and then feel it dissolve and disappear. Carefully I return the spoon to the vial and scoop another hit and tap it level and bring it to my other nostril and snort again, spilling a few grains this time into my mustache. I hand the vial and the spoon back to my friend and settle on the couch, watching the motes of dust moving in the sunlight, watching what is happening to the inside of my nose. My friend comes out of his silence to ask me my favorite music and I say Bach, Mozart. He unwinds from his chair and finds a record and puts it on his stereo and returns and sits down. "Chopin's concerto number one in E minor," he says, smiling. The motes of dust in the sunlight remind me of times as a boy when I lay in the loft of the barn on cool autumn mornings, the alfalfa sweet beneath me, sparrows chirping in the peaks of the rafters, random lines and tubes and bands of light coming down from holes in the roof, dust from the hay dancing complicated patterns that I could change with the slightest motion of my little finger in the light, complicated patterns that played like silent music before my eyes. My head clears, my lungs, burred with smoking, clear, and I am breathing mountain air

in a city apartment in the late afternoon. A taste I've never tasted before appears at the top of my throat, a taste bitter and medicinal but not unpleasant, the taste of cocaine, and I realize without concern that it's a taste I'll never forget.

So we sit, in the late afternoon, our pupils dilating, listening to Chopin and the light, and when I come back from wherever I went, I realize that the tremor in my hands is stilled and the grin has disappeared, I'm calm, I'm myself within myself, my friend has gone gentle, the way I enjoy him most, and after a while we take another hit and leave for an evening of good food and good talk in the company of good women. But I wonder, before I go, if the change came from the coke or from the shared peace and music-framed silence, or from my relief at having done what I feared to do. My friend says the change comes from the coke, but that, after all, is why he uses it.

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Coca—not cocoa but *Erythroxylon coca*, the native South American plant from which cocaine is refined—grows on the eastern slopes of the Andes, grows best between 1500 and 6000 feet in the zone of mountain climate called the Cinchona, the zone Peruvians call the Montaña. It is an evergreen zone, cool, humid, frost-free, the mean annual temperature between 65 and 68 degrees with little variation from day to day, mists blowing across the slopes, mists curling around the coca bushes in the small cleared plots, the *cocals*, that the Indians cultivate—Carmel weather all the way. Coca, in the language of the Incas, meant tree, without qualifiers, the primal tree, the pre-eminent tree, and left unpruned, the cultivated plant would grow as tall as ten or twelve feet, but the Indians prune it down to three or four feet, keeping it within reach and forcing it to thicken and bush outward, forcing it to produce more leaves. The leaves, not the flowers or the berries or the bark, are the coca plant's crop, glossy-green on one side, silver-gray on the other, varying in size and shape, depending on their maturity and on the subspecies of *E. coca* to which they belong but generally oval and pointed, one to four inches in length, half an inch to two inches in width. A prominent central vein runs from stem to point; pseudo veins curve on each side of it from stem to point; between the pseudo veins and the central vein the venous system is denser than on the margins of the leaf; held to the light, a coca leaf appears to harbor a ghostly miniature of itself, a leaf within a leaf, at its heart.

Manco Capac—rich Manco—and Mama Ocllo, who Inca legend insists were white, appeared one day on the shores of Lake Titicaca, Manco Capac holding a golden wand in his hand. The wand was a divining rod and the two mysterious

white people followed it north all the way to the site of Cuzco, where it struck and buried itself in the ground. "And here," writes a historian, "was built the palace of the first Inca." The year was 1021. Coca was there before the Inca rulers came, but they took possession of it; the Inca was divine and coca was divine; coca came from God and God was the Inca; the Inca controlled the coca, collected it in tribute and dispensed it for devotion, like the body and blood of Christ. The Inca had a thousand concubines and wore a head-dress of gold surmounted by two white feathers. The people were divided by regions, north, south, east and west, and within regions were organized by tens, ten families making a *Chunca*, ten *Chuncas* making a *Pachaca*, and so on up to 10,000, each rank of tens under an appointed leader who was responsible to the leader above him, the ultimate leaders responsible to the Inca himself. So the kingdom was orderly, the Inca stern but benign. The kingdom flowered into golden ornaments and fine woolen tapestries, palaces and aqueducts of unmortared stone, exotic festivals and bold celebrations, and on the hillsides of the Montaña, the soil held in place by narrow terraces like steps down the mountain carved for the feet of God, the coca grew.

Francisco Pizarro, a soldier's bastard son, said to have been suckled by a sow, came down sniffing gold and destroyed the kingdom by lopping off its head. The administrators who followed him suppressed the Indian use of coca until they understood that without it the Indians could not perform their slave labor in the gold mines, and then they supplied it contemptuously, a slave's furtive pleasure, a weakness of brown and lesser men. The poisoned gold floated across the sea and inflated Europe. Sickened by it, Spain grew arthritic, Spain grew old. The Indians abided and eventually broke free. They use coca now, 8,000,000 of them, as they used it then, in moderation, as a tonic, part of the continuity of their lives. They pick the leaves, dry them carefully over a fire or in the sun, chew them mixed with a paste made of ashes. The paste, which is alkaline, may serve to sweeten the leaves or it may liberate their alkaloids. At least 14 alkaloids have been isolated from coca leaves, of which cocaine is one. The Indians prefer the sweeter leaves, and the sweeter leaves contain less cocaine. Cocaine is not the essence of coca but merely the most potent of its decoctions. The other alkaloids may temper it, moderate its effects: So little research has been done on coca that no one knows. The Indians know. "They carry an herb, the leaves of which can sustain them two days without eating or drinking, by merely carrying these in their mouths. This herb they call *coca*." That is a Spanish chronicler,



"Can't you knock before opening?"

writing in 1535. They still do today.

Coca came to Europe about the same time as coffee and tea, two far more jagged tonics. Why it failed to achieve their popularity the record doesn't explain. The record registers a search for essences, for vital principles: To master the complexity of the natural world, young science sought simplicity. If man had an essential soul, psychoactive plants must have an essential secret ingredient. A German named Gaedcke isolated an alkaloid from coca in 1855. He named it Erythroxyton. A German named Niemann purified the alkaloid in 1860. He named it cocaine. It was white as the driven snow.

. . .

Cocaine—cocaine hydrochloride in its legal and most of its illegal forms—is benzoylmethylecgonine, an ester of ecgonine and benzoic acid, chemical formula $C_{17}H_{21}NO_4$. In its refined state, it is a crystalline compound, the crystals long, prism-shaped, needled. It is a powerful local anesthetic and a subtle general stimulant, two characteristics that sound antagonistic but aren't. It isn't much used for local anesthesia anymore; that effect, discovered by a colleague of Freud's in 1884, was hailed as a boon to mankind, but the eye surgeons who were the primary recipients of the boon soon discovered that cocaine damaged the cornea and excessively dilated the pupil of the eye, and switched to procaine and other man-made anesthetics when they were developed in the early 20th Century. Ear, nose and throat men still sometimes use cocaine for nose surgery, spraying it onto the mucous membranes or applying it in liquid form, just about the only official medical use left for what was once a wonder drug.

Cocaine is usually described as a central-nervous-system stimulant, its stimulation beginning in the higher centers of the brain and, with increased dosage, working downward to the lower. That description doesn't distinguish cocaine from the amphetamines: It differs in its more generalized effect on the brain and doesn't wire users up, string them out, as amphetamines do. Some researchers believe it also works by suppressing whatever in the body is responsible for depression, fatigue, the blues, bringing the body up to normal rather than raising it to high. "The psychic effect [of cocaine]," Freud wrote, "consists of exhilaration and lasting euphoria, which does not differ in any way from the normal euphoria of a healthy person. The feeling of excitement which accompanies stimulus by alcohol is completely lacking; the characteristic urge for immediate activity which alcohol produces is also absent. One senses an increase of self-control and feels more vigorous and more capable of work; on the other hand, if one works, one misses that heightening of the mental powers which

alcohol, tea or coffee induce. One is simply normal, and soon finds it difficult to believe that one is under the influence of any drug at all."

Freud was describing the effects of a .05-to-.10-gram dose. In such moderate doses cocaine increases pulse rate, blood pressure and respiration, dilates the pupils and suppresses appetite by anesthetizing the lining of the stomach. Freud took cocaine by mouth in liquid form, and so did not notice the effects that users today, who generally snort cocaine in powdered form, look for and cherish: the freeze that comes when the powder anesthetizes the mucous membranes of the nose, the flash that comes when the powder, dissolving in the nose and the upper throat, rapidly takes effect, the deep, open breathing that comes when the cocaine shrinks the mucous membranes and clears the sinuses and the bronchi. Before it became illegal, cocaine was enthusiastically endorsed by the Hay Fever Association. Despite the fact that it is an extremely effective vasoconstrictor, slowing down and even stopping the local circulation of the blood wherever it is applied to the mucous membranes, it is a short-acting drug, which helps account for its reported seductiveness: Most people who snort it are up and down again in 40 minutes, and therefore thinking about another hit.

. . .

Freud began experimenting with cocaine in Vienna in 1884, when he was 28 years old. It lifted him from depression, he wrote at the time, steadied his mind, suppressed his appetite, strengthened his hand, and it seemed to him a wonder drug. He thought it might cure morphine addiction, one of the more grievous problems of his day, and he tried it on an addicted friend and it did. He thought it might cure neurasthenia—the condition he later called neurosis—and he tried it on neurasthenic patients with some success. He was young, working to arrange his life and his income so that he could marry the girl he'd been courting, and he hoped that cocaine might be a means to that end, a means to success and acclaim and the improvement of his prospects. He wrote to his fiancée, Martha Bernays:

Woe to you, my Princess, when I come. I will kiss you quite red and feed you till you are plump. And if you are froward you shall see who is the stronger, a gentle little girl who doesn't eat enough or a big wild man who has cocaine in his body. In my last severe depression I took coca again and a small dose lifted me to the heights in wonderful fashion. I am just now busy collecting the literature for a song of praise to this magical substance.

By July he had finished, and immediately published, his "song of praise," a

paper titled "*Ueber Coca*"—"On Coca" (Freud used the terms coca and cocaine interchangeably). "Long-lasting, intensive mental or physical work can be performed without fatigue," he wrote; "it is as though the need for food and sleep, which otherwise makes itself felt peremptorily at certain times of the day, were completely banished." He suggested the use of cocaine as a general stimulant, to treat digestive disorders of the stomach, to treat severe malnutrition, to treat morphine and alcohol addiction, as an aphrodisiac and as a local anesthetic.

In his enthusiasm for the drug, Freud all but ballyhooed it, sending doses to Martha, pressing it upon his friends. Only later, after he had taken his public stand, did he discover that the friend whom he had removed from morphine addiction with cocaine had begun using the new drug in massive quantities, had become, in effect, a cocaine addict, although cocaine is not addictive in the strict, medical sense of the word. Freud published five papers on cocaine between 1884 and 1887, in one of the later papers defending himself from charges that he had loosed "the third scourge of humanity" (alcohol and morphine being the two others) upon the world. He acknowledged that cocaine didn't cure morphine addiction after all, but he argued, in effect, that the fault lay not with the drug but with the head of the user—an argument as valid today as it was then, though in the 1880s it hardly added to his popularity. He also admitted that the drug turned him off: "There occurred more frequently than I should have liked, an aversion to the drug, which was sufficient cause for curtailing its use."

Between Freud and Carl Koller, the colleague who first used it as an anesthetic in eye surgery, cocaine became famous, and from 1884 until it was brought under government interdiction in the United States and in Europe in the early 20th Century, it achieved such popularity that the era has been described by some medical historians as "the great cocaine explosion." Doctors in the U. S. enthusiastically reported cures of alcohol and morphine addiction, usually within a few days after withdrawal was complete and usually without follow-up. Cocaine parlors opened in major cities and catered to a genteel clientele. Patent-medicine companies had a field day, packaging cocaine or coca extract or coca leaves in syrups, tonics, cordials, tablets, capsules, hypodermic injections, cigarettes, cigars and nasal sprays. Bartenders dropped pinches of cocaine into shots of whiskey for a little added zing; salesmen sold cocaine preparations door to door. Soda fountains first appeared in drugstores for a reason: Among the many patent medicines devised in those days that contained cocaine, one remains famous, (continued on page 262)

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen



IT USED TO BE that our Playmates were all girl-next-door types—innocent, unassuming and always available for interviews. Now we tend to get more professional young ladies—actresses, models, etc.—and we have to catch them between gigs. Which is all to the good, we think. Because these worldly young women—one of whom will be Playmate of the Year (we welcome your nomination)—still have many of the qualities you'd hope to find in the girl next door; it's just that the girl next door is growing up.





Miss February

Francine Parks has kept busy working for one of L.A.'s top publicity firms, interviewing and writing releases on a variety of stars such as The Supremes, Wilt Chamberlain and Merv Griffin. She also helped promote some charity functions and took part in a telethon in New Mexico. But Fran continues to study voice, acting and dance, and, much as she likes public-relations work, she's ready to pack it in if show business beckons. "I've come a long way in the last year," she admits, "but it's going to get a lot better."

Miss January

Nancy Cameron is still in Pittsburgh, where she's been "modeling like crazy" and doing a lot of swimming in the new back-yard pool she and friend Paul, the rock impresario—he's producing records now, instead of concerts—had installed. Nancy hopes to keep her schedule as busy as possible ("If this were L.A. instead of Pittsburgh, you'd get a better interview"). She reports, incidentally, that her pet Shih Tzu—given to her by members of our Photo Department—is about to be mated. Hurroy!

Miss September

Kristine Hanson was in Alabama on a Playboy promotional assignment when we caught up with her. She'd been busy: studying TV, radio and theater arts at Sacramento State, performing at the California State Fair (she played vaudeville queen Irene Castle), broadcasting news on her college station and serving as Race Queen for San Francisco's offshore powerboat races. And Kristine was about to begin an internship at a Sacramento TV station. We have a feeling that you'll be seeing lots of her.





Miss October

Ester Cordet (right)—who, when we checked, was still with a California airline—found that soon after her Playmate story appeared, a lot of passengers would ask, "Are you Ester?" and then hit her up for autographs. "It was embarrassing," she laughs (sounding flattered in spite of herself). But she'd also caught the attention of a few fashion photographers and movie producers, and at presstime she had several important meetings on her calendar. We've no doubts about her ability to make them count.

Miss June

Sandy Johnson still sells cosmetics, and she's got so much business that she now has a staff to help her. But she continues to study, both acting—she's done several TV commercials and had a lead role in a movie called *The Surfer Girls*—and, at Santa Monica Community College, gourmet cooking (baked chicken in wine sauce, avec grapes, is one of her specialties). When she does have a little free time, Sandy can usually be found on the beach, tossing around a Frisbee. It is, she adds, a damned good life.

Miss August

Jean Manson (far right) returned our call to Madrid from Roma, where she'd been living after a brief stay with her parents in Spain. She was putting her career—and life—into a new gear; and her first movie assignment in Italy was coming up soon. Not that Jean, who earlier in the year had made a film in Spain and acted in some stage plays back in Los Angeles, had lost interest in Hollywood: "I just decided there were places I had to go and things I had to do. Everything is temporary; nothing lasts forever." Amen.





Miss July

Carol Vitale we found in New York, where she'd flown to shop at Gucci's and other favorite haunts. She'd been having fun traveling, playing tennis and spending her Playmate money (on, among other things, a white convertible, which she'd wanted for a long time). Carol had also done a successful singing engagement at a friend's night club—she sounded hoarse, but it was from a cold—and when she got back to Miami, she would start looking for the right musicians to fill out her own combo. May we play?

Miss November

Bebe Buell, after doing a lot of thinking and trying to get herself "sorted out"—and, of course, modeling for a couple of issues of *Cosmopolitan*—had decided to head for London, Paris and Milan, where she'd already contacted some of the best agents. Not that she wasn't still in love with rock star Todd Rundgren—but she needed to do some things on her own. And since Todd was about to embark on a concert tour, it was a perfect time for Bebe to take on the fashion-modeling establishment of Europe.

Miss December

Janice Raymond had just enough time, between our December and January deadlines, to complete her two weeks of training as a Jet Bunny: "It was more interesting than I'd expected—learning how to get out of the plane in the event of a crash, and so forth." At presstime, she was awaiting the call to make her first flight ("Hope I don't have to put that emergency knowledge to use") and looking forward to some free time in which to go skiing (she's recreation-oriented—just like us).





Miss April

Marlene Morrow had 15 minutes, when we called, before she had to leave for the airport—there to catch a plane for Canada, where she had a promotional assignment. After completing a film early in the year, she traveled awhile in Europe and America, then decided to leave London, where she'd been modeling for two years, and move to the States. So for the past two months she'd been Americanizing her portfolio and getting to know the right people in L.A. Which shouldn't take her long at all.

Miss May

Marilyn Lange was going through and packing her stuff; the next day she'd be leaving Hawaii for Aspen, Colorado, where she was hoping to make a living without doing the kind of steady waitressing gig she had in Honolulu—she'd sub for other girls, maybe, and thus be free to do her own thing. Her piano-playing Honolulu boyfriend, Kip, meanwhile, was headed in a different direction: to Tahiti, where his band had a three-month engagement. Would they be getting back together? Only time will tell.

Miss March

Pam Zinszer was enjoying the bucolic early-morning atmosphere of her family's Tapanga home ("You can't see anybody for miles, just horses, donkeys and chickens"). It was a far cry from the bustle of Los Angeles, where she'd been studying acting and dance. She'd also been talking to an agent about making commercials. And she was going back to Pierce College, in Woodland Hills, to get some in-theater experience with live audiences: "My L.A. teacher is camera-oriented." So, just for the record, are we.





PERHAPS YOU WILL recognize the lady in this story. She's a young blonde, tall and supple, with an intelligent face full of artful innocence. She has the profile of a virgin but an amorous mouth, teeth that look lovely in a smile but can be sharp when they mock, a finely formed chin, rather sloping shoulders that show off the grace and pliancy of her neck. Her bosom is modest in size, but those fine legs with the little arched feet are classic pieces of sculpture. She has the whiteness of white skin; she has the texture of cream and, with her hair in golden disorder, the hue of peaches. That hair seems to hold the scent of freshly cut hay and violets together.

She is superbly Parisian: In Paris she will live on love; in Paris she will one day die of love.

Her last name is that of a famous family, but what does that matter? Her first name is Diana. At the ball where we met, we took a turn at a waltz and within five minutes we recognized each other for what we were. Diana had—as a German friend of mine puts it—a “mouth of fire.” That is, like every fashionable *Parisienne*, she used those improper words that violated the chastity of her mouth. Still, she countered every verbal attack on her virtue with great skill. Quite soon, I told her that I intended to fall in love with her.

“Love is an old-fashioned gentleman who appears only on the stage, in plays.”

“If you were to come and meet him at my house, you’d find him a lot younger than you suppose.”

“You are really too impertinent. Do you imagine that I’m looking for domestic adventures of that kind?”

“Oh, not at all. I assume that you are so thoroughly virtuous that you would never fear a lapse.”

“What do you do in this house of yours?”

“Sometimes I make wagers with myself. For instance, on your way to the Bois, you pass under my windows every day. Perhaps I shall make a bet with myself that you will not dare visit me at four o’clock tomorrow.”

“You may wait forever,” she said. I was convinced that she meant it.

My manservant has orders never to announce women who visit me, and so, the next day at four o’clock, I was somewhat astonished to see Diana enter my little *salon*. She was wearing—like a shield—the heaviest of veils behind which I could scarcely see her blue eyes.

“Well, here I am. I took the challenge,” she said, “and now goodbye.”

“But you are not Julius Caesar, my dear. You have come, you have seen, but you have not conquered.” Saying that, I



seized her hand and drew her to the sofa. “There are three things one cannot do well while standing up—one cannot sleep, one cannot carry on a civilized conversation and. . . .”

She seated herself, her eyes wandering around the room with the usual curiosity of women. Suddenly, she made a gesture of surprise when her gaze fell upon a small, peach-colored shoe that stood alone upon a side table. It was a superb little piece of craftsmanship, displayed exactly as if it were an *objet d’art*. “What’s that slipper over there?” she asked with a kind of bright overexcitement in her voice.

“Oh, Lord,” said I, looking toward the thing, “did I forget to put that away? Ah, well, don’t bother about it; it’s far too small for you.”

“Why are you so sure?” she asked with some heat. “And, furthermore, I know that shoe must have a story of its own. I demand to hear it.”

I quickly lifted the hem of Diana’s dress and she protested not. “Hmm,” I said, peering, “a divine foot. A shapely foot quite worthy of the huntress. Still, to be entirely factual about it, a foot just a shade too large to fit that special slipper.”

Diana gave me an angry look. I hurried on. “In a word, there is a story to it. I am very fond of small feminine feet. I fell in love with a foot that once belonged in that shoe; I adored it for six weeks with enough adoration for six

centuries. But one day the tiny foot walked away, leaving only its elegant shell behind. That shoe is a reminder of lost happiness and I have kissed it a thousand times. I have sworn never to love again until I can find a woman who can wear it.” I sighed. “If only you . . . but no use. . . .”

Diana’s face was flushed. For a moment we both gazed at the shoe, a thing of coquetry, elegance and roguery. Perched on its high heel, it looked wickedly provocative and its tiny tongue undulated like a serpent’s.

“And no woman has dared try this adventure?” she asked. “You are about to tell me that a camel can’t pass through the eye of a needle?” She had taken off her veil and her face was flushed with temptation. She reached out and took the shoe in her hands, measured it, fondled it. But she hesitated for a moment, still holding it on her knee. Then she was bending down, trying to force her foot—dressed in its fine, white stocking—into the shoe.

Among the intimate acts of women, there are several that are endlessly charming to watch, but the act of putting on a shoe has a beauty of its own.

“Well, there it is!” Diana said with sudden triumph, raising her leg—and incidentally her skirts—to wave her foot under my nose.

“Incredible!” I exclaimed. “Can there be two examples of absolute perfection among women?” The truth is that the shoe was rather too small for her and she had forced it on with heroic effort. “And now,” I went on, “you are my prisoner.”

“Why so?”

“Because this shoe, like Cinderella’s glass slipper, bears a curse. Your foot now belongs to the slipper and the slipper belongs to me. Do you understand?”

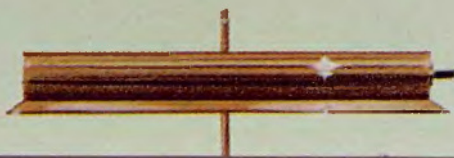
She refused to understand. I tried a little more eloquence—quite fruitlessly. All would be lost if I did not carry the day by direct assault. And Diana, being a true lady in the tradition of all the great and lovely ladies remembered in the history of Paris, insisted on being taken with just the right degree of violence.

That was why, when my friend Théophile wandered unannounced into the *salon* an hour later, he was greeted with the delicious sight of Diana on the sofa wearing no more than one gray shoe and one peach-colored shoe.

Three hours after it all started, Diana at last took the peach-colored slipper off. A three-hour oblivion, a three-hour rainbow in the midst of life. She rose and we parted. There are some shoes one can never put on again.

—Retold by Robert Mahieu





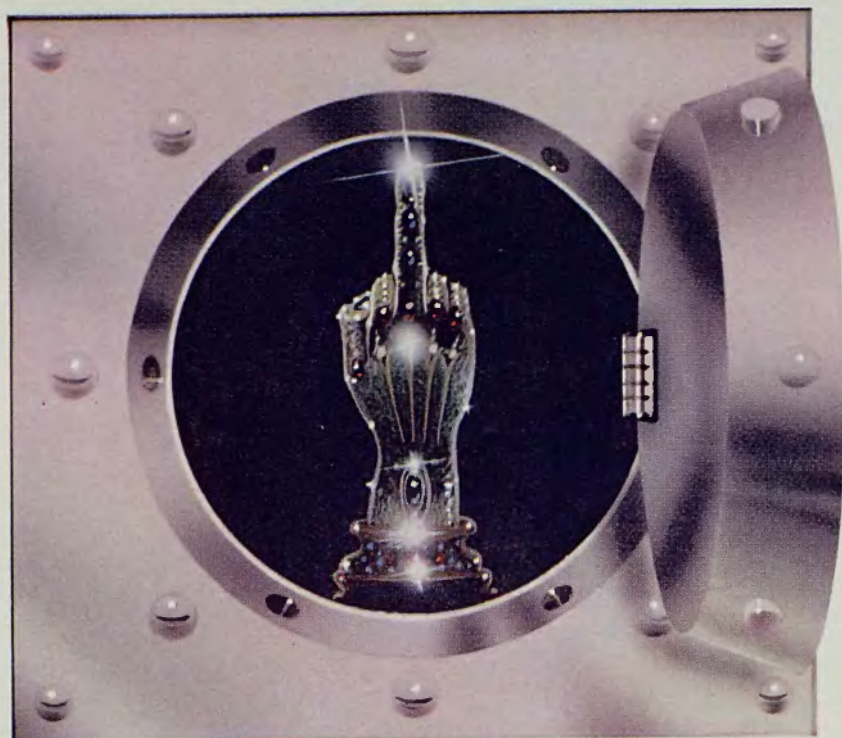
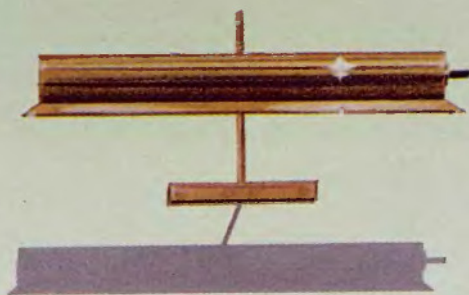


THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE RICH

or, wealthy people say the goddamnedest things

humor **BY ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST**

MONEY AND THE RICH have never had a particularly good press. The Bible, among much in a similar vein, remarks coldly that the love of money is the root of all evil. Dr. Freud said it was more or less the same thing as, um, excrement and Karl Marx's views are too well known to go into here (though it's less well known that his wife is supposed to have said that she wished Karl would stop



writing about *Das Kapital* and start making a bundle). Writers from Shakespeare to Jacqueline Susann show the rich coming to sticky ends.

Of course, in real life, the ends aren't that sticky at all—ask the Vice-President of the United States, for one. Still, there are differences even within the stratospheric upper class: old money *vs.* new money, Arab oil *vs.* Texas oil, and so on.

Luckily, some things remain constant. Capitalism is, for instance, in crisis. Capitalism is *always* in crisis. One new touch is that the competition has picked up some of the tricks (as then-Treasury Secretary George Schultz found during the Russian wheat deal. "I think it is a fair statement to say," said he, plaintively, "that they were very sharp with their buying practices.").

Another fair statement is that the rich are, like the poor, always with us.

This is how they think. Or, sometimes, don't:

THE RICH CONTEMPLATE LIFE IN THE LOWER DEPTHS

"If the poor are too well off, they will be disorderly." —CARDINAL RICHELIEU

"Railroads will only encourage the lower classes to move about needlessly."

—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

"When more and more people are thrown out of work, unemployment results."

—CALVIN COOLIDGE

"The chief problem of the low-income farmers is poverty."

—NELSON ROCKEFELLER

"What the hell can you expect from a bunch of guys who earn \$30,000 a year?"

—BERNARD CORNFELD, *on the SEC commissioners*

... WHICH THEY SOMETIMES MISUNDERSTAND, RATHER

In the middle Thirties, one of the Du Ponts vetoed a proposal that the company sponsor a radio show, remarking that "at three o'clock Sunday afternoons, everybody is playing polo."

"I hate Cadillacs anyway," Barbara Hutton once observed tetchily. "Every bartender has one."

THE RICH HAVE WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE NONRICH

"If you want pleasure, you must toil for it."

—HENRY JOHN HEINZ, *the soup king*

"The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared

for . . . by the Christian gentlemen to whom God has given control of the property rights of the country."

—GEORGE F. BAER, *later known as "Divine Right" Baer, of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad, during the 1902 anthracite strike*

"The man who has \$1,000,000 can live as well as the man who is really rich."

—JOHN JACOB ASTOR

FAMILY LIFE OF THE RICH

DEAR JOHN
WE UNDERSTAND
PLEASE CALL MOTHER AT HOME
OR FATHER IN THE CAR

—*Notice (circa 1967) in Haight-Ashbury store window*

"And here I say to parents, especially wealthy parents, 'Don't give your son money. As far as you can afford it, give him horses.'"

—WINSTON CHURCHILL

"A man can never be successful until he teaches his wife not to expect him home for dinner."

—KEMMONS WILSON, *Holiday Inns magnate*

THE RICH KEEP A SENSE OF PROPORTION

"This has been a really eventful year," observed the Christmas issue of *Country Life* in 1929, the year, of course, of the Great Crash, "because it witnessed the centennial of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society."

ETHICS? WELL, IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT. . . .

"There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money."

—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

"Everything I do, I do for a profit."

—H. L. HUNT

"Everything that isn't nailed down is mine, and anything I can pry loose isn't nailed down."

—COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, *founder of the Southern Pacific railroad*

"Loyalty and ethics have their price, and International Latex has paid it."

—DONALD W. WOHLGEMUTH, *space-suit expert, on leaving B. F. Goodrich. A trade-secrets case resulted.*

"I am appealed to by Mr. Snow as to where the \$1,750,000 has gone. I can only say that in all sincerity and honesty, I have not the remotest idea. I know I have not had it, and I presume the books will show what became of it."

—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, *the great British swindler, at a shareholders' meeting. He was applauded.*

THOUGHTS ON SUCCESS . . .

"Why should I be good to people on the way up? I'm not going to be coming down."

—COLONEL TOM PARKER, *Elvis' manager*

"I boffed 'em for millions, and it always felt good."

—SYLVAN "BIG CHERRY" SCOLNICK

... AND ON FAILURE

"I won eight times and only lost once."

—JIM LING

"A friend in need is a friend to be avoided."

—Quoted by LORD SAMUEL

"Any man who still has ten grand left when he dies is a failure."

—ERROL FLYNN

"Show me a good loser and I'll show you a loser."

—EDGAR BRONFMAN

"I've been broke—but never poor."

—MIKE TODD, JR.

"Winners talk, losers walk."

—PUG PEARSON, *millionaire professional gambler, after losing the 1972 World Poker Tournament to Amarillo Slim (the next year, he won)*

THE RICH AND THE PRESS

Henry Clay Frick, director of Carnegie Steel during the 1892 labor dispute, came from a solid Pennsylvania family. His manner was courteous, correct. Offended by a caricature of himself in the local paper, the *Pittsburgh Leader*, he said to his secretary: "This won't do. This won't do at all. Find out who owns this paper and buy it."

William Randolph Hearst expended much energy and newspaper space in fomenting trouble between the U.S. and Spain. Finally, he sent several journalists and the painter/illustrator Frederic Remington to Havana. After a bit, Remington cabled his boss: "EVERYTHING IS QUIET. THERE IS NO TROUBLE HERE. THERE WILL BE NO WAR. I WISH TO RETURN, REMINGTON."

A testy answer came. "PLEASE REMAIN. YOU FURNISH THE PICTURES AND I'LL FURNISH THE WAR. W. R. HEARST."

He did, too, triumphantly headlining it: "HOW DO YOU LIKE THE JOURNAL'S WAR?"

"Mr. Luce," remarked Louisiana's Populist governor Earl Long of the Time Inc. magnate, "is like a man who owns a shoe store and buys all the shoes to fit himself. Then he expects other people to buy them."

THE RICH HAVE PLANS. DO YOU WANT TO HEAR THE PLAN FOR UNDEVELOPED NATIONS?

"It's quite all right with us," former Secretary of State William Rogers was heard to say at a Washington party, "if
(continued on page 200)

GEORGE PLIMPTON

PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER

*the "paper lion"
faces his greatest
challenge yet—
hunting for and
shooting the
elusive playmate*

pictorial essay By GEORGE PLIMPTON

WHEN I WAS OFFERED the project of trying to photograph a Playmate for this magazine some time back, I thought I might stick to it for a number of years, just easing around with my camera and recruiting new candidates, browsing here and there, perhaps in Scandinavia—a long and pleasant contemplation that would be extended either by never quite finding the right girl ("She had a blemish on her knee") or by suffering equipment difficulties ("I'm having lens-cap problems"). (text continued on page 192)

"I am smiling at left because I hadn't yet tried shooting a Playmate candidate with the big camera. Bottom: I show savoir-faire as I shield my 35mm camera from a berserk sprinkler."

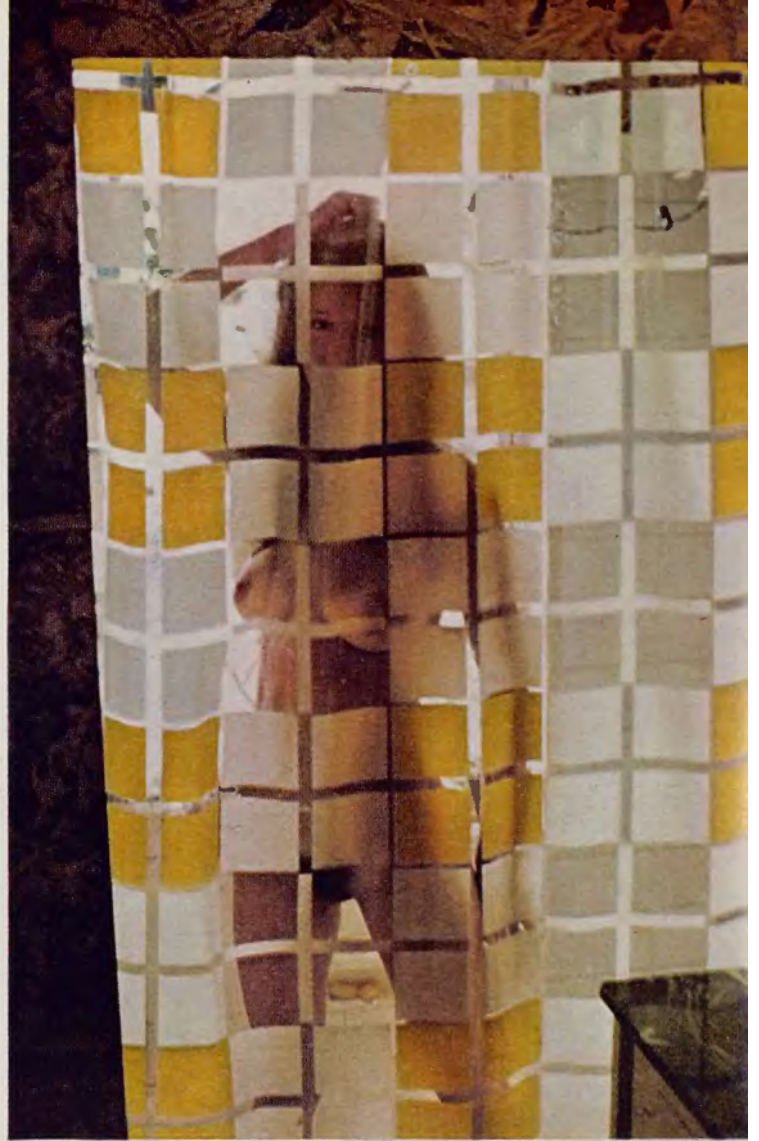




"No matter what anybody says, o PLAYBOY photographer's job is not always o piece of cake—cheese- or otherwise. Here I am, above, valiantly trying to maintain a position that is going to wreak havoc with my spinal column while my subject attempts a contemporary variation on the traditional White Rock pose."



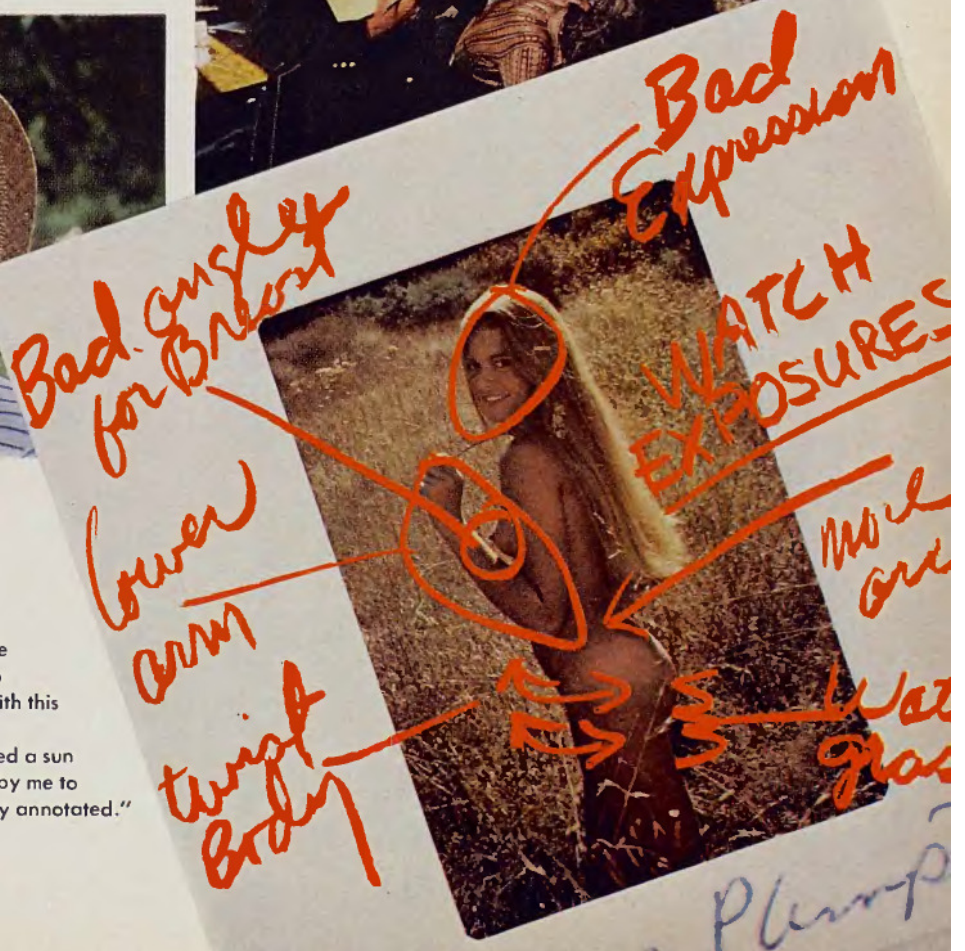
"As a neophyte PLAYBOY photographer, I felt no compunction to be bound by custom. I thought I had made a major graphic breakthrough in shooting Barbara at ease atop o kitchen counter, above, and playing peekaboo through o shower curtain, top right. Unfortunately, the Editor-Publisher thought otherwise."



"Left: I face up to the challenge of shooting a large-breasted woman. I felt the leopard added o certain tension to the photo. Above left: High-fashion model Noty Abascal on a Coribbean beach. Above right: My most successful subject, Kevyn Taylor, is impulsively joined by her roommate in giggling parody of one of David Hamilton's moody studies."



"The strip of photographs at the upper right shows Editor-Publisher Hefner in a Playmate-candidate meeting at Playboy Mansion West going over the submissions of a new photographer, Henri Derrière. The outrageous pseudonym, along with the quality of the shots, instantly broke my cover, and Hefner's comments just as quickly shattered my confidence. I had recovered sufficiently by the next day to begin shooting Kevyn Taylor, the girl the Photo Department picked out for me. Top: I went out on a limb with this shot of Kevyn and was rewarded with a beautiful array of shadows. To show there were no hard feelings, Kevyn shared a sun hot with me, above. The test photo that was finally chosen by me to reshoot with the eight-by-ten camera is at right—graphically annotated."



I had a vague notion of the sort of picture I wanted to end up with—a girl standing in a meadow, perhaps with a horse. But there was no need to rush it. I saw the opportunity as a steady adjunct to my life—like going to the theater.

But after a while, the people in PLAYBOY's Chicago office began to apply pressure. They wanted to know "what was going on."

The truth was that nothing was going on. I had done very little since Mark Kauffman, the Photography Editor of the magazine, had asked me if, in my guise as an amateur trying other people's professions, I would like to photograph and offer a candidate for a month's Playmate. His idea was that I would take shots of seven or (continued on page 219)

"On location in a Topanga Canyon meadow with Kevyn, a sun umbrella and the Deardorff, which proved my master most of the time. Below, top to bottom: I stare blindly into the sun, reposition the camera and Kevyn, then say a prayer and click away. Right: Same of the results—one that seems to have suffered sunstroke, another where the camera moved and a third that combined Kevyn's good looks and my good luck in a shot of which even that esteemed photographer Henri Derrière would be proud."





announcing the prize-winning authors and their contributions judged by our editors to be the past year's most outstanding

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS



Best Major Work: Nonfiction



BOB WOODWARD and CARL BERNSTEIN, the intrepid *Washington Post* reporters who broke the Watergate story, get the prize for *All the President's Men* (May and June), which appeared later as part of the same-titled book published by Simon & Schuster. It's their blow-by-blow account of how one lead led to another on that "third-rate burglary" that sank Nixon's ship of state.

Best Major Work: Fiction



SAUL BELLOW, for whom an award isn't a novel experience (though when he gets one, it's usually for a novel), comes in first with *Humboldt's Gift* (January). To be included in a still-forthcoming Viking novel (what else?) of the same name, it finds the playwright-protagonist making an unlikely connection between a hood who's leaning on him for cash and a deceased literary genius.

Best Article



ED MCCLANAHAN, a winner two years ago, does it again with his *Little Enis Pursues His Muse* (March), a sequence of glimpses—from the Fifties on—into the mind and milieu of a stumpy Elvis imitator. Runner-up is Bruce Jay Friedman for *Haiti, Goodbye* (January), an evocative piece that brilliantly illuminates some of the magic island's visitors and the games they play.

Best Short Story



JOHN UPDIKE, also no neophyte when it comes to literary awards, gave us our top story—*Nevada* (January), about a freshly divorced engineer, his young daughters, some mental home movies and a casino girl in a cotton dress. Second is Vladimir Nabokov, whose *Nursery Tale* (also January; our 20th Anniversary issue produced a lot of winners) shows why you can't bargain with the Devil.

RECOGNIZING THAT ALL THINGS in this world are arbitrary and transient, we nonetheless set forth once again to determine the best of our contributors over the past year. We do this by polling ourselves, and it's a brutal exercise that every sane member of the cast tries to avoid. That means that most years the participation is close to 100 percent. This time we had as full a turnout, and as heated a grapple, as any other. We have, however, done a few things differently. Instead of the one category, with first- and second-prize winners for Best Major Work, there are now two categories—for fictional and nonfictional major works—with but one winner apiece. And the new-contributor categories, fiction and non-, also have but one winner each. In case you're wondering what's in it for those chosen, there are a thousand bucks and the silver medallion pictured here. Runners-up get half a thousand but a whole medallion. Fair enough.

Best Essay



FREDERICK EXLEY gets the laurels for *Saint Gloria and the Troll* (July), his account of his infatuation with Gloria Steinem and why it fizzled; it's become part of his new book, *Pages from a Cold Island* (Random House). Second prize goes to Exley's onetime mentor, poet **JAMES DICKEY**, for *Small Visions from a Timeless Place* (October), taken from *Jericho The South Beheld* (Oxmoor House).

Best Humor



DICK TUCK, the political prankster, comes up first in the humor sweepstakes with *Watergate Wasn't All My Fault* (February), his true-life account of how he made a band welcoming Nixon strike up *Mack the Knife*, and his other encounters with the ex-Pres. Second banana was **L. Rust Hills** with *What's Wrong with Adultery* (May), a wry look at the work involved in playing around.

Best Satire



RICHARD CURTIS takes top prize here with *Do Plants Have Orgasms?* (September), a tongue-in-cheek report by the purported director of the Kvidney Institute on the sex life of the chlorophyll set. Our number-two satirist is **Jim Siegelman**, whose *Cheesecake Madness* (November) takes aim at classic antidrug literature by warning about ogling. Reading it made hair grow on our palms.

Best New Contributor: Nonfiction



Best New Contributor: Fiction



O'CONNELL DRISCOLL, a young Californian, gets the nod for his first *PLAYBOY* publication, *Jerry Lewis, Birthday Boy* (January). The story, based on several days spent with the subject, is a scene-switching, mood-switching view of Lewis getting together a night-club act with Milton Berle in Miami, editing a movie, *ad nauseam*, as he puts on an unending Jekyll-and-Hyde routine.

PAUL REB wins top honors with his first published short story. *The Legend of Step-and-a-half* (November) is also his first set in Alaska, where he lived for 33 years. The Swiftian tale, about the breakup of a mythical Indian tribe and the untimely demise of its premier messenger, began as part of a novel Reb hopes to finish in the near future (along with 10 or 15 others in progress).

HAPPY NEW YEAR 1975

WHY ARE YOU WEARING THAT HIPPIE

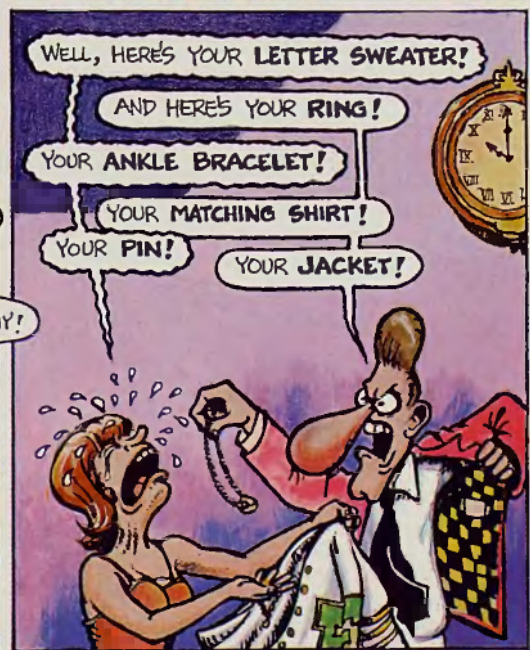
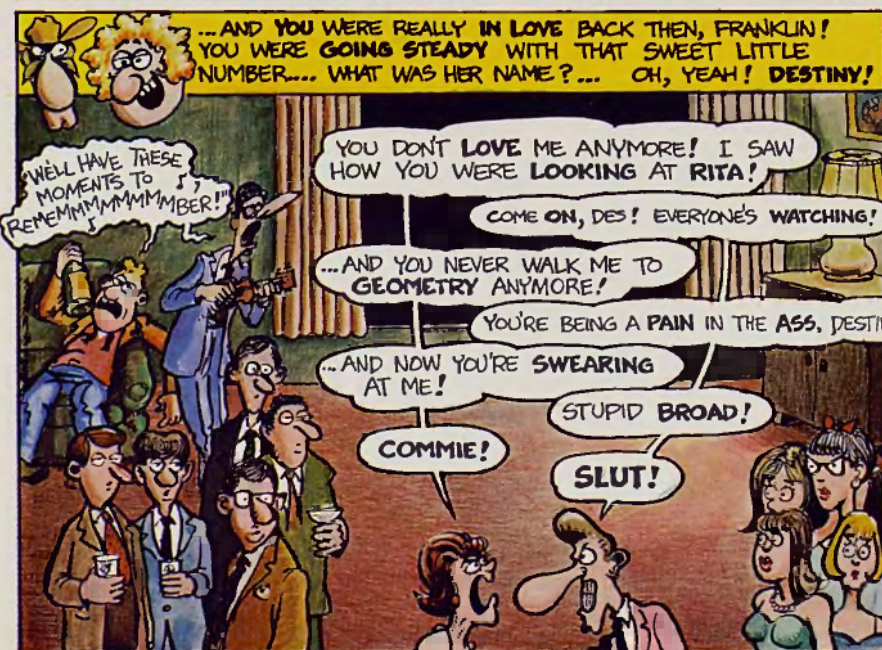
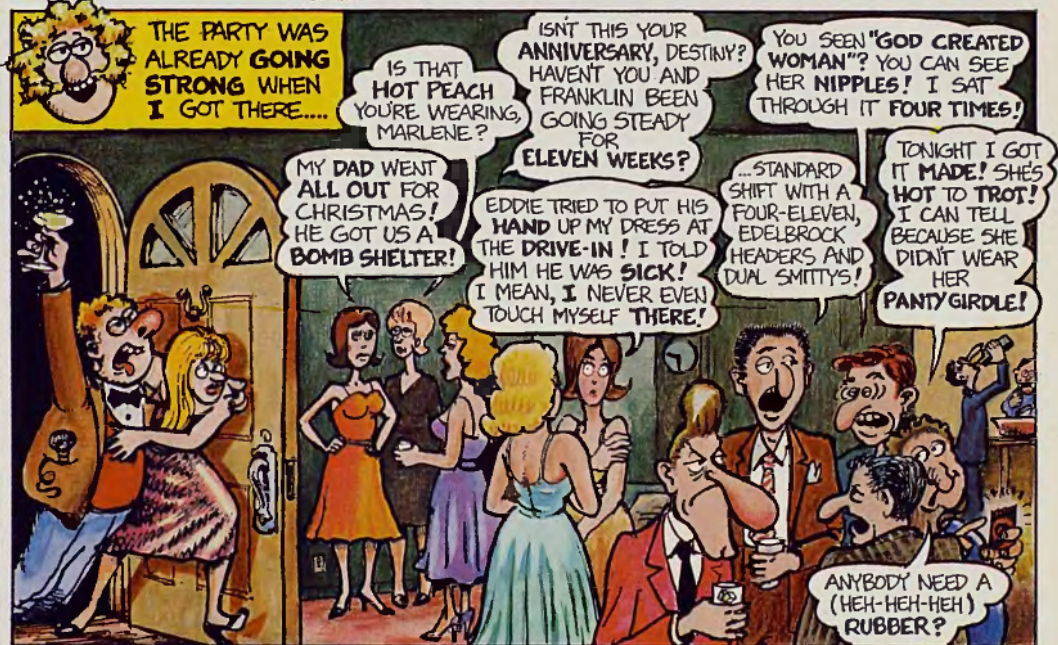
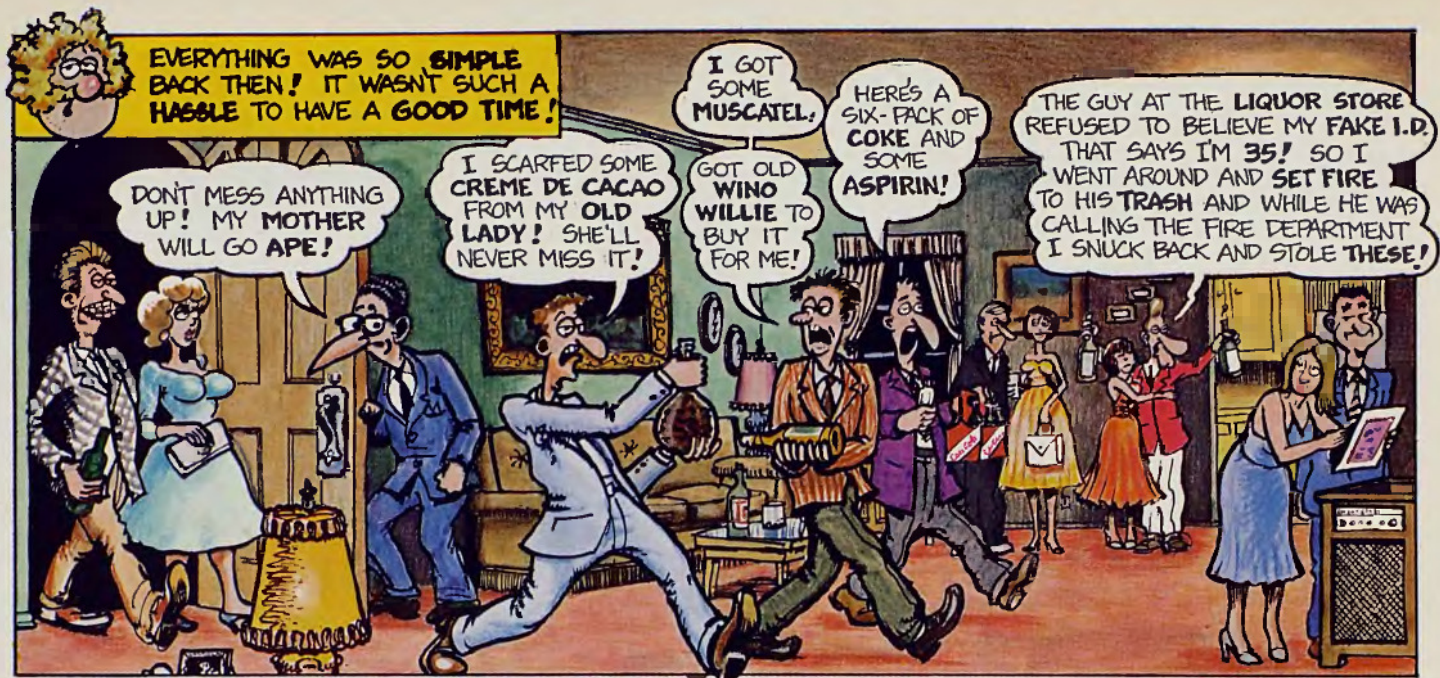
"YOU AIN'T NUTHIN' BUT A HOUND DOG..."

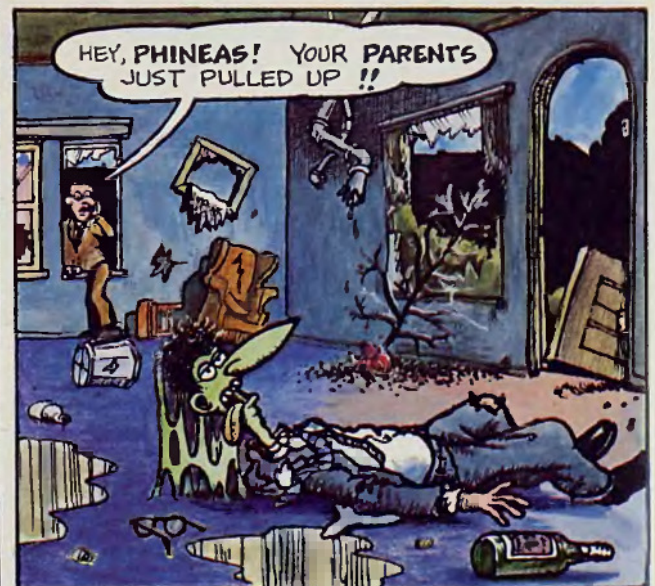
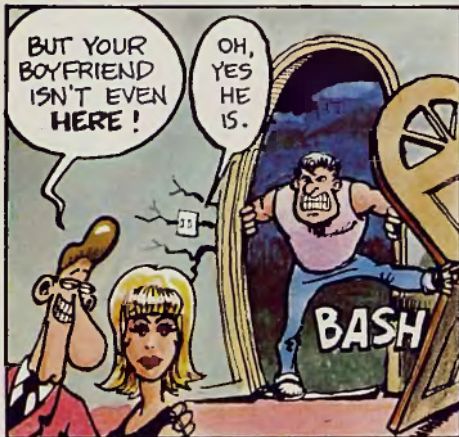
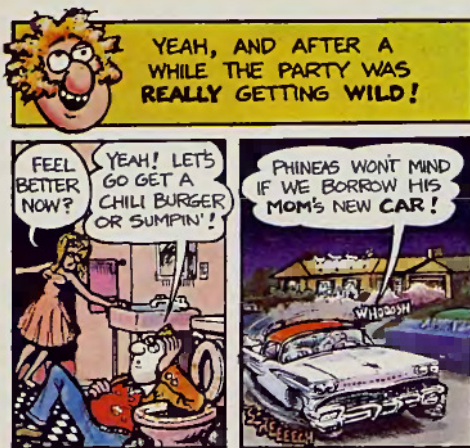
ING BACK THE 50s

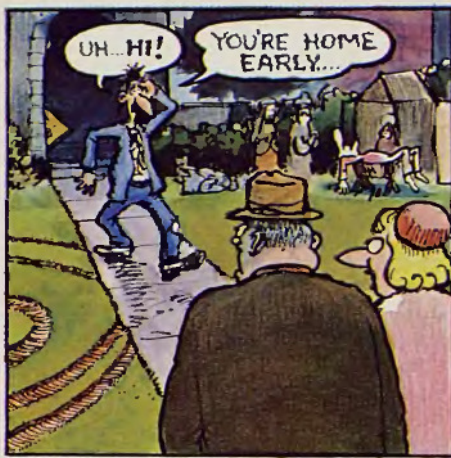
WHADDAYA MEAN?!
REMEMBER "CRUISIN'"??
FAKE I.D.s? CHOPPED
DEUCE COUPES? MOONIN'?
SUBMARINE RACES?
THE FIFTIES WERE
GREAT!

REMEMBER THAT DYNAMITE NEW
YEAR'S EVE PARTY THAT PHINEAS
THREW BACK IN 'FIFTY-NINE?

(GULP! HERE THEY COME! I TOLD THEM NOT TO!
IF MY PARENTS FIND OUT, I'LL BE GROUNDED FOR LIFE!)







WIT AND WISDOM (continued from page 188)

the Russians want to take over the poor-house of the world."

... WHAT ABOUT THE PLAN FOR UNDEVELOPED AREAS, THEN?

"Engine Charlie" Wilson, an even earlier Secretary, but of Defense, was once asked why he didn't dole out lavish defense contracts to areas with high unemployment.

"I have always liked bird dogs better than kennel dogs," Wilson said. "You know, ones who will get out and hunt for food rather than sit and yelp."

... WELL, THEN, HOW ABOUT UNDEVELOPED PEOPLE?

"If I were dictator," Henri Deterding, first of the European oil tycoons, would remark with a jolly twinkle, "I would shoot every idle man."

THE RICH AND MOTHER NATURE

"We have to look at trees as a commodity, a property we need a return on. We have that responsibility toward 55,000 stockholders."

—CY SCHEIDER, head of Boise Cascade

"Ladies and gentlemen, if beauty is in the eye of the beholder, where is it if people cannot go and see it? If our generation and succeeding ones become—as seems likely—more and more conscious of beauty, it will be because every road that is built can and should make more and more beauty accessible to more people. In a year's time, a few hundred people may be able to afford the time and energy to hike through a woods or park. But every day hundreds of thousands may drive through these woods and parks, when carefully designed highways unfurl the whole lovely view."

—H. E. HUMPHREYS, U.S. Rubber Company

THE RICH FACE HARDSHIP

The Duke of Beaufort's financial advisors were trying to persuade him to cut back his alarming rate of expenditure. Could he not reduce the inessentials? The duke pondered and couldn't think of any inessentials. Well, the advisors said, he already had several cooks. Was it absolutely essential to employ an Italian pastry cook?

"Can't a feller have a biscuit?" demanded Beaufort, outraged.

After a committee took over the affairs of William Randolph Hearst, he applied for the funds to build himself a palace in a cedar grove close to his principal castle at San Simeon.

"Do you know," he wrote in plaintive

wonderment to an old friend, "they won't let me build it!"

It would have been his seventh mansion. He was then in debt \$126,000,000.

Bart Lytton of Lytton Savings, which he had built up to fifth largest savings-and-loan association in the U.S.A., was asked by the press whether his sacking would affect his way of life.

He brooded.

"Well, perhaps the relief chauffeur will have to go."

THE RICH AND THE LAW

"Law!" demanded Cornelius Vanderbilt. "What do I care about the law? Hain't I got the power?"

One of J. Pierpont Morgan's railroad schemes ("reorganizing" the West Shore to sell it off to New York Central) ran into problems. Morgan asked his lawyer, Judge Ashbel Green, how it could be worked out legally.

The judge said that it *couldn't* be done legally.

"That is not what I asked you to do," said Morgan. "I asked you to tell me how it could be done legally. Come back tomorrow or the next day and tell me how it can be done."

Which he did, and it was.

It was either J. P. Morgan, Edward Harriman or Jay Gould who said of Elihu Root, Sr., "I have had lawyers who have told me what I cannot do. Mr. Root is the only lawyer who tells me how to do what I *want* to do."

James Johnson, another lawyer, was less reliable. Morgan asked him about a merger deal and Johnson answered by cable:

MERGER POSSIBLE STOP JAIL CERTAIN.

"The law, in its majestic equality," observed French novelist Anatole France, "forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread."

Mr. Justice Darling, British High Court judge, summed up with aplomb. "The law, like the Ritz Hotel, is open to all."

THE RICH AND THEIR BODIES

"You cannot be too rich or too thin."

—THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

"Before, during or after marriage, happy or unhappy, I underwent hypnosis, had cell implants, diacutaneous fibrolysis, silicone injections, my nose bobbed and my eyelids lifted. I have tried aramatotherapy, approached yoga, and still go to the best gymnast in Rome.

Facials and pedicures are normal routine, as are frequent hair and make-up changes. I will try anything new in beauty."

—PRINCESS LUCIANA PIGNATELLI AVEDON, author of *"The Beautiful People's Beauty Book."* Latest innovation? Eyelash implants

"They *do* have a look, you know."

—SUZY KNICKERBOCKER, contemplating the extras, all authentically rich, preparing for the party scene in *"The Great Gatsby"* at Newport, Rhode Island

THE RICH HAVE DIFFERENT WAYS OF LOOKING AT THE SERVANT PROBLEM

Lady Leslie of County Monaghan, Ireland, was a relation of Sir Winston Churchill's but rather less possessed of the common touch. Once, hearing peals of merriment belowstairs, she complained: "I do hate to hear the servants so happy."

Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury considered the gold-plated plumbing fixtures in her private railway dining car as the most brilliant of economies. "Saves so much polishing, you know," she explained.

Lord Sefton's new footman went soundlessly about his tasks, turned before leaving and said, "Will that be all, my lord?"

"Chatter, chatter, chatter," Sefton grumbled. "The fellow will have to go."

"I'm not in favor of communism," the Indian movie idol Jeetendra confided to the *Hindustan Standard*. "I don't encourage beggary. What I can't stand is the disparity in incomes. I try to bridge it by employing as many servants as possible at high salaries. Disparity really gets me."

THE RICH PRACTICE A LITTLE PRUDENCE

"Champagne! I can't afford champagne," Commodore Vanderbilt groaned to his doctor, who had prescribed that remedy. "A bottle every morning! Oh, I guess sody water'll do!" Shortly later he died, leaving \$105,000,000.

"You ought to get yourself \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000 in cash," Henry Ford recommended. "Tuck it away and forget about it. It'll come in handy sometime for a rainy day."

Colonel Ned Green, son of the miser millionairess Hetty, was told by his estate foreman that a tractor would economize on manual labor. He saved even more, by buying two dozen. "I checked on the price," he explained, "and found that a single tractor cost \$3800. The dealer said that by the dozen they

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Smoothness you can taste.

If you're looking for a smooth, easy ride, nothing in the world beats a balloon.

And if you're looking for the same smoothness in your cigarette, nothing beats a Lark. Lark has smoothness you can taste, from your first cigarette in the morning to your last one at night.

The reason? Our unique filter. It has two outer "tar" and nicotine filters, plus an inner chamber of specially treated charcoal granules.

Together they smooth the smoke, and give you a taste that's richly rewarding, uncommonly smooth.

Lark. It has smoothness you can taste -

Pack after pack.



King: 17mg. "tar," 1.2mg. nicotine. Extra Long: 19mg. "tar," 1.3mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Mar. '74.)

were only \$2700. By buying 24, I saved \$26,400."

"If I liquidated my holdings," J. Paul Getty once mused seriously, "I think I would realize several billion dollars, but you must remember that a billion dollars isn't what it used to be."

THE RICH CONTEMPLATE ONE ANOTHER

"Never kick a skunk."

—COMMODORE VANDERBILT, *after Jay Gould and Jim Fisk had taken him to the cleaners on the Erie railway coup*

"I saw John D. Rockefeller but once. But when I saw that face, I knew what made Standard Oil." —HENRY FORD

"It isn't just that Hunt is to the right of McKinley," a fellow oilman remarked of H. L. Hunt. "He thinks that communism began in this country when the Government took over the distribution of the mail."

"Hearst was bitten on the privates by a scorpion; the latter fell dead."

—CLARENCE "KING OF DIAMONDS" KING, *on George Hearst*

"Paul? Why, he's not worth a cent more than half a billion dollars."

—CHARLES WRIGHTSMAN, *after Getty claimed possession of several billion*

THE RICH AND GOD

Or How the Camel Acquired a Majority Holding in the Eye of the Needle

"The good Lord gave me my money." —JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

"Godliness is in league with riches; it is only to the moral man that wealth comes. Material prosperity makes the nation sweeter, more joyous, more unselfish, more Christlike."

—BISHOP LAWRENCE, *J. P. Morgan's preacher*

"I pray for Milky Way. I pray for Snickers. . . ." And so on.

—Board-room prayer of sweets czar FORREST MARS

"I would not fault the wealthy, for at the death of Christ, it was a rich man who bought the burial spices and assisted in the final preparation of his body for the tomb. I recognize, of course, that most of his disciples were not men of material wealth, but Jesus had no implied criticism of the wealthy as such."

—DR. BILLY GRAHAM

THE RICH AND OUTER SPACE

"My first reaction to the earth satellite was to ask myself the following

question: If intelligent life is found on other planets, will the people there be borrowers or investors?"

—EUGENE BLACK, *former president of the World Bank*

THE RICH PRESERVE THE MYSTERY OF IT ALL

When Gustave Flaubert, author of *Madame Bovary*, asked James Rothschild why stocks went up and down, *le baron* said, "Ah, monsieur, if I knew that, I should be a rich man."

During a stock-market panic, Henry Clay Frick, the coal czar, was holed up with James Stillman, president of the National City Bank. The pair were so bothered by a reporter that they sent out the following authoritative report:

The U.S.A. is a great and growing country.

(signed) James Stillman
Henry C. Frick

This is confidential and not for publication unless names are omitted.

While the British Broadcasting Corporation was preparing a program on the history of India, it approached Barclays Bank for a little help with regard to the financial affairs of the great proconsul Warren Hastings.

The bank answered promptly: "You will, I am sure, appreciate that the transactions between a banker and his customer are confidential and we do not regard this confidence as being broken by the passage of years."

Hastings died in 1818.

Barclays Bank is at least consistent on this. A former chairman, Mr. A. W. Tuke, giving evidence to the Radcliffe Committee in 1959, put it concisely. Well, fairly concisely:

"We do not want the public to discuss our affairs," he said. "We would much rather they did not. The more information we give them, the more they will discuss our affairs, and that is what we do not want."

... AND THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED

Daniel Guggenheim told all to the U. S. Commission on Industrial Relations on January 21, 1915. "These men and women," he said, speaking of his fellow magnates, "have become wealthy because they have been thrifty. In America, I think we can assume that most of those who have become wealthy in the last ten or fifteen years have been thrifty."

"The secret of success," Charles Yerkes, Jr., the Chicago traction king, noted, "is to buy up old junk, fix it up a little and unload it on some other fellow."

"You want to know how I make my money?" demanded mobster Arnold "The Brain" Rothstein. "There are 2,000,000 fools born for every intelligent man. That ought to answer you."

THE RICH HAVE BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS

"The American Beauty rose can be produced in [its] splendor and fragrance . . . only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it."

—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR., *defending Standard Oil's obliteration of competition*

"Railroads are the Rembrandts of investments." —HENRY CLAY FRICK

"The most beautiful sight we see is the child at labor; as early as he may get at labor, the more beautiful, the more useful does his life become."

—ASA CANDLER, *first boss of Coca-Cola*

The courtier-author of the Japanese classic *The Pillow Book of Sei Shonagon* includes a list of "Unsuitable Things." These include:

Snow on the houses of common people. This is especially regrettable when the moonlight shines down on it.

"The man who builds a factory builds a temple." —CALVIN COOLIDGE

THE RICH TAKE A PROPER PRIDE IN THEMSELVES

"I don't have to ask Goethe or anybody else in the world what is right; I know the answer myself, and I don't consider anyone entitled to know it better."

—ALFRED KRUPP (1812-1887)

"Ford and the world Fords with you. Rolls and you Rolls alone."

—THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

Samuel Bronfman, the magnate of Seagram's, once arrived at an advertising conference and sat on the nearest chair. "No, no, Mr. Sam," blurted out one of the admen, "sit here at the head of the table."

"Young man," said Bronfman, "wherever I sit is the head of the table."

A further young man rose to his feet when Lord Leconfield, master of Petrus House, walked into the room and said, "Excuse me, do I have your chair?"

"They're all my chairs," observed Leconfield.

"I've got \$25,000,000," said Harry P. Cohn once, upbraiding his writers. "Have you got \$25,000,000? And that gives me the right to tell you what pictures are all about: cunt and horses! . . . Pardon me, Miss Caspary—but I said cunt and horses!"



**Tonight
that jolly fat man
comes down the
chimney.**

**Better hide
the Black & White.
Arf.**

Dear Sirs, he said.

A ski instructor from Tahoe wrote us that he really enjoys a nice hot glass of Gorilla Sweat after a brisk afternoon on the slopes.

However, he went on, he doesn't think he'll ever develop a taste for the name.

To that, we can only say 'Naame Schname!'

Just take 2 ounces of Cuervo, a pat of butter, a clove of clove, pour in scalding water, toss in a cinnamon stick, stir briskly, and drink heartily.

Frankly, we don't really mind what you call Gorilla Sweat. As long as you swallow this story.



"The man who has to ask what a yacht costs," J. P. Morgan observed brusquely, "has no business owning one."

THE RICH CONFRONT THE ARTS

Alfred Krupp's interests outside his Ruhr foundries were not extensive. "As a consequence," wrote one Dr. Kunster, physician to Krupp's wife, Bertha, "he concluded that a relative of his wife's, Max Bruch, later a famous conductor, was completely wasting his life in devoting it to music. If Bruch had been a technician, Krupp remarked in all seriousness, he would have been of some use to himself and to mankind, but as a musician, he was leading an utterly pointless existence. . . ."

Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston paid Paderewski several thousand dollars to play the violin while she took tea with a lady-friend. Her condition was that the virtuoso—a performer, and a foreign one, to boot—had to play concealed by a screen.

Henry Ford invested much effort in trying to replace such contemporary frivolities as the Charleston and the black bottom with Virginia reels, square dances, the schottische, the gavotte, the minuet and the *varsoviennne* (his favorite, as it was also, oddly, Conrad Hilton's, who was wont to tread a measure when opening a new hotel). He also used to enjoy playing such olde-tyme tunes as *Turkey in the Straw* on his \$75,000 Stradivarius.

It displeased Ford that he could never really master the instrument. Also, he found it impossible to play and simultaneously dance a jig.

Samuel Insull, the utilities magnate, became a guarantor of Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company, after it had flopped in New York and moved to Chicago. He did not allow this to give him the giddier aesthetic delusions.

"I am not in any sense an authority on grand opera," he stated, "except as to what it costs."

Pressure was once exerted on the Duc de Doudeauville, president of the Jockey Club, to admit Paul Bourget, a noted academician, writer and intellectual. "Fortunately," the duke said, "we are still those few in France for whom these matters are, thank God, of no importance whatsoever."

Nelson Rockefeller commissioned the Mexican painter Diego Rivera to produce a mural that was to be a dominant feature of the Rockefeller Center. It cost \$21,500 and included such motifs as a heroic head of Lenin and a syphilitic girl who—as the artist carefully explained—symbolized life under capitalism.

The Rockefeller Center has had to struggle along without it.



"It would seem the yin and yang of your life are imbalanced, but first I'd like to check your blood sugar."

H. L. Hunt is such a shy man that he didn't appear in *Who's Who* until 1966. Nonetheless, when he wrote a book, *Alpaca*, a utopian costume romance that depicts life in an "Incomeocracy," he was moved to do a singing commercial in a Dallas bookstore.

Accompanied by his two young stepdaughters, and to the tune of *How Much Is That Doggy in the Window?*, Hunt sang the following lyric:

How much is that book in the window?

The one that says all the smart things.

How much is that book in the window?

I do hope to learn all it brings.

In 1968, Bernard Cornfeld agreed to foot the bill for *Pacem in Terris II*, a global peace convocation held in Geneva. It was not widely successful, except for a performance of *El Pessebre*, a peace oratorio written by Pablo Casals and directed by the cellist's brother,

Enric. Record albums of this were pressed, with a cover reading "IOS presents *El Pessebre* by Pablo Casals."

The only problem was that the music was a bit too long for the discs as planned. Cornfeld solved the technical problem with a characteristic stroke: Put on as much as fits, he ordered, and leave the rest off.

The Casalses heard their lopped oratorio. Global peace was restored only when it was scrapped.

LAST WORDS

Being Some Further Philosophical Reflections

"When the chips are down, money counts more than religion."

—J. F. KENNEDY

"If I can't take it with me, I'm not going."

—JACK BENNY

Wine maketh merry; but money answereth all things. —Ecclesiastes X:XIX



PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

(continued from page 114)

producing a Japanese edition of the magazine on a copublishing basis similar to those we now have in Germany, Italy and France."

"OK. Let's make it Tuesday afternoon. And I'd like Dick in that meeting if he can make it."

There are several more items on Becky's note pad to be considered, and then they're done. Hef's first meeting of the day isn't until two, so he has some time to spare.

"Tennis, anyone?" he calls out to no one in particular, and goes bounding up the stairs in search of Barbi.

Hefner likes to think of Playboy Mansion West as a logical extension of the lifestyle he created in the Chicago Mansion, and the idea is the same: Create a total environment, staff it 24 hours a day and establish your own controls over when and where you work and play. But the West Coast climate has worked against this concept and the natural beauty of the grounds at Playboy Mansion West has lured Hefner out of doors—in the daylight, yet. The former world champion of late sleepers—who thrived on the idea that he had structured a world where time didn't matter, where he could start his day at dusk as often as not—now rarely gets up later than noon. He's been completely seduced by that Southern California sun and doesn't like to miss it. One joke around the house is that Hef discovered that he couldn't do a thing about the ridiculous hours the sun kept, so he decided to meet it halfway. The man who used to stay indoors for months at a time now sports a suntan and spends almost as much time in a swimsuit and tennis shorts as he does in pajamas.

Not long after noon, the Mediterranean Room empties out. It's time to be outdoors, and as you walk through the French doors onto the stone terrace, you blink in the sunlight. Your eyes adjust, but it takes a little longer to fully comprehend the scene that lies before you. A green carpet stretches out some 50 or 60 yards to a stream that meanders in leisurely fashion across the back of the property. At the water's edge are rows of brilliantly colored shrubs and flowers; on the other side, the lawn slopes gently upward to form a grassy knoll and, with the wooded area of a country club beyond, it appears to go on indefinitely—with no house or other sign of civilization to mar the natural beauty. Atop the knoll are three pink lawn ornaments—but no, these are live flamingos standing majestically on one leg, enjoying the warmth of the noonday sun. And on another grassy knoll nearby, four crowned cranes—African in origin and the official bird of Uganda—strut, elegantly oblivious of your presence.

Your vision is flanked on the left by a

redwood forest that covers the lower slope of the property, first observed when you drove through the front gate. There are several dozen squirrel monkeys living in those trees and several have been coaxed out onto the lawn by guests with bits of banana, which they will take from your hand, then scamper to a safe distance and devour. Some of the braver members of the tribe will sit on your shoulder or lap while they eat, but these are timid creatures in their natural state and any sudden movement will send them scurrying back into the trees. Two of the females had babies last summer, and their tiny offspring cling to the mothers in piggyback fashion, even when the mothers are leaping about in the upper limbs of the trees.

To your right is a lone, craggy coastal redwood that shields what appears to be an aquamarine lake. This is the swimming pool—an irregular crescent-shaped lagoon, edged in natural Palos Verdes stone, with giant granite boulders sticking out from the sides into the water here and there, further enhancing the natural effect. A hillock of rock, covered over with green vegetation, juts out into the center of the pool from one side; it is crowned with grassy lush foliage, flowers and several small Japanese black pines. Two waterfalls cascade down the rocky face of this minimountain into the pool below; behind one of the falls is a cavelike opening in the rock—leading to the Jacuzzi Grotto within. There are even little stone shelves beneath the surface, along the sides of the pool, so that bathers can sit and relax in the water when they are tired of swimming and other more energetic aquatic activities. This may be an ultimate in aquatic accommodations—not for the athletically inclined swimmer with images of Olympic medals in his head but for the romantic bather, who enjoys splashing under a waterfall with a friend, or for couples who want to cuddle on a secluded ledge in the water or stretch out in the sensuous sun on the warm flagstone patios that surround the water. This is a lagoon for lovers.

There is a stone bridge separating the pond from a stream that appears to be flowing out of it. This is an illusion, of course, as the swimming pool is chlorinated, while the stream and the small lake into which it flows are fresh water for the fish and birds. The pond—and another like it, on the other side of the lawn, at the edge of the redwood forest—is alive with Japanese koi in a variety of colors and sizes. When you approach the water, the fish crowd the edge of the pond in enthusiastic anticipation of being fed—leaping atop one another and very nearly flopping out of the water and onto the grass. Koi have no teeth and are so tame they will literally eat out of your hand.

The fish share the ponds with miniature mandarin ducks—with their colors so perfectly etched that they look like finely made decoys. There are also several macaws and a pair of white cockatoos perched on large sculptures of driftwood near the swimming pool and ponds. Macheth, the oversized hyacinth macaw, and Merlin, a green-and-red military macaw, have personalities as pronounced as any dog or cat. Both refuse to stay on their perches if there is any activity of interest going on at poolside. Merlin, the more obstreperous of the two, is sweetness itself with those he likes but fearlessly aggressive with anyone who gains his disfavor.

One sunny afternoon last summer, CBS-TV taped a half-hour discussion on "Pleasure and Principle" between Hefner and Dr. Harvey Cox for *Look Up and Live*—a Sunday-morning program devoted to religious dialog. The program was taped in the yard—Hefner, Dr. Cox and the moderator seated around a table in front of the larger pond, with a lovely waterfall cascading down over rocks to the lake below. The cameramen took full advantage of the scenery, and flamingos, cranes, ducks and even fish are clearly visible in the background. Halfway through the show, however, Merlin became upset over how little attention he was receiving. He climbed down from his perch, swaggered across the grass in an obviously belligerent mood, and before anyone spotted him, he had climbed up the back of Dr. Cox's chair and onto his shoulder—where the camera could not avoid his presence, even on the tightest close-ups. Having successfully achieved his moment of television glory, and broken Dr. Cox's train of thought, he bit him on the ear.

After surveying this garden paradise of gently rolling hills, streams, waterfalls and wildlife, it is hard to believe that when the property was acquired four years ago, the back yard was an undistinguished, flat lawn that stretched out to a wire fence in the rear—separating the grounds from the golf course of The Los Angeles Country Club. The house itself was built in 1927 by Arthur Letts, Jr., son of a Los Angeles department-store tycoon, and he modeled it after an English manor known as Holdenby Lodge, in which his father had lived as a young man. (The name, pronounced "Holmby," was also given to the section of Los Angeles in which Mansion West stands: Holmby Hills.)

The property was owned for a time by Louis D. Statham, and Playboy acquired it from him. "It was a magnificent estate before, but it took Hef's genius to make it into the Shangri-La it is today," says an admiring friend.

Shangri-La is what Mansion West regulars call the place, and there are jokes about visitors' visibly aging when they leave the grounds. This Shangri-La is no



"No, I wouldn't like to dance. What I'd really like to do is get laid."

Himalayan mystery, however. Ron Dirsmith, a former fellow of the American Academy in Rome and the architect who supervised most of the metamorphosis, says, "No matter what we built—the lakes and waterfalls, the stone bridge, the swimming pool, the bars and patios, all of it—we tried to make it look as if it had been there from the beginning."

"Of course," he adds, "when you work for Hef, you try to do it right, because he's such a stickler for detail."

Hef's attention to detail and yen for perfection are well known to any PLAYBOY editor who has ever worked with him. Gene Siskel, the film critic for the *Chicago Tribune* and a good friend, recalls this amusing incident: "Hef had given specific, detailed instructions on the completion of the landscaping; he hadn't been in California for a couple of weeks, and I hadn't been there in more than a month, so all of us were really looking forward to seeing the changes that had been made. As soon as we pulled up to the front of the house, Hef was out of the limo and heading for the back yard to check everything out."

"The landscaping, the pools and waterfalls were all perfect to my eye. But there's just no way to stifle the editor in Hef. Something was wrong; he was unhappy. He stalked across the grass and stared at the pond and exclaimed, 'WHERE THE HELL ARE MY LILY PADS?'"

"It's Hef who makes this place so special for most of us," says Tom Gilbert, a new-found but very close California friend. "When he isn't here, the house is just another house. I'm sure it's the same way in Chicago, when he isn't there."

It's 12:30 now and Hef's back downstairs in his tennis whites—with Barbi at his side, similarly attired. He and Barbi just celebrated the sixth anniversary of their relationship, and they're holding hands as they cross the lawn. Hef is obviously not thinking about lily pads today. They have taken only a few steps when Momma Dog and Poppa Dog, the two giant sheep dogs that have been playing on the grass, spot them. A couple of hundred pounds of canine affection comes bounding across the lawn—almost knocking Barbi off her feet. Fully grown, and the parents of seven fully grown sheep dogs that live at the Chicago Mansion and the Playboy Resort-Hotels in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and Great Gorge, New Jersey, these two still have the playful personalities of puppies. Curiously enough, however, the dogs never bother the birds or the small monkeys—who spend a part of every afternoon playing on the lawn. None of the animals hassle or hurt one another.

"What do you expect in paradise?" remarks Hef with a smile.

Even more curious, none of the birds or animals seem to have any interest

in leaving the property. Once, a little squirrel monkey went over the fence and snatched a golf ball off the green in front of a stunned golfer, but he came right back—carrying the ball, unfortunately. All of the Mansion's furry and feathered friends appear to be just that—friends.

Mansion West even has a bird who "came to dinner"—in the manner of the man in the vintage Broadway play. A large black raven flew into the yard one day three years ago, made friends with the macaws and has been around ever since. Hef named him Rasputin, and he and Macbeth became real pals. When they walk across the lawn together—Macbeth with a bit of a swagger and Rasputin with a gimpy little hop—they look like Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman in *Midnight Cowboy*.

The pets in paradise are so at home that the ducks occasionally sneak over and take a swim in the pool, and once Hef caught them in the Grotto (though they hadn't turned on the Jacuzzi).

Yogi and Terri, the two woolly monkeys, are upset at having been ignored. One of the several young men—all of them zoology majors at UCLA—who tend the animals at Mansion West takes two bananas out of a nearby feedbox and hands them to Hef. Terri is happy just getting the banana, but Yogi wants affection as well. These primates are very human in their behavior. The bananas gone, Yogi snatches Hef's half-empty Pepsi and swigs it down just like—well, it looks awfully familiar. "You know," Barbi remarks thoughtfully, "if Yogi learned to smoke a pipe, he could run things while you're away."

"I thought he did," says Hef.

As you walk back across the grass toward the pool with Barbi and Hef, you watch the cranes preening their black, gold and deep-purple finery—and then you see the small, pretty raccoon that has been hiding in the bushes at the foot of the knoll; she is wading in the brook—washing her face in the water with her dainty hands, her behind twitching. You later learn that her name is Raquel.

"That Hef has got so much class," cracked comedian Jackie Gayle when he first met the new addition to the Mansion menagerie, "he even bought his cat a raccoon coat."

The koi are jumping about madly as Hef and Barbi pass, so they pause to feed them—then each of the macaws in turn.

You think you've come to the end of this particular animal kingdom when the sound of something large bearing down on you from behind makes you turn just in time to see an apparition in white gallop by: It's Lambert! The Bolivian llama nearly bowls you over, stops on a dime, and immediately commences gnawing on Hef's elbow. For Lambert, elbows appear to be a special delicacy, but although his jaws are firm, he never eats

between meals and no visitor has yet been nibbled away. One of the animal attendants attends to Lambert, leading the affectionate Bolivian away.

Hef and Barbi lead the way across the small stone bridge to a large patio beside the pool. There the sun worshipers lie in simmering splendor. Peter Lawford is the only male in a row of beautiful basting bodies—some bikini'd, some topless and some bottomless, too.

"I like the company you keep, Peter," Hef says.

"Yeah!" Peter replies, flashing that boyish smile of his.

Janice Pennington, one of PLAYBOY's most popular Playmates (May 1971), opens her eyes at the sound of Hef's voice. "Hi, Hef," she says, shading her eyes and smiling, as he bends down to kiss her forehead.

"Where's Ann?" he asks, referring to Janice's equally smashing kid sister.

"She's gone to Vegas with Elvis," Janice replies.

"Well, you can tell her that her Playmate test shots look good," Hef says. "I guess it runs in the family."

"Hey, that's great! Do I get a finder's fee?" Janice asks with a laugh. She and Barbi, who met each other—and Hef—when they were regulars on *Playboy After Dark*, the syndicated TV show, are now co-owners of Granny's Attic, a new antique shop in Aspen. For a moment or two, the girls rap about business, while Hef strolls by the line of bronze bodies—flashing on the title of a Roger Vadim film of a few years ago: *Pretty Maids All in a Row*.

"Ah, just another typical day at the Mansion," he says with a sigh.

Hefner makes no secret of the fact that one of Los Angeles' great attractions for him is its women. "There are probably more beautiful women living in Southern California than anywhere else in the world," he says, and, if pressed, he'll offer you his personal theory as to why this is so: Handsome men and beautiful women came to Hollywood throughout the Twenties, during the Depression and in the years following World War Two, drawn not only by the seductive climate but also by the glamor associated with the world's entertainment capital, and they hoped to find a place for themselves in some part of the movie industry. The majority of these would-be Harlows, Garbos and Gables never even got inside a studio, but they settled here, taking jobs as waitresses, secretaries and factory workers, and eventually got married and had beautiful children. This may explain why a disproportionately large percentage of PLAYBOY's Playmates comes from this part of the country. Hef admits that his theory has never been scientifically tested, but it is certainly true that a remarkable number of uncommonly lovely women

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seem to find their way through the gates of Mansion West.

Tamara Dobson, the black Amazon star of *Cleopatra Jones*, waves to Hef and Barbi from the shallow end of the pool as they pass.

One of the most pleasant ways to get to the tennis court is to wander through the Greenhouse-Aviary. It had been an ordinary greenhouse before—three rooms filled with white tables covered with potted flowers and plants; it's now an exotic tropical jungle. Flowering bushes edge winding stone walks that lead you through a rock-walled green twilight, under overhanging trees and vines, past splashing waterfalls and salt-water aquariums stocked with rare fish, past hand-hewn stone niches big enough for two and past several hundred species of chattering tropical birds—from tiny Gouldian finches to giant South American toucans with brightly colored beaks so vivid they seem to be hand-painted. Hef and Barbi linger there a little—in front of the cage of lovebirds; the original pair was a gift from Barbi on Valentine's Day two years ago—but being lovebirds, there are many more now.

Several friends have gathered at the tennis court—some to play, some just to hang out, converse with cronies and get some sun. Football superstar turned actor Jim Brown and buddy Bill Cosby have been going at it since midmorning, and Cos is pooped. Not Jim, however; his physical prowess and sheer stamina are incredible.

The tennis court is another recent addition to the property and something quite special. Set into the side of a hill, its green-topped surface is merely an extension of the lawn around it. A barbecue bar and lounge area built of Palos Verdes stone is set up above the playing surface for better visibility. The final touch was eliminating most of the high fences that usually surround a tennis court, and then landscaping the open area that remained.

Tennis Illustrated featured the Mansion court in its October issue, calling it "a spectacular sight" and adding: "The workmanship involved in integrating the court into its palatial surroundings is comparable to that of a diamond cutter setting his stone."

"It is, quite simply, the best place to play tennis in Southern California," says Billy Eisenberg, a Mansion regular, who uses the court almost daily—and knows a great deal about games in general, being one of the best bridge and backgammon players in the world.

Hef and Barbi play two sets of singles and then relinquish the court. It is time for Hef's Playboy Productions meeting and Barbi, who is into a new career as a country-and-western singer, has a rehearsal with her musicians, known collectively

as Grand Junction. On the way back to the house, they pause beside the carved-stone wishing well. Hef occasionally tells first-time visitors, "The well was the only thing here when we bought the property. I just dropped a penny in and wished for the rest."

Hef's sense of humor is sometimes as zany as early Groucho Marx: He and Barbi embrace and do a mock impression of the Prince and Snow White singing *I'm Wishing* from Disney's *Snow White*.

You and the rest of the gang from the tennis court take your time strolling back to the Mansion, for you have no meeting to go to on this lovely afternoon—you have nothing to do but relax and enjoy the wonders of this Disneyland for adults.

Jim Brown is in a reflective mood. "I love coming here," he says to nobody in particular, while others nod appreciatively. "I love showing it to people. Hef's hospitality is just beyond anything I'll ever be able to repay. That guy is a friend, brother."

The sky is still cloudless, the air around you is fragrant with soft perfumes; and you figure, finally, that maybe the loquacious Irish actor Peter O'Toole said it best after a stroll around the grounds with Hef, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward: "This is what God would have done if He'd had the money." Hef laughed and turned O'Toole into a pillar of salt.

• • •

Hef greets Sal Iannucci, Ed Rissien and several other Playboy Productions executives in the Great Hall, and they proceed to the Living Room to screen a rough cut of a new Playboy Movie of the Week produced for ABC-TV.

The Living Room is the warmest and most comfortable in the house—with dark-paneled walls, a large stone fireplace flanked by two immense leather couches and an assortment of other couches, chairs and tables in various seating and conversational groupings. It's a rich, dark room with Regency brass, *doré* bronze and Georgian copper, contrasting with the burnished mahogany, walnut and oak. Paintings by Dali and Miró hang on the walls; there is a grand piano at one end of the room and a large bay window, with leaded glass and drapes of dark-wine velvet, at the other—looking out onto the lush greenery of the garden beyond.

The drapes are being drawn over the windows as the executives enter; the couches are already rearranged to convert the room into a small theater. There is a projection booth with the latest 16mm and 35mm equipment behind the wall on which the Miró hangs; a large screen slowly descends from its hiding place in the ornately carved ceiling. The screening begins—Hef taking notes on a lined yellow legal pad affixed to a lighted clipboard in his lap. He always sits in the

same place on the front couch at these screenings, and for the movies that are a regular part of the entertainment at Playboy Mansion West, because he has remote controls for both focus and sound installed there, as well as a call button for service from his staff.

This film is titled *The Great Niagara* and stars Richard Boone as the father of a Depression-era family with a driving compulsion to beat the falls. Hef is very pleased with what he sees, and there is some discussion after the screening of possible theatrical release in Europe.

Playboy expanded into motion pictures, television and records because of Hefner's conviction that continuing technological advances were bringing publishing and other forms of mass communication and entertainment closer together, and that Playboy Enterprises should be developing its own areas of expertise in each medium. After a false start (Playboy's first motion picture was Roman Polanski's *Macbeth*, which was chosen Best Picture of the Year by the National Film Review Board but was commercially unsuccessful; Playboy's experiment in pop anthropology, *The Naked Ape*—part live action, part animation, with a musical score by Jimmy Webb—pleased neither critics nor public, Hefner hired Iannucci, a former top executive at CBS Television Network and president of Capitol Records, to reorganize the entire entertainment division. Sal picked Rissien to take over Playboy Productions and, in little more than a year, Ed and a new team of talented staff members have produced four films for ABC-TV, two pilots for potential series on NBC and CBS, two television specials and a major motion picture, *The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder*, a seriocomic love story about a Vietnam vet attempting to cope with contemporary society, directed by Arthur (Love Story) Hiller and starring Timothy (The Last Picture Show, Paper Chase) Bottoms. *Vrooder* has just had a sneak preview in Boulder, Colorado, and Sal has a favorable review from *The Colorado Daily*, which he gives to Hef. It concludes:

"This is the first film for Playboy Productions since the company reshuffled its film-making arm. If the company continues to produce quality films of this type, there might be a new major film company arising very soon.

"*The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder* will appeal to any kind of audience. From a cinematic point of view, it combines all of the essential parts of a good flick—original screenplay, good acting and a strong use of visuals."

There is good news regarding Playboy Records, too. Early in the year, Iannucci hired Tom Takayoshi to run the division, and more than half the records released



Our Nancy Cameron declares
The IRS a meanie.
It might at least allow a girl
To keep her last bikini.

April 1975

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Marilyn Lange



Miki Garcia



Karen Christy



"So! This is my reward for years of slaving for you! This is how you repay my trust and devotion! Sordid little games with cheap young girls!"

on the Bunny label since then have made the charts. In midsummer, a new Playboy recording artist, Mickey Gilley, went to the top of the *Billboard* and *Cash Box* country-and-western charts with his first single, *Room Full of Roses*, and his second, *I Overlooked an Orchid*, has done the same. Now Gilley's first album is nearing the number-one spot, and Tom arrives with the news that *Record World* has picked Gilley as the top new male performer of the year in the country-and-western field.

"If this keeps up, we may have to change the name of the magazine to *Plowboy*," says Hef.

He is especially pleased by this good news because of a recent article in *Newsweek*, titled "Trouble in Bunny Land," which covered the initial problems of Playboy Productions and ignored the successes of the past year. (In similar fashion, *Newsweek* and various other New York publications have failed to accurately report the progress made in Playboy Club and Resort-Hotel operations, which are producing a profit despite the pressures of inflation and recession on the economy.)

"The *Newsweek* piece was a hatchet job," says Iannucci. "The editors in New York killed an earlier story on Playboy's Twentieth Anniversary, because one of

their correspondents wrote something that was too complimentary. I'm afraid that some of the New York media have an anti-Playboy bias. I guess they just don't dig the fact that the most successful publishing venture of the past 20 years was created by a kid from Chicago."

Takayoshi wants Hef's approval on the jacket for Barbi's album, and he has another surprise—the reviews of her first single. "I've got to show these to Barbi," Hef says.

Barbi is rehearsing with Grand Junction in the living room of the Guest House. Hidden among some trees between the Greenhouse and the tennis court, this two-bedroom cottage—with stone exterior and slate roof similar to those of the other buildings on the property—is currently being redecorated, under Barbi's watchful eye, in Early American with such rustic touches as a red-brick fireplace, barn-wood walls, an ancient gramophone on the table and a spinning wheel in the corner.

Barbi is standing in the middle of the room, her four musicians seated around her, with her manager, Tommy Amato, arranger-conductor Vic Caesar and Shel Silverstein variously situated around the room. In her act, Barbi is doing several of Shel's songs, ranging from the poignant ballad *I Can't Touch the Sun* (with which

she particularly identifies, because she found it when she and Hef were having some romantic problems a year ago) to a raucous bit of raunch called *If You Can't Do It, That's All Right* ("If you can't do it two or three times a night. . . I'll find me somebody who can."). Here, as onstage, she can be a charming and vivacious child or a sensuous woman, as the song requires. She has just finished a rambunctious rendition of *Queen of the Silver Dollar*, another of Shel's songs, when Hef bursts in with copies of her *Billboard*, *Cash Box* and *Record World* reviews.

Barbi's singing career began a little over a year ago with a weekend appearance at L.A.'s Palomino Club, the West Coast mecca for country-and-western performers. Hef, convinced that she had more potential as an actress in films and TV, initially tried to discourage her singing aspirations. "Hef's reservations just made me more determined," she admits. "I wanted to prove to him that I could do it." And she has. After the Palomino, she went to the Hacienda in Las Vegas for five weeks, and then on to a series of successful appearances in night clubs across the country. Barbi has been a regular on *Hee Haw*, the syndicated country-music-and-comedy TV show, for four years (starting immediately after a similar stint on *Playboy After Dark*) but was limited to cornfield comedy bits and beautifying the background behind Roy Clark's and Buck Owens' songs until the director learned he had a new singing star on his show. Appearances on *Midnight Special* and the Johnny Carson, Merv Griffin and Mike Douglas shows helped, and in the late summer, she cut her first record, *Welcome Stranger*—for Playboy Records, of course. ("I know somebody," says Barbi.)

The reviews are all raves. *Billboard* picks the record as a "Top Recommended" of the week. *Cash Box* reports, "In the past few months there has been a lot of excitement generated by the announcement of this single being recorded. Barbi, one of the *Hee Haw* crew, proves that the talk was not just another industry 'hype.' This should be the record that will start her on a long and rewarding career." And *Record World* says, "This young gal sings as pretty as she looks and this soft, sure ballad will snuggle in your mind and wake up on the charts. Welcome Barbi!" Everyone is very excited and Barbi starts to cry.

Back in the Mansion, the Playboy Productions meeting moves into the Library, immediately adjacent to the Living Room. The paneling is lighter here and the fireplace smaller; it has a friendly old-leather-and-port atmosphere about it. There is a soft brown-and-white-striped sofa facing into the room, with a long, low coffee table standing in front of it and four heavy leather chairs of more contemporary

design set around the table. Hef gets a fresh bottle of Pepsi from the small bar refrigerator in the corner and settles down on the couch; Sal and Ed sit facing him in the leather chairs. Peering over Hef's shoulder, from a table in the window bay behind the couch, is a striking bare-breasted bust of Barbi by sculptor Frank Gallo. And hanging over the doorway of the room is a wry little needlepoint made by Barbi for Hef, which reads: BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME. A curiously homey epigram when you recall that the Chicago Mansion has a brass plaque on the door announcing, in Latin yet: SI NON OSCILLAS, NOLI TINTINNARE ("If you don't swing, don't ring").

Hefner, Iannucci and Rissien are joined by actor-author Jason Miller, star of *The Exorcist* and author of the critically acclaimed, Pulitzer Prize- and Tony Award-winning play, *That Championship Season*, which will be Playboy Productions' next motion-picture project. Miller has completed the screenplay and the discussion this afternoon is on the casting of the film—whether a major star is required or whether it's better to go with most of the original Broadway cast.

Their meeting over, Miller departs, but the three Playboy executives have a few other matters to discuss. The first televised *Bunny Beauty Pageant* was highly successful in its initial syndicated release this summer: "In New York," Sal states, "the show was aired on an independent station in prime time and got 33 percent of the audience—beating all three of the network stations in the ratings; in Chicago, the Playboy show was carried by the CBS channel and had 41 percent of the viewers. The Bunnies got top ratings in almost every market that they played." As a result, the annual *Bunny Beauty Pageant* is assured of national TV exposure in the future and Sal has already been approached by a sponsor who is offering \$200,000 for the show next year.

Everything is set, says Sal, for the taping of Playboy's *Twentieth Anniversary Party*, scheduled to run as a late-night *Wide World Special* on ABC-TV: "The network representatives originally wanted a Hefner roast, but when we pointed out that you had already done a roast on the *Dean Martin Show* last season, they agreed to the party concept."

"It will be a much better show this way," Hef says.

"Absolutely," Sal agrees. "It will be shot here at Playboy Mansion West—with a number of name performers and an impressive list of celebrity guests. We'll give them a real gala."

"I'd like to have Shelly Kasten coordinate the show, the same way he did on the *Bunny Beauty Pageant*," Hef says.

"Fine."

"Incidentally, are you familiar with the work of a film editor named Chuck Braverman?" Hef asks. "He's very creative and very far out. He did some work for the Smothers Brothers show several years ago that I liked very much, and I have a film he did on the Beatles that I want you to see—it is really something special. I'd like to get him to do a short segment on this show similar to what he did on the Beatles—a 20-year history of Playboy in five minutes, something like that."

"Sounds interesting," remarks Ed. "Did he do a three-minute history of the United States for the Smothers Brothers?"

"That's the guy," Hef says. "I'll set up a screening for you on the Beatles film for tomorrow, if that's OK."

"OK."

• • •

Outside, the pool-and-tennis crowd dwindles as the afternoon sun begins to disappear beneath the horizon. The Bath House, a stone building covered with vegetation and set just a short distance from the pool and the Grotto, is alive with friends of both sexes, showering, shampooing, shaving, fixing make-up and getting dressed, with little concern about nudity—one aspect of the pleasantly permissive sexuality that pervades this special place.

The interior of the Bath House is also of stone, with an abundance of plants and vines providing an indoor-outdoor character, completed by a glass skylight that allows the sun (or stars) to shine in.

There are four separate dressing rooms—with adjoining showers. The showers, too, are built into the rock, with a glass wall that looks out onto brightly colored flowers and greenery, creating the illusion that you're bathing in a natural grotto. A complete array of toilet articles is at your beck beside the lavatory and, while you towel off in front of a mirror, a drier in the ceiling blows warm air onto your head and shoulders. Shelves of multi-colored bath towels, bathing suits (oh, all right, if you *must*) and terrycloth robes stand nearby. All this, plus an oversized sauna and a ceiling-mounted sun lamp with newly developed rare-earth ultraviolet bulbs that provide an over-all tan with a minimum of heat and burning—and there is ample evidence, you may note, that many of these sun worshippers favor the over-all approach in tanning. At the far end of the Bath House is a thickly carpeted lounging area, filled with soft, oversized cushions, where guests like to relax at this time of day—under the branches of a friendly tree that grows there, inside the building.

You stroll back to the house, where the late-afternoon games are beginning. In the Library, two housemen are removing the top of the big oak coffee table—revealing a pair of inset felt-and-leather backgammon boards; and what was, a few minutes ago, the center of a business meeting is now transformed into the focal point of competitive fun and games. The main backgammon game of the Mansion





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Switch to wide-track Brake deodorant.



is usually played on this table several nights a week, with other players using portable boards around the room and elsewhere in the house. The quality of play in the major game is extremely high, which is to be expected, since some of the best backgammon players in the world regularly compete here.

In London, Monte Carlo or Aruba—wherever the major international tournament of the moment is happening—you'll hear stories of the play at Mansion West: of the night Hef gammoned longtime world champ Tim Holland five times in a row in a six-man chouette; of the time last summer when top London-based player Lewis Deyong, winner of two European tournaments this year, came to discuss the backgammon book he is writing for Playboy Press and had the worst losing streak of his life; of the evening bridge buff Omar Sharif joined the Library chouette (a game involving three or more players) and wound up the only loser. Many other top bridge players are into backgammon—Billy Eisenberg, a Mansion regular and one of the most formidable backgammon opponents on the West Coast, won the world bridge championship two years in a row and, as a member of the current U.S. team, will compete for the international title again this month in Bermuda.

Hef's enthusiasm for the game prompted him and several backgammon buddies

nearly two years ago to open a private nonprofit club called Pips (after the triangular markings on the board) devoted to good food and drink, dancing and backgammon. An immediate success, it quickly became the most "in" place in town. Barbi is a backgammon buff, too, and she has won prizes in several local tournaments: in 1973, she sponsored her own tournament for the female members of Pips and, deciding to enter herself at the last minute, won first prize.

Whenever Hef's daughter, Christie, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Brandeis, is in town, she organizes a Mansion tournament. These are great fun, permitting lesser players to compete with the pros—sometimes with surprising results.

Some evenings the backgammon action is interrupted by a similarly competitive game of Monopoly. As might be expected, even that old Parker Brothers classic is played in a rather grand manner at the Mansion. A special board has been created—one and a half times the size of the Parker original—set into a handsome wood table. The bank and a dice field have been set into the center of the board and individual slots set into the sides for each player's money and property. The pieces are miniature three-inch-tall hand-painted replicas of the players themselves (and are minor classics of pop art) done by a Chicago sculptor from photographs of

Hefner and his friends. This unique Monopoly set was completed last Christmas, when several members of the game-playing contingent of the Mansion gang gave Hef a bundle of newly printed Monopoly money with his own image engraved on the face of the bills in the manner of Washington or Lincoln and exterior views of the Chicago and L.A. Mansions on the back. Hef's advice for the neophyte player: "The orange monopoly is your best bet if you've only modest means, but the green monopoly is superior if you're loaded."

Hef's love of games is responsible for one of the most unusual and popular parts of Playboy Mansion West—a stone cottage hidden among the trees that looks as though it belonged to the gamekeeper of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. And a keeper of games it is, for this is the Game House—an electronic playland of pinball, pool, racing cars and rocket launchers. The interior provides rustic comfort, with beamed ceiling, stone fireplace and leather couch and chairs. There are games against every wall, a pool table in the center and, to one side, a handsome nickelodeon—a prize that Barbi found at an auction and had restored (it plays *Second Hand Rose* and a half-dozen other vintage melodies in true honky-tonk style). There are two minibedrooms adjoining—one done entirely in red, the other in blue, with mirrored walls and ceilings, for game players of another sort, again reminding you of Lady Chatterley and her gamekeeper.

New games are constantly being added and older ones replaced. The Chicago Mansion even has a bowling alley—a recently installed gift from Brunswick—with automatic pin setter and maple alley.

The most popular electronic game at the moment is Clean Sweep, but Hef soon mastered it—regularly registering 19,600, the top score possible with a "clean sweep" on the standard machine; at his request, the manufacturer rewired the circuitry to make the game more of a challenge, with an indefinite repeating of the dot pattern the player is required to clear from the screen, and Hef's high score is currently over 200,000.

The urge to compete is contagious, and new games invariably produce fierce rivalries among the most serious of the Mansion's game players—a situation that is enhanced by a posting of the 20 highest scores for each game on a walnut plaque hung on the wall beside the machine. Soon after the arrival of Speedway, a racing game, comedian Don Adams spent an entire night and much of the following day trying to beat Hef's top score. The arrival of Clean Sweep produced a whole series of such all-night sessions.

If you get restless in the middle of the night and decide to take a stroll out to

the Game House, you may find a pair of Jet Bunnies there earnestly trying to better their scores on Fireball or some other favorite game.

In "Hefner: Paradise Reconsidered," published in a recent issue of *New Times*, Sam Merrill writes:

"Many commentators have found a grim portentousness in Hefner's compulsive games playing. And 48-hour Monopoly marathons are certainly not what Dr. Joyce Brothers would call 'the hallmark of the well-adjusted personality.' But I didn't see in Hefner's play the Vince Lombardi syndrome some writers have paralleled to his business success. Instead, that all-exclusive intensity with which Hefner plays seems to be an end in itself. He is playing just a little *too* hard to be serious, and part of the joke seems to be for passers-by to say, 'Oh, wow! Why does Hefner take his *games* so seriously?' In fact, a floating in-joke ambience pervades all social movement at the Mansion."

Computerized games are just one example of Hefner's fascination with electronic gadgetry, and both Mansions are filled with such gear—with the full-time staff of engineers necessary to keep everything working properly. A Seeburg hi-fi installation, with speakers throughout the house and grounds, permits guests to choose from any of 100 albums simply by dialing the appropriate number on one of the remote-control devices strategically situated about the property.

One of the more interesting musical features of the house—a fully equipped Aeolian pipe organ hidden behind louvered doors in the Living Room, with a full set of pipes, bells, chimes and such in a room behind it—was installed by the original owner. Hef discovered a remote-control console for the instrument in the basement and had it repaired and attached, so that the organ can now be played either manually or from rolls, like the nickelodeon in the Game House.

Both Mansions have electronically controlled secret panels. The pressing of a carved detail in the wall of the hallway between the Living Room and the Library opens a hidden door, revealing stairs that lead down to a wine cellar. The original owner of the house had this room installed as a secret place for storing and imbibing alcoholic beverages during Prohibition.

As in Chicago, the real electronic focal point of the house is in the Master Quarters. There is no rotating, vibrating circular bed, but plans for this area are, if anything, even more remarkable than in the original Mansion, and construction—purposely delayed until the rest of the renovation was completed—is now nearly finished.

The Master Bedroom is dominated by a massive, ornately carved four-poster bed



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that is virtually a room within a room: At the push of a button, electrically operated draperies of purple velvet enclose the bed, while a bank of louvered mirrors glides silently along the sides to form a kind of crystal canopy with the shining mirror above.

Beside the headboard is a panel of controls that puts the bedroom's entire array of electronic marvels no farther away than one's finger tips. From here, the draperies and mirrors are dispatched, the room's lights can be controlled, temperature and humidity can be regulated, and an elaborate audio-visual entertainment system can be operated—all without so much as throwing back the sheets. At the flick of a switch, a large console at the foot of the bed opens to reveal a pair of six-foot-wide screens for twin Advent VideoBeam projection units that provide a television picture—of either regular TV broadcasts off the air or something selected from the extensive video-tape library—the size of a movie screen. Three 25-inch TV monitors are mounted above the Advent screens, and the whole eye-boggling show can be turned on at the same time—with each screen carrying a different picture—if anyone should care for such an unusual psychedelic trip. There are also a pair of low-light video-tape cameras handy—in

case a person wishes to make his own show. But the *button de résistance* may well be the one that lowers the entire headboard out of sight for nights when you'd rather just look out at the moon and stars in the black-velvet L.A. sky.

The rest of the Master Bedroom is baronial in style. A massive marble fireplace—big enough to roast approximately two million marshmallows simultaneously—faces a curved Chesterfield couch and matching leather chairs. The opposite wall is a panoply of bookcases, cabinets and sculpture alcoves—which hold a number of Gallo's exquisite miniature erotic statues. Hidden in this Mondrian maze of complex cabinetry is a secret door that leads out to a private sun deck overlooking the yard—greenery, pools, waterfalls and all. There is an ornately carved spiral staircase that curves gracefully upward to the floor above, which contains Hef's working quarters, as well as the electronic equipment, Sony and Ampex video-tape machines and similar marvels of modern technology that are connected to Hef's bed and make it a contemporary magic carpet. A spacious dressing area adjoins the Bedroom, as well as the Master Bathroom—decorated in high-camp Hollywood *moderne* of the Twenties: black-marble floor, shower, toilet, bidet and raised bathtub (with

built-in whirlpool jets, of course), contrasting with Chinese cabinetry and hand-painted Oriental landscapes on the walls.

The rest of the Mansion's second floor is devoted to guest bedrooms similar to the one in which you awakened this morning, plus a complex of offices in the far wing for Hef's executive assistants and overworked secretaries.

...

It is early evening now and, while the backgammon game goes on in the Library, a buffet dinner is being served in the quiet elegance of the walnut-paneled Regency Dining Room. Separated from the Great Hall by thick blue draperies, the room is carpeted—also in deep-blue hues—with a custom-woven rug of heraldic design: great rampant lions in each corner, duplicating those carved into chair arms and legs, as well as winged Leos supporting the marble-topped buffet table. Brass wall sconces highlight the Italian burled-veneer table, contrasting with Hefner's choice of contemporary art—Dali's *Young Virgin Auto-Sodomized*

by *Her Own Chastity* at the entranceway, a DeKooning *Woman* above the fireplace and a Pollock masterpiece above the buffet.

Hefner dislikes formal dinner parties, and this typical evening buffet is informal, indeed. For the next hour or two, guests will wander in and partake of the buffet at their leisure. The host is wearing blue pajamas, matching the blue velvet of the chairs and draperies of the room, and though he seldom sits down to dinner with his guests—preferring a later, more private meal with Barbi in the Master Quarters—he moves from one to another, engaging them in casual conversation. Lee Wolfberg is swapping friendly insults with Delores Wells, a Playmate in 1960, former Bunny and Bunny Mother, now the private secretary to Linda Lovelace; Delores is one lady who has no difficulty in handling Lee's vitriolic repartee—giving as well as she gets. Patrick Curtis (Raquel Welch's ex) and Jimmy Boyd (who first became famous as a freckle-faced lad singing *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa*

Claus), both Mansion regulars, are similarly occupied in intense conversation with the same well-endowed blonde beauty.

One of the nice things about the Mansion is that you never know in advance who may be dropping in for a drink, dinner or just to hang out for a bit—though presumably Hef must know, since it is impossible to get by the gate without an invitation. On this particular evening, Kitty Bruce, Lenny's daughter, arrives with boyfriend Freddy Prinze, the hot young comic star of *Chico and the Man*, and Kitty is obviously nervous about introducing him to Hef, whom she considers an avuncular figure, because of his close friendship with her father. On another evening, Sally Marr—Lenny's mother—brought Dustin Hoffman to the house to talk about the comedian with Hef, soon after Hoffman had agreed to portray him on the screen. (Hoffman expressed concern about his ability to play the part; Hef's reaction: "You're the perfect choice.")

Peter Lawford brought Liz Taylor one night—and she was beautiful but bombed. Raquel Welch came cool and sober (but not with Patrick)—and she left the same way.

You're finishing your dessert when you realize that the young lady seated on your left at the dinner table is Linda Blair, the possessed child in *The Exorcist*—not exactly Liz or Raquel, to be sure, but fascinating all the same. She's a friend of Kitty's, you learn, and came with her and Prinze.

Linda Lovelace arrives and gives Hef a warm embrace and a campaign button that reads: WHEN YOU SAY "LINDA LOVELACE FOR PRESIDENT" YOU'VE SAID A MOUTHFUL.

Linda is just one of the prominent political figures who have frequented the Playboy Mansion and Playboy Mansion West. Chuck Percy challenged Hef to a game of ping-pong in the Chicago Mansion not long ago and Julian Bond called a few nights ago to arrange a late-evening confab with the master of Mansion West regarding matters as yet undisclosed. When asked about the curious attraction of the Mansion, Jack Nicholson flashed a lazy smile and said, "Where else can you share a strawberry malt with a Senator—or talk politics with a Playmate?"

After dinner, most of the gang gather in the Living Room for a movie—a new release or a 16mm classic. Tonight includes a special treat: Writer-director-actor-comedian Chuck McCann, at Jackie Gayle's urging, has brought a print of his film *The Come Back Trail*—produced several years ago but never released, because the financing ended a bit before the film. McCann, who played a deaf-mute in



"Gold and silver from base metals is OK, but what I'm trying to transmute is angelica root, mugwort and tincture of marigold into an effective aphrodisiac."

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the truth about it.**

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, opposite Alan Arkin, but is probably better remembered as the chubby-faced fellow who popped through his neighbor's bathroom medicine chest with a "Hi, guy!" in those TV commercials a few years ago, is a comic genius as yet undiscovered by the general public. *Come Back Trail*, though crude in its direction and editing, contains scenes of such inspired insanity that the audience is literally limp from laughter when it is over.

After the movie, the viewers go off in different directions—some back to the Dining Room for coffee and conversation, others to the pool for an evening swim, still others to the Game House and the Library to further hone their competitive skills.

Through the leaded windows of the Great Hall, you see a full moon shining on the back-yard lawn, turning it into a sheet of silver-green. With all the people indoors, the big birds—flamingos and cranes—have come down off the knoll and are cavorting across the grass. It's a great time to take a leisurely stroll through the forest—alone or with a chosen companion.

This woodland wonderland is composed of coastal redwoods and Atlas cedars, with a thick carpet of ferns and flowering plants covering the ground. Several flagstone paths lead down the hill through the trees to glades where no sound intrudes, even though the house above is filled with guests at play. Toward the bottom of the hill, you come upon a massive tree trunk that has been carved into a canopied love seat, just big enough for two. One of the best-kept secrets on the grounds, this quiet little place.

Wandering through these woods, you realize that this is one of the few places where you can still feel such a sense of seclusion and security in a major American city at night. There is little chance of being mugged at the Mansion; if anyone jumps out of the bushes while you're taking this stroll, it will probably be a playful Playmate. Though unobtrusive and usually unnoticed, Mansion West has an elaborate security system—well manned and with sophisticated closed-circuit TV monitoring, sensor and alarm devices that protect the property and the people on it. That may be one of the considerations that prompted a wag to call Mansion West "the swinger's answer to Camp David."

As you emerge from the forest and approach the house, you catch sight of several shadows moving across the grass in the moonlight. It is "Jacuzzi Joe" De Carlo and a coterie of companions on their way to frolic in the whirlpool waters, and he motions you to join them. You can hardly refuse, since this is the most popular and romantic place on the property—and De Carlo's own devotion to the invigorating waters



is what has earned him the nickname Jacuzzi Joe.

The rocky hillock that juts out into the center of the swimming pool is actually a cave. Joe leads the way across the stone patio and through a wooden door, and then you find yourself standing in a magnificent cavern composed of rocks of every conceivable size and shape—a sea cave that might have been sculpted by a pounding surf but wasn't.

There are two other ways to enter: through a waterfall at the shallow end of the pool or by finding the secret opening at the deep end and swimming underwater into the cave. The placid pool water is separated from the swirling, bubbling water of the spa by a series of stone steps: The pool is kept at a comfortable 86 degrees; the Jacuzzi baths are an invigorating 100. There is a brass control panel set into the rock just inside the doorway that regulates the temperatures of both air and water—and permits you to adjust them to personal taste. The lights in the cave are on dimmers that are also controlled by buttons on this panel: On this night, they are only a romantic glow, with most of the illumination supplied by large, oddly shaped candles set on various ledges around the cave.

There are no rules regarding bathing suits in the Jacuzzi baths, but most bathers naturally seem to prefer the spa *au naturel*—and so it is tonight, the revelers slipping out of robes and clothing in the shadows and then disappearing into the swirling waters. You do the same and find the initial sensation of immersing yourself in the hot, churning Jacuzzi is a rush—followed by a powerful feeling of well-being, and then a blissful, relaxed euphoria.

You find that there are actually four

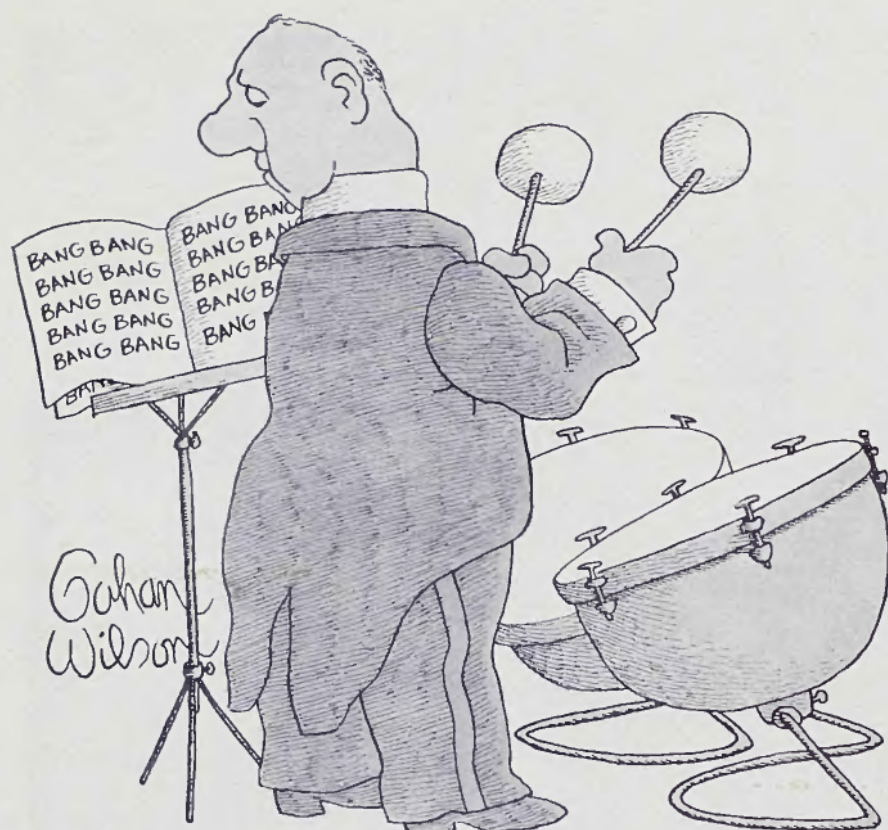
separate bath areas from which to choose: a vertical spa, where you can stand in water up to your shoulders while Jacuzzi jets pummel your body from top to bottom; a thronelike chair, where an individual—or couple—can sit in the swirling waters; the main spa—waist high—with a Jacuzzi-jet bench along one side; and a shallow oval-shaped section in the center, where you can lie back—floating almost weightlessly in the turbulence.

There are cushioned ledges around the sides of the cave where bathers can recline after taking the waters. You relax there for a while, watching the naked bodies in the flickering candlelight and listening to the soft music that fills the Grotto from speakers hidden inside artificial rocks that are indistinguishable from the real ones.

The inspiration for the Jacuzzi Grotto was the Roman Bath that was built in Hef's quarters in the Chicago Mansion some time ago and that he shared—on one legendary night—with Mick Jagger, the rest of the Stones and assorted female friends.

In both beauty and function, Hef's friends regard the Jacuzzi cave as one of his best creations, and sometimes when you're there alone with only an amorously inclined friend, it can be a very private experience; at other times, when it's filled to overflowing with friends, some amorously inclined, others simply there to partake of the invigorating waters, it's glorious group fun. But always it is a place of love, peace and tranquillity—remarkably removed from the cares and concerns of the world outside.

The arrival of Hefner on the West Coast and the creation of Playboy Mansion West has been, from the beginning.



the longest ongoing premiere in Hollywood's history. Writer Frank Brady, in his unauthorized biography, *Hefner*, comments that "Hefner quickly began to dominate the Hollywood social scene with his flair for flamboyant entertaining. . . . His new house now epitomizes, more than anyone else's, the great salons of heyday Hollywood." Of course, Hef's fascination with the film world is nothing new. He's been a devoted movie buff since childhood, and the fantasy world of the silver screen helped shape his adolescent dreams and aspirations. He can still describe how he felt when he saw *Citizen Kane* or *Casablanca* for the first time—or the fifth—and he can quote whole passages from his all-time favorite Bogart classics. (One of his favorite terms of endearment for Barbi is, "Here's looking at you, kid.") It's clearly no accident that Hollywood was chosen as the site of the second Playboy Mansion. And it's no surprise that so many of Hollywood's celebrities respond to Hef's attention and reciprocate his feelings. Which is why his Sunday gatherings have now become one of Hollywood's feature attractions.

On a typical Sunday, guests arrive at the Mansion in a long procession of elegant Rolls, Mercedes and Maseratis—that is, until actor Jimmy Caan, who rides wild broncos in rodeos during off hours, pulls up in a Chevrolet truck with a bumper sticker that reads: TRY A COWBOY—THEY STAY ON LONGER. Topping him for California funky chic is a group of

girls who show up in a battered dune buggy. Then Hef's backgammon buddy Burt Sugarman, producer of *Midnight Special*, arrives in his yellow Rolls-Royce (the yellow Rolls-Royce from the film of that name). It's one of the very few times that Sugarman has taken this \$150,000 classic for an outing, and he's driven it over this afternoon just to amuse Hefner. Guests head off almost immediately to their favorite pursuits. Robert Culp makes for the tennis court and in a matter of minutes is in reruns with his old *I Spy* buddy, Bill Cosby. Marilyn Cole, 1973 Playmate of the Year, rises from the chaise longue where she's been sunning and stands naked for an exquisite moment—looking for all the world like a photo from her own memorable pictorial feature. And on the lawn, Hef and Barbi are organizing a volleyball game—with a special lookout posted for Lambert the llama, who may appear at any time to make his usual sporting lunge for Hef's elbow.

Toward the end of the afternoon, players, swimmers and sun worshipers start moving in the direction of the Bath House for a quick shower and change before joining the late arrivals on the flagstone patio, where the Sunday buffet tables are set up. Despite Hef's own preference for dishes such as plain old fried chicken, his guests are offered all kinds of exotic fare: lobster, crab meat, shish kabob and platters filled with avocados and artichoke hearts.

The movies on Sundays are always first-run features personally selected by the host. Tonight, he's showing the MGM extravaganza *That's Entertainment!*, and shortly after it begins, the film's producer-director, Jack Haley, Jr., and his new wife, Liza Minnelli, sneak in to take seats at the back of the Living Room, where they can observe the audience's reactions unnoticed.

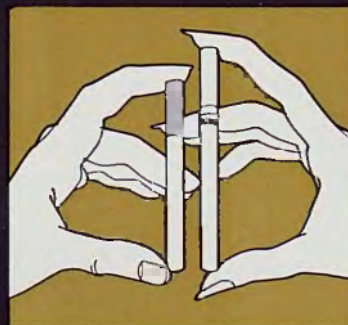
The crowd loves Haley's history of MGM musicals, and afterward the conversations among the people milling about the Great Hall are filled with snatches of old songs and reminiscences of Hollywood's golden days. The Living Room and Mediterranean Room overflow with those wanting coffee and dessert, the Game House regulars, such as screenwriter Buck (The Graduate, Catch-22) Henry, head out the front door on their way to some electronic fun and games, while Jacuzzi Joe, in his familiar terrycloth bathrobe, heads out the French doors into the back yard and, well, there's not much question where he's headed and what sort of fun and games he's got in mind.

Hef hosts a variety of public-interest and promotional gatherings at Playboy Mansion West, from the fund-raisers—on behalf of the A.C.L.U. and NORML, the political campaign of Mayor Tom Bradley and the annual Tennis and Crumpets Tournament to benefit the John Tracy Clinic for deaf-mute children—to the Playmate of the Year party and the festivities that follow the Bunny of the Year Pageant.

Occasionally the perpetual host becomes an unexpected guest of honor—as with the surprise party held on Hef's most recent birthday. The regular gang had been alerted, but Hef—blissfully unaware of the planned festivities—was engrossed in a backgammon game in the Library. Shortly after midnight, Lee Wolfberg interrupted the game to say that Elizabeth Taylor had returned with Peter Lawford and she wanted to see Hef in the Dining Room. An unsuspecting Hefner thus strolled into a room filled with merry friends and the biggest, most obscenely decorated birthday cake in memory—from the center of which emerged a delectably bare-breasted Christine Maddox, PLAYBOY's December 1973 Playmate of the Month. On a previous birthday in the Chicago Mansion, Hef had been treated to an even bigger surprise when—in the middle of viewing early rushes of Roman Polanski's *Macbeth*—British actor Jon Finch, in the title role, suddenly stopped in the middle of a scene in a witches' coven, surrounded by 30 naked hags, turned to the camera with a personal greeting and, baton in hand, led the grossly unattractive, unattired ladies in appropriate song:

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"Happy birthday, dear Hef, / Happy birthday to you."

Such surprises aren't limited to Hef's birthdays. On the first Sunday in October, Hef was hosting a party of a different sort at the Mansion: an all-afternoon-and-evening gala of celebrities and other friends celebrating Playboy's 20th Anniversary that would be telecast as a late-night special on ABC later that month. At poolside, they had just taped a bit of jazz history with a Playboy Jazz All-Star sextet—Dizzy Gillespie on trumpet, Stan Getz on sax, Kai Winding on trombone, Bill Evans on piano, Ray Brown on bass and Buddy Rich on drums—when Becky came running across the lawn: "Hef, Muhammad Ali's on the phone from Zaire."

Hef had met Ali only once—in a crowd—several years before, so you had to figure this was some kind of put-on. But it wasn't. "I just wanted to call and congratulate you on your 20th Anniversary," Ali said in a voice too familiar to leave any doubt about who was speaking. "Jim Brown tells me you're having trouble getting the fight for the house. I just want you to know you've got it. Be sure you're watching, 'cause I'm gonna say hello to you and all your friends on world-wide television when I whup that Foreman." (True to his word, Ali did both.)

Hef has made a practice of piping in major fights and other sporting events on closed-circuit TV—projecting them on the big screen—in both his Chicago and his L.A. Mansions for many years, but he had been having some difficulty in arranging for the big one from Africa. (Ali's call would take care of that.) Fight nights at Playboy Mansion West are the most star-studded events of all (as well as the only nights when the men outnumber the women). On a typical evening of televised fisticuffs, the guest book would bring a bundle at any autograph auction—with the signatures of such celebrated boxing buffs as Clint Eastwood, Groucho Marx, Mick Jagger, Joe Namath, Sugar Ray Robinson, Tom Jones, Sammy Davis Jr., Jack Nicholson, Ryan O'Neal and such distaff fight fans as Ursula Andress and Sally Kellerman. At one recent closed-circuit match at the Mansion, Tommy Smothers surveyed the Great Hall and remarked: "If somebody set off a bomb in here tonight, they'd have to start show business all over again."

But for the Mansion family, the New Year's Eve pajama party is the *ne plus ultra* of any year, no matter what other *ultras* have come and gone. Imagine, if you will, the most beautiful women in Hollywood all dressed for bed in the most attention-getting fashion *they* can

imagine, and you start to get the picture. The men wear various forms of sleeping attire, from monogrammed pajamas and robes to red-flannel underwear; some couples share a single pair of pajamas, and those who sleep in the buff can come that way if they wish—though no responsibility is taken for possible busts en route to and from the affair. For Hef, of course, pajamas are customary attire around the house—a comfortable garb for this relaxed and unpretentious host; and guests frequently lounge about the Mansion in bathrobes and other casual clothes on ordinary afternoons and evenings. Dressing up is something Hef does only on those special occasions when he and Barbi go out for an evening. On one such night last spring—the Hollywood premiere of *The Great Gatsby*—they chose attire perfectly suited to the event: he in white linen, she in gossamer white silk—both styled to the late Twenties—and were driven to the theater in a chauffeured 1928 Rolls provided by Burt Sugarman from his classic-car collection.

Hef's was a fitting costume, for writers have frequently compared him with F. Scott Fitzgerald's legendary hero. Norman Mailer wrote, some time ago, that "Staying as a house guest in [Hefner's] home, there had been servants ready all 24 hours . . . one had been able to get the equivalent of any drink made at any bar at any hour of the world, one could have chili at four A.M. or ice cream at ten, the servants had been perfect, the peace when empty of the house was profound, one never saw one's host except for once or twice in some odd hour of the night. He had a quality not unlike Jay Gatsby."

There are striking similarities between Hefner and Gatsby. Both were born of humble Midwest origins, both acquired wealth and power in ways not wholly acceptable to many of more established position; both mysterious, romantic loners, playing host to the famous and the beautiful in fabled mansions at parties that seem never to end. There was a dark and brooding side to Gatsby that Hefner obviously doesn't share, but the two are exactly alike in what Fitzgerald described as Gatsby's "extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness. . . ."

You might also say of Hefner, as the book's narrator, Nick Carraway, said of Gatsby: "There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. . . . Those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter, faint and incessant, from his garden, and the cars going up and down his drive."



"Does this convince you? I swear that I do not understand Walter H. Biggs. Signed, Mrs. Walter H. Biggs, and notarized."



GEORGE PLIMPTON

(continued from page 192)

eight girls of my choosing. Eventually, these would be introduced at the regular Playmate-candidate meeting, at which Hugh Hefner, the Editor-Publisher, presides; the challenge would be to see if any of my submissions was good enough to be chosen as a Playmate.

I had accepted with blazing alacrity. I had some business cards, embossed with the Playboy Rabbit symbol to give them an official cast, printed on which I was identified as an Associate Photographer. I planned to produce these whenever I spotted a pretty girl. I took out my camera and took some warm-up shots around the apartment—the cat and a standing lamp. I bought some film.

But then a hitch—a sense of ill ease and awkwardness that kept me from approaching a girl, just not having the pizzazz to confront a prospective subject with what I wanted to do. I was even unable to unload my business cards. It was the fear of being turned down . . . a long-legged girl striding across a New York avenue, the turn of her head at my voice, the bell of her hair swinging ("Ahem . . . I wonder if . . ."), and the quick contempt as she looked at my business card and let it flutter to the pavement.

Indeed, during a number of months I had tried the business card only once—suddenly handing one on impulse to a pretty hotel receptionist in Tampa. I lowered my voice to keep the room clerk, standing by the keyrack, from overhearing. The girl's eyes widened at my explanation. To my astonishment, she said, "Oh, well, OK. I'll do it. For a lark." I rushed out and rented a camera.

When she arrived in my hotel room, she stepped out of her clothes as nonchalantly as if she were in a bathhouse getting ready for a swim. She fluffed her pubic hair with a quick brushing motion of her hand and turned in front of me. She had two tattoos, one large butterfly on her rump and what looked like a red rose on her hipbone. "Had these done as a lark," she explained. "In Dallas. The guy I was going with was a tattoo freak."

"They're very nice," I said.

"You're not angry about them?" she asked. "Sometimes they startle people."

"No, no," I said. "But I don't know about the people at PLAYBOY. I think what they're looking for is a sort of fresh Doris Day quality, the girl next door who plays a lot of ping-pong with her kid brother. Those tattoos. . . ." I shrugged. "Is there any way you can arrange yourself so that the tattoos don't show?" I asked.

She tried. She flung herself onto the hotel bed in a series of poses that through my viewfinder seemed to suggest



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that she was in the strains of a convulsion, one hand clutched at her hip, the other spread on her backside. We tried some props—the Bible from the hotel dresser opened so that it would hide the rose.

"There's a lot of *action* in these shots," I told her to keep her spirits up as I photographed. "Something certainly is going on. Full of mood. Fantastic!"

I cannot remember that over the ensuing months I ever gave away another of my business cards. When Kauffman telephoned from Chicago about a year after the project had been begun, he asked about the cards, having some idea that I must surely have flooded the country with them—like propaganda leaflets.

"Well, I've used only one," I told him.

"One!" He sounded aghast. How on earth was the project coming along? What had happened?

"Well, I do a lot of thinking about it," I said.

"Yes, but how many girls have you photographed so far?"

"Three," I told him.

"Just three?"

I explained about the Tampa girl with the tattoos.

"Why did you want to photograph her?" Kauffman asked.

"I didn't know about the tattoos," I said. "They suddenly arrived—like unexpected guests at the door."

I continued about the two others. One was the famous fashion model Naty Abascal. She was hardly a Playmate type, I admitted, with a grand haughty face and a tall thin-hipped body like the back end of a giraffe. [As a judge of Miss Abascal's PLAYBOY potential, Plimpton made a good quarterback. What his fetching subject had neglected to tell him was that she had already been featured in this magazine, with Woody Allen, in a July 1971 pictorial, "*I'll Put Your Name in Lights, Natividad Abascal.*"—Ed.] But I had been sitting next to her at a dinner party in the Dominican Republic and when I explained it to her, she thought the whole idea was "superfantastic." The party was outside, by the water, with the trade winds flickering the candles in their holders, and I thought she wanted to start in right away—just shucking her dinner gown at the table and standing up among the guests.

The next morning she strode across a white beach, her body dark as oil in the sun, and she preened herself among the palm fronds that drop to the water's edge. Every time I raised the camera, she automatically lapsed into a pose. At the end of the afternoon, she saw herself as an Amazonian Leander emerging from the sea. She waded farther and farther out, and then turned and strode toward me, the sun behind her and the sea smacking at her back so the droplets flew up over her head and sparkled. I waded out. The swells sucked at my hips and I

felt the Dominican paper money in my wallet absorb the sea. I held the camera high overhead. She was so experienced that every gesture was calculated and correct and every arched pose of her body was identifiable, so that when I brought the camera down to take a picture, the viewfinder seemed to reflect the riffling pages of a *Harper's Bazaar*.

I told Kauffman that with my third girl that had not been the case at all. She was a New Yorker named Barbara who had done scarcely any professional modeling. We wandered around her apartment, her bare feet padding on the tiles, and we rarely looked at each other—like two people at a cocktail party who no longer have anything to say to each other. I could not think how to pose her. She sat in a chair as if she were being interviewed for a job.

"How's this?" She settled herself behind a potted palm and peeked out.

"Fantastic!" I said. She must have caught something in my voice.

"How does it really look?" she asked.

"It's not quite right," I said truthfully.

"It looks as if . . . well, you were going to spring out at something . . . a sort of Cheshire-cat attitude."

We continued through the apartment. She stood behind a shower curtain and peered at me, giggling.

"Fantastic!"

We found ourselves in the kitchen. "Do you think this might work?" She lay down on the counter. I removed the toaster from behind her head.

"Perhaps! Perhaps!" I said as I looked through the viewfinder.

"Those kitchen shots might be OK," I told Kauffman over the telephone. "Sort of domestic and nice. I haven't had them developed yet."

Kauffman did not seem especially reassured. He suggested that I come to Chicago. We could discuss the project further. Certainly I needed to photograph some more girls. I could look over the unsolicited photographs that flooded his office from girls eager to pose—the "over-the-transom" stuff. At least that first obstacle of mine—being ill at ease in asking girls—would be bypassed: These girls were willing, though of course he could not vouch for the quality.

In Chicago I spent a day following his advice. I looked at a couple of months' worth of unsolicited photographs and read the accompanying letters. Most of the photographs were Polaroids taken in surroundings that were stark and glaringly lit—often a motel room, it appeared—with the girl standing in the background, usually posed awkwardly against the wall. Quite a number were from fat women who felt the magazine might want a photo of them for an "April-fool" issue. One was from a woman who wrote she was so fat that she could not fit into an average bathtub. The accompanying

photograph of her in the buff showed her very large, indeed, looking wistfully into an old-fashioned bathtub with claw feet. Kauffman's secretary, Renay, came by as I was looking at the photograph and told me about a fat man who had sent in a picture of himself in a jock-strap. It had been taken in some hotel room, a chair in the background, and the message with it read, "Thought you might be interested." No sooner had Renay returned it than it turned up in the mail again—with the identical message.

Renay told me that there were many unsolicited photographs of this sort, from obviously unsuitable people, and almost invariably photographed in barren rooms with a standard lamp tipped to provide enough light.

I asked what sort of response *PLAYBOY* sent to such people—and she showed me a form letter that said that the editors were sorry but that the consensus was that the girl (or fat lady, or jock-clad gentleman) did not have that "something extra special" that sets the Playmates apart.

I went in to see Kauffman. I told him that I was not having much luck with his over-the-transom stuff.

"Well, I wouldn't be discouraged," he said. "In the past five years, out of those hundreds of requests a week, we've asked only five girls to come in for test shots, of whom only one made it as a Playmate gatefold."

He went on to say that almost invariably, Playmates were selected from submissions by professional photographers (free-lancers and *PLAYBOY* staffers). That would probably be the best course for me—to look at expertly done transparencies (no more motel rooms) and select a girl who seemed especially fetching and suitable.

While I was in the Chicago office, I did some research on past centerfolds to see if there was a clue to why certain Playmates had achieved exceptional popularity—hoping, naturally, to apply what I discovered to my own project. To judge from the number of letters received by the magazine, the most popular Playmate was a girl named DeDe Lind, who was Miss August back in 1967. Her appearance elicited over 1600 letters, a remarkable 600 more than received by her runner-up in this department, Cynthia Myers, the December Playmate in 1968. (The most letters ever received by *PLAYBOY*, incidentally, were not on the subject of Playmates but over 8000 queries and comments regarding a picture story about a portable house.)

The Lind girl for her most popular pose is set in a playroom with a quantity of games equipment scattered around on a zebraskin rug: a tennis racket, a shuttlecock, a teeterboard. A dartboard is hung from the wall and Miss Lind is holding a dart in one hand. She was photographed with a yellow bow in her hair, her

face pert and fresh and unmistakably American.

As for Miss Myers, she was photographed crouched on a fluffy Angora carpet with a white Teddy bear (a sprig of holiday holly around its neck) and she is smiling merrily at the reader from a somewhat unnatural tilted position that makes her breasts, which are large, especially prominent.

To check the sort of pose it might be wise to avoid in my picture, I looked up the Playmate who had provoked the largest number of critical letters. She turned out to be a striking girl photographed standing on a rock by the sea, from which she has apparently just emerged (which did not bode well for my pictures of Naty Abascal on the Dominican beaches). The Playmate is wearing a bikini (perhaps that was the cause of the criticism) and she is carrying a snorkeling face mask.

I went in to see Kauffman with my findings. "My assumptions are not very steady," I admitted. "But for my project, it's possible that a yellow bow in my girl's hair might help. So would a distinctive rug under her—failing a zebra, certainly an Angora. A white Teddy bear ought to be on the premises and so should a shuttlecock. The girl must be tilted slightly. She probably should be carrying a dart. Certainly not a snorkeling mask."

"No."

"That apparently provokes bad fantasies . . . creatures emerging from the lagoon."

"Obviously."

"In fact, if she is going to emerge from anywhere, it should be from over the threshold of a portable house."

"I see."

Kauffman asked me what sort of picture I truly did visualize taking. I told him that I hoped to find a girl who would fit into an outdoor photograph. I explained that it had always been a mild fantasy of mine to come across a young girl in a field of, oh, rye, or standing in a woodland glen, just coming around a tree and seeing her, the sort of thing that always got the Greek gods into trouble when they strolled out for a constitutional—Zeus, say, with the river nymph Io. "It might be nice to have a horse with her," I added.

"A horse!?"

"Not saddled or anything. She's ridden it there bareback and she's just slid off it and is standing in the grass, looking at the person who's surprised her—smiling in a sort of shy, puzzling way."

"Well, that's all right, but I'm very skeptical about that horse," Kauffman said. He went on to say that one of the challenges of taking a centerfold picture was the requirement that the photographer use the big 8 x 10 Deardorff portrait camera. "With that camera, it's difficult enough to take a picture of a

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vase with some flowers in it," Kauffman said, "much less a horse!"

"What's wrong with using an ordinary thirty-five-millimeter camera?" I asked.

Kauffman explained that pictures taken with a 35mm camera do not blow up to the size of the PLAYBOY gatefold without producing a grainy quality. The difference is small but apparent to a sharp eye. "We tried to sneak one by Hefner at an editorial meeting—because the eight-by-ten is such a bastard to use, and restrictive . . . and we tried to prove how little difference there is. But he caught us at it. That's why gatefold photography is limited to perhaps eight photographers. It's a very specialized art."

On his recommendation, I dropped in to see one of the eight—Dwight Hooker, an intense and voluble man who sat me down in his small Chicago office under the come-on gaze of such a stretch of his models, their pictures pinned to the wall, that the little room seemed to glow with the pink skin texture that seems so endemic to centerfold art.

"Most gatefold shootings are disappointments because of the eight-by-ten camera," Hooker said. "You cannot make mistakes. What that big camera sees is utterly explicit. You can't fake with it. You have to know your craft so well; you must call upon your motor skills to such a degree that the relationship with the girls often becomes painfully wooden and sexless. The fires go out."

"Oh, dear," I said.

"But don't worry," he said. "It's a fantastic experience. When the girl turns up at the studio, it's like meeting your bride at an arranged marriage. We get acquainted. I ask them what they do that pleases them. I'm fascinated by what they tell me, whatever it is. As quickly as possible, I get shooting. I watch the girl get turned on by the camera itself—a reaction I don't pretend to understand. But surely the girls are excited by its presence and by the seduction it performs. The vast majority want it. Indeed, they wouldn't mind being photographed by a camera without any film in it at all!"

He spoke with relish about his profession in a sort of headlong rush of enthusiasm.

"It's very similar to lovemaking—a good photographer shoots rhythmically rather than visually. The words the photographer uses reflexively are love words: 'Fantastic,' 'I love it,' 'It's working!' You won't find him saying, 'I notice that the hair is catching the color tones in your hair very nicely.'"

"No," I said.

"The earliest shooting sessions are the most sexual. . . ."

"But it's the camera they're interested in," I emphasized.

"The camera is a very dominant instrument," Hooker said. "It's used by photographers, who are, in general, a

very insecure breed. It's the camera itself that has seduced the girl out of her clothing and is making love to her . . . which doesn't help the photographer's security. Often a girl will say, 'I don't feel like being photographed today—I don't feel sexy.' She's referring to her relationship with the camera, not the photographer. So try to take as many pictures as possible before the situation becomes strained. All those hours begin to diminish the emotional charm. If it could be done, shootings would be better as one-night stands."

"You're making me very insecure," I said.

"Nonsense. Think of it: Whatever the power of his camera, a photographer is involved in an act by which a girl becomes *immortal*, a fragile moment caught and given a place in the cultural continuum. . . ."

"The cultural continuum . . . ?"

"You'll have a grand time," he said, grinning at me.

Packing my camera with new and somewhat ambivalent respect, I journeyed out to the West Coast. There I was taken in hand by Marilyn Grabowski, PLAYBOY's West Coast Photo Editor and a striking girl herself, who began to arrange some models for me to photograph so that I would have a selection ready for Hefner's editorial meeting. I took some pictures of a girl on the lawn of his Mansion West . . . a very arty attempt in which I hoped to catch her in the sparkle of sunlit droplets from the sprinkler system. The lens got wet. We capered across the grass. Someone looking down at the scene from a top window said that it looked as if the girl, smacked by the sprinkler stream as it clicked across the lawn, were riding a broomstick of water.

Hefner himself came out to watch. The girl was lithe and smooth as an otter in the sheen of water. Hefner said he assumed that I would also be submitting pictures of a somewhat heftier girl—the archetypal Playmate with the big breasts.

"I'm not comfortable with . . . ah . . . that size," I said.

"Think of it as a challenge," Hefner said. "It's the sort of challenge you *ought* to face—like getting on a football field against those big defensive linemen on the Detroit Lions."

"Yes," I said.

"Think of her as Alex Karras."

"I'll try."

"If tits are intimidating," Hefner went on wryly, "and there's not time enough to work that problem out *before* the photography, perhaps you can work it out during the test itself."

Marilyn found such a girl for me. Her name was Jane. I don't recall ever asking someone's measurements, but in her case, when she arrived, it seemed appropriate.

She said she was 39-23-34. "The real

crazy thing is that my roommate has no bust and is all hips. We've talked about trading. Joking, of course. Because I'm happy the way I am. I've had my bust since I was twelve. I was very sensitive about it then. They called me Bubbles, of course, but now I am acclimated. We get along fine."

Jane spoke of her bust in an off, detached way, referring to it almost as if another presence accompanied us. She supported her breasts in the crook of her arm as we walked around, looking for a place for her to pose.

"Would you like us over here?" she asked. She settled herself carefully on a settee. Ah, well, there was nothing to do but start taking their picture.

Later, I did some photographing on my own. I went up to Bernard Cornfeld's mansion behind the Beverly Hills Hotel. There were invariably pretty girls there who had wandered waiflike into the financier's pop-Gothic protectorate. I was introduced to one named Colette. She would be delighted to pose. I offered her a cigarette from one of Cornfeld's cigarette boxes.

"No," she said. "I'm preparing for transcendental meditation. No smokes, no pills."

I had to lean forward to understand. "I don't talk—I murmur," she said. "Like Daisy in *The Great Gatsby*."

She suddenly decided to show me her diary.

"Shouldn't we start the photographing?" I asked.

She fled across the Great Hall and arrived back with three small volumes. She plumped herself down next to me and began to turn the pages. The diary was elaborately filled with drawings, many of moonscapes and sunrises bordered with flowers, every page or so stiff with pasted-in mementos—bird feathers, rose petals, beetle wings, theater-ticket stubs—including a page whose sandpapery texture turned out to be glued-on sand from a beach in Ceylon. Often at the top of a day's entry, she drew the day's weather—a yellow sun with a smiling mouth and eyelashed eyes.

"Here's the day the birds fell into the fireplace!" she cried. The page was decorated with a funereal frieze of National Wildlife Federation stamps.

Her eyes lit up. "Look! Here's a photo of one of my cars! The cars I drive in are often in crashes. This one was called Mercy—after Mercedes. It's actually another make—I forget which."

She turned the pages slowly, occasionally reading a line or so from her own poems ("Sea, I love the way you tremble"). A glimpse of her way of life began to emerge: romance ("I left him because of my sorrow, not because of another

I said, "Shouldn't we go upstairs and start the picture-taking?"

We went up to Cornfeld's bath. The light was dim. She hummed and talked to herself as the bubbles built up around her. I sat on a barber's chair Cornfeld has installed in his bathroom and tried to steady the camera through some time exposures.

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

I went and stood by the bath. "How about these over here?" I suggested.

"They're making a nice damp mark," she called back. "When I show my diary, I'll say, 'Oh, here's the day I was photographed for PLAYBOY. Here are the bubbles!'" Her voice was giddy with excitement.

She was selecting my best pictures for the Playmate-candidate meeting. She picked six or seven of each of my girls. From time to time, she shook her head. She remarked on the receptionist from Tampa, "Those are the strangest poses. They're not obscene or anything; they're just odd."

Kauffman came out from Chicago for the candidate meeting. So did Arthur Kretchmer, the Editorial Director. It was held amidst the baronial artifacts of the Mansion West's Dining Room. The motif of kingly animals is extensive—lions stitched into the tapestries on the wall; each armrest of the blue brocaded dining-room chairs is faced with a lion's



head; and in the fireplace, a pair of brass andirons fashioned as mastiffs stand with surprisingly regal dignity, considering each has a gold snake in its jaws . . . all of this burnished by a gentle afternoon light from the small-paned casement windows.

Hefner went to work quickly, peering at each transparency with a brass magnifying eyepiece engraved with his initials and M. WEST, for Mansion West. He used it with surprising speed, as if just a glimpse of each candidate sufficed, plopping the eyepiece down onto a transparency like a stethoscope, then moving quickly to the next. The staff hovered behind him. Occasionally, stooped over his eyepiece, he would offer up a somewhat clinical evaluation: "Well, we have a little problem with the fanny here, don't we? It's a cute little problem, though," or "The lips are nice and full, but isn't there a cheekbone problem?" Sometimes his judgment was aesthetic: "I don't think this is the type of girl who lies against satin sheets." Almost all the first packages he looked at he accepted—either for

That evening, Hefner gave me some advice. Dressed in blue pajamas, he hauled his legs up under him like a

gawky boy as he got himself settled comfortably on the leather sofa in the Living Room of his Mansion.

He told me that almost from the beginning, a successful if subtle ingredient of a centerfold had been the unseen presence of a man—a lover, presumably—lurking just out of the camera's field. It was something I should keep in mind. This was suggested by such artifacts as a pipe (a pertinent prop, since Hefner himself smokes one) or a second cup on the coffee table or a man's hat on a chair. In a few examples Hefner showed me in PLAYBOY volumes, the man is quite apparent (a disembodied hand coming out of the foreground to offer the Playmate a light for her cigarette); indeed, in one early centerfold, the out-of-focus figure of a man (full-length) in evening clothes is distinguishable in the background reflected in a boudoir mirror. He is standing in the bedroom door and is, in fact, Hefner himself.

Hefner said that in the early days, PLAYBOY's legal staff began to get fidgety about such evidence of a man on the premises—it seemed too blatantly suggestive for the moral temper of those times to have all those hats, pipes, and so forth, lying about. So for a while, such evidence was removed and the girl herself was called on to provide the indication that someone else was on the scene.

"How did this work?" I asked Hefner.

"Well, it was a question of putting the girl to some activity to make sure the reader felt she had something on her mind . . . and I'm not talking about feeding the family cat."

He opened a volume of PLAYBOY and pointed to a centerfold in which an astonishingly pretty girl was tearing up a copy of *TV Guide*.

"Now, that girl is not tearing up *TV Guide* because she *likes* to tear up *TV Guides*," he said. "She is tearing up *TV Guide* because she doesn't want to watch TV. She's got something else on her mind."

"Of course," I said.

"It's something to consider for your picture. Have you got any idea of what your gatefold girl might have on her mind?" he asked.

"Not really," I said. "We have an idea to have a horse on the premises."

"A horse?" Hefner arched his eyebrows. "Well, that will be a first."

"I suppose if I want to suggest that a male is on the premises, I should have *two* horses," I said. "The other could have a rifle stock sticking out of the saddlebag and maybe a man's hat hanging from the pommel. The guy's gone off to pick her a spray of wildflowers or something."

"I'll leave you with it," Hefner said.

"It's a very heavy problem."

The next morning—having received word from Kauffman that further dalliance didn't fit his scheduling of the feature—Marilyn and I decided on a girl named Kevyn Taylor for my gatefold. She had been one of the girls presented at the meeting I had attended—Hefner had bent over the plastic transparency holders with his eyepiece and remarked how solemn she was ("Couldn't they get this girl to look a little *happier* about things?"), and finally he had turned to something else.

Marilyn showed me the sheet. The girl had been posed indoors, indeed solemn, but her body was long and tanned, the sunlight from a window caught in her hair, and it was a petulance about her rather than solemnity, like a tomboy forced to take a violin lesson on a summer's day. Marilyn and I agreed that we could imagine her standing in tall grass with or without a horse. She'd be happier out there.

I went through a crash course on the 8 x 10 Deardorff, the camera model every photographer had warned me about with the same sort of wry affection a dog owner has for his elkhound. "It's an absolute monster," they had said delightedly.

The Deardorff looks like what is remembered by anyone who has had a formal picture taken in a studio—a large boxlike mahogany-colored camera on a thick-legged tripod; it comes equipped with a black sheet, which the photographer drapes over his head as he peers through the back of the camera at the focusing screen on which the subject appears. I discovered to my dismay, upside down.

"Why?" I asked. "Why don't they put in a mirror that straightens it out? How can I do much with a girl and a horse, both of whom appear to be suspended from their feet?"

"The Deardorff works exactly as your eye does," I was told. "The eye transmits an image that is upside down and the brain makes the proper adjustment."

I remembered the principle from school, though it was not one I believed truly, never feeling the physical strain of what the "adjustment" must do to the brain cells involved. My brother, who was a year younger, agreed. "A thing like that would hurt," he said.

In recent years, the photographers' problems with the Deardorff have been eased somewhat, because now it is possible to take a Polaroid test shot through the Deardorff to check the focus, the lens opening and the pose of the subject. Still, a considerable difficulty with the Deardorff (as I understood it) was the extremely defined and shallow field of focus—so that it was all right for the girl to move from side to side, but if she leaned forward just slightly, her nose or

the tip of her breast, say, would slide into fuzziness.

I spent an evening with Kevyn over dinner. She took a night off from her job at The Playboy Club in Century City. Kevyn had been raised in the East, in Maryland . . . 16 years of the most conventional of lifestyles until her family had moved to California. There, attracted by the looser attitudes of her generation, Kevyn rebelled ("just for the sake of rebelling") and she "went into everything"—leaving home to join the nomadic wanderings (mainly on the beaches along the stretch of California) of the flower children, and to join the love-ins and the music festivals and the reading of Hesse and Siddhartha. "I had a lot of hard changes. I was always moving on. I didn't dare find myself in one place too long." She showed me a picture of herself then—a gamin's sullen face staring at the camera, slightly chubbier, a schoolgirl's fat, and beside her a boy with an arm across her shoulder and looking off-camera with a slight smirk of possession.

"Finally, when I was nineteen, I began mellowing out," she said.

I had not heard the phrase before. "You what?"

"Mellowed out. Not scientifically but emotionally. I got tuned in to nature and it made me think more rationally. Mostly, I just sat out there on the cliffs and thought. It gave me this terrific, like, *pleasure* to know that no one knew what I was doing—that I could sit on the cliff in the Big Sur and look up at an airplane going over and know that no one up there was thinking about a girl sitting on a cliff thinking . . ."

"That's very nice," I said.

"The best time I ever had was hiking naked through the Big Sur with a girlfriend."

My heart jumped. "Naked?"

"She wore boots and socks. I wore leather shoes."

"Did anyone ever see you?" I asked.

She looked at me curiously. "Once," she said. "Some guy and his wife saw us—a couple hiking out there along the pine trails. The guy looked up and saw me standing there. It must have surprised him."

"Yes, yes. I know what that's about," I said. "Exactly! I don't suppose you had a horse with you . . . ?"

"A horse?"

"Well, we'll leave the horse out," I said. "It was too complicated, anyway. And maybe those leather shoes. We'll leave those off."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said. "But I suppose it will be all right."

"It will be absolutely fine," I said.



John
Dempsey

"Isn't it nice the company canceled the Christmas office party so we could be home with our wives?"

PATERNITY

(continued from page 127)

his lazy grace, adopting this lovely black child seemed very odd. It was a responsibility, and others had always felt responsible for him, for the pleasure he gave, for the sweet lightness of his smiling presence. Responsibility had never, in Paris, Rome, London, New York or Port-au-Prince, been one of his fields of endeavor. It seemed to me like the end of something, the end of the last boy of my age, but he was not in mourning for himself. Once again he was happy. He loved her. She was four and three months, he told me, more than four years, and he had adopted her legally. It was the beginning of something for Fritz, a new life with his delicious daughter. Already she knew enough to speak French, not Creole, with him, because although he sometimes became angry in Creole, he always smiled upon her in French.

"You'll like my pool," he said. "Well, you will tolerate my pool. I share it with three others of my sort. We live in Bois Verna." He lifted his shoulders in the classic international driver's shrug at the impossibility of life, of traffic, of the heat, of time passing. "My pool is cleaner than it looks. Filtered, *Chérie!* Don't touch! No fingers! You'll have cream after your bath."

And to me: "Don't worry. I'll explain.

And the ice cream will endure, my friend."

. . .

We sat by the pool. His cottage reminded me of the brave, seedy, plaster-and-stucco digs of poor writers and actors in Los Angeles—falling apart and the envy of millions. There were bougainvillea, great carnivorous red blossoms, darting hyacinths, palm trees shedding and a mass of tropical plants I couldn't identify. The water in the pool was gray-green. Lizards slipped across the cracks of concrete, swelled up their necks, darted at mosquitoes. There was thunder from far away, perhaps Kenscoff, but it wouldn't rain here today. The child played, murmuring softly to herself. Like a good father, Fritz didn't press at her shyness at the beginning of the weekend, at her father's strange visitor. And he said he would explain and he did.

"Since we are such old friends and I know how good we are friends, I tell you the story. The grandfather of this child was a famous beauty. However, when I was a boy and first learned who I was, he had already become, perhaps, a little less beautiful. His hair, you know, as mine now. The forehead in a beautiful person should be a little lower."

He touched his crown. I mumbled but didn't really know how to console him. He still looks like one of the tall,

straight, tennis-playing young leading men of the Fifties, with only that creamy skin to say he is Haitian. But he didn't need my diplomacy: He knows what he is and how old he has become.

"So when the grandfather have a good chance to travel to Italy with an Italian count, naturally, he seek to achieve this wish. The Italian adored him and I was only a child. We never consummated his desire for me. I was too proud, I think. Then, in a few years, the grandfather returned to Port-au-Prince. He married. He had this son, Marc-Albert. And I watched him grow up. First he was pretty, then he became an angel. However, he loved mostly women, although, naturally, he took his pleasure sometimes like his father. He was so immature. I watched, I waited. He was capable, I thought, of pleasure but not of passion. and I waited. I loved him so, I wanted only passion when finally we met.

"It did not happen. We were friends only. He knew, but he teased me, oh, very bad, and then he married. He had this child. The mother is crazy and beat her. Marc-Albert found a new woman. Oh, he is less beautiful now, anyway, but I still remember and perhaps I no longer even feel desire for him. But I love him. He is nearly thirty now, you know, and I am nearly fifty."

He offered me a rum and soda. He showed me the crisp nut from a nearby tree and told me its name in Creole. He watched Marie-Claude making tea with water from the swimming pool in her tin tea set and carrying it back and forth, spilling it out, making more tea. She was at home here. She called him *Papa*. Her hair, the color of mahogany, very curly but long, was held by pink elastic with little bells jingling. He had dressed her in the pale-green swimsuit he kept for her. During the week, she boarded with friends—"It is good she have a kindly mother, it is good she have many fathers"—but during the weekends, he gave up his other lives to be her father.

"So since I was neither enjoyed by the grandfather nor did I enjoy the father, I adopted the child. A girl," he said, smiling, the winking, amused shrug of a man bent on joy who has become a kindly ironist because what else is there at this time of life?

What else to do was to set the table for the two of them. I was not invited for dinner. Two plates on two straw mats, under a sun umbrella; forks, spoons, knives, cups and a red flower floating in a glass. He admired her preparations. He straightened the mats and touched the flower so that it turned slowly in the water.

"How lucky I have always been. And now to participate in history like this. How happy you must be, dear friend, at my good fortune. To have a descendant, and this sweet little person, who reminds me of so much." He looked at me with



Booth

"Shame on you, Jamie! Mr. Huntington will be here in a few minutes and he'll say, 'Henry, is my car ready?' And what am I going to say? . . . Am I going to say, 'Mr. Huntington . . . Jamie made a boo-boo?'"

his hands clasped in front of his bikini and his shoulders slightly stooped, in none of the stop-action displaying postures that his body still often took. "It is rare to be so fortunate, to give pain, to suffer pain, and then to receive nothing but so much pleasure as this child brings me."

"You'll find being a father brings other things, too."

"I believe I am ready, my friend."

The child played sweetly, we watched her, it was very peaceful under the palm trees, we had a swim in the pool. That inevitable male sagging at the middle—two plump creases when he bent to give Marie-Claude a kiss on the top of her head—was his only visible mark. He could still have passed for 28, and I thought of telling him. But I recalled that he thought this another age of loss and decay.

We returned to our chairs and he counseled me about Haiti. "I am not stupid," he said. "I left for New York during the worst times of Papa Doc. And then I knew when to come back." He described the decline of the golden elite, and particularly of his subclass, the clever boy-lovers. They had always had things a good way for them, a way that did no harm. They treasure boys of deeper color than their own. They search "*des numéros*," "*des grains*," as he called them: Perhaps it could be translated

"numbers," "trade." All young men are for hire in Port-au-Prince, he assured me; all are available for money; this is easy work and it means nothing to them. He was speaking of the poor and of those smiling angels who sometimes emerge from the slums of La Saline or from the *caille pailles*, the mud-and-straw houses that fill the interstices of the city. "We have all the advantages," he said, sighing his acceptance of this minor social injustice.

But now the rich Americans have discovered Port-au-Prince. They come to steal away the sweetest grains and take them back to Manhattan to walk around nude in steam-heated, well-decorated apartments, and give them Haitian goatskin drums to play with while the master works in his advertising agency or design studio or airline office. The master invites guests to envy him: not everyone possesses a Haitian boy. No one through flimsy American walls complains about the sound of the lonely drum all day, because, in fact, the boy never touches it except when the master has guests. He is busy with *The Guiding Light*, the storm-door and Brillo advertisements, the white magic of daytime television. Then next winter he develops sinus trouble, homesickness, he steals a shirt, when the graphic designer would be glad to give him all the shirts he can wear, his nose runs, he runs away. Fritz

emitted a short angry laugh. "It's an old story. Nobody can help."

My friend sighed. "I am now-out of this combat, thank God," he said. "I love this child more than anyone, she will be my heir, you will see how she speaks French like a little French doll. Six months ago, she spoke only Creole. Now, you will see, she goes *babababa* in French. Only she is a little shy with you, *blanc*."

• • •

I think we dozed in our chairs. Marie-Claude was touching my arm. She offered me her tea made of swimming-pool water and mud. I pretended to drink. "*Merci, merci, ti-mounne*," I said.

Fritz awoke with a start. "Oh! Marie-Claude! *Que tu sens le pipi!* First you will bathe, you will see, and then you will have *crème*, *tu comprends?*"

She was afraid of the pool.

"Must!" he said sternly, and he arose from his chair with that lazy grudging gesture of the dutiful father. He seized her arm and pulled her with him to the pool. "*Un, deux, trois*," he said, "you're ready?"

She smiled with a sudden brilliant submissive pride that this man had loved now through three generations. "*Oui, Papa*," she said.



Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!



King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine;

100 mm: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

YANKEE INGENUITY

(continued from page 91)

telegraph, the cotton gin, the light bulb and the airplane, to name but a few. Oh, yes, and we also came up with the Edsel, the H-bomb, the Big Mac and vaginal deodorant sprays. So if there's a central topic worth parading about our glorious 199th, it is this—our spirit of enterprise. To refresh your memory, we've gathered an assortment of ingenious solutions to nagging problems, all of them very American, all of them fairly dumb.

Problem: Since the first three buildings to go up in Washington, D.C., should logically represent the three branches of Government, what to construct once the White House and the Capitol were under way? The architect in charge wasn't a lot of help: In a speech at the time, he "lamented not having studied architecture, and resolved to attempt the grand undertaking and study at the same time." So the next building to go up was a large saloon. It was only years later that someone discovered they'd forgotten about the Supreme Court.

Clorox II hadn't put in an appearance in 1877, so what to do with laundry that

wasn't whiter than white? Folks living in the neighborhood of Old Faithful devised their own solution. Alice Blackwood Baldwin's account of her visit to the geyser begins with a description of clotheslines waving in the breeze and follows with this close-up: "A sight it was to behold, to see the felt hats of the men and flannels . . . thrown into the boiling vat, where after a few forthwarning and premonitory signs of another eruption . . . the hats and almost entire wardrobes shot high aloft, bleached and cleaned to suit the wearer to his entire satisfaction."

The American Colonization Society figured out how to solve the race problem. In the course of 40 years, at a cost of \$1,000,000, the society shipped over 15,000 Negroes to Liberia. Toward the end of those 40 years, it was pointed out to members that the black birth rate had replaced that number during the first month of their efforts.

A kids' magazine, *The Youth's Companion*, figured out a wonderful circulation-building gimmick in 1892: run a

promotion for a really patriotic-sounding loyalty oath. And that's how the Pledge of Allegiance came to be. While we're at it, Paul Bunyan, a seminal figure in our cultural mythology, was dreamed up for an ad campaign by a lumber company.

Patent number 560,351 is for a device resembling a demented corkscrew that serves to produce dimples on the cheeks.

There was a rag shortage from 1850 to 1870, so American paper manufacturers imported mummy wrappings from Egypt.

Promontory, Utah Territory, May 10, 1869. Tracks of the Central and Union Pacific railroads are about to be linked for the first time. Central president Leland Stanford is about to drive in the golden spike. The crowd presses in, the

Clarence W. Fraser's "body guard" (left) was patented as a device to "prevent the bed clothing from coming in contact with certain parts of man's body"; specifically, "the generative organs of man." The idea, back in 1908, was to prevent "seminal emissions" caused by that bane of clean living, friction.

No. 879,584.

PATENTED FEB. 18, 1908.

C. W. FRASER.
BODY GUARD.

APPLICATION FILED FEB. 21, 1907.

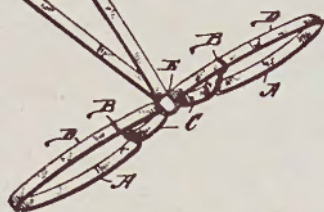
Fig. 1.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 2.



Witnesses:
Frist Feinle.
Harry D. Rapp

Clarence W. Fraser, Inventor.
By *Emil Neubach*
Attorney.



telegrapher is poised to relay this great moment in American technology to stations across the country. Stanford raises the silver-plated sledge hammer, swings gracefully . . . and misses.

Patent number 1,183,492 went to Albert B. Pratt in 1916 for a hat that fires bullets. Made of metal, with a barrel above the visor, the hat is triggered by a rubber tube that extends downward and into the wearer's mouth.

In 1897, Prescott Jernegan announced he'd found a way to extract gold from the sea. He formed a company, raised over \$10,000,000 and repaired to Europe six months later with \$300,000 of his stockholders' money. He promptly invested—and lost—the entire amount in a project thought up by an Englishman who

For uppity women, a wife-beating machine (center), created by an Illinois professor. A tribunal fined the man for abusing his inventive genius. And in 1886, a Carolus P. Southwell came up with a "dental breath guard" (right), to protect a patient from being overcome by the dentist's bad breath.

claimed he could extract gold from the sea.

The Honorable Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Massachusetts, made a fortune exporting ice to Greenland.

Peanut butter was invented in Michigan to feed mental patients. And Dr. Graham's crackers became a dietary success throughout the nation in the 1820s and 1830s when he announced they diminished young girls' sexual urges.

Patent number 109,644 was awarded in 1870 to an F. H. C. Mey, who dreamed up a thing called a Velocopepe, a vehicle powered by two dogs on a treadmill. Noted for its economical merits, the vehicle is said to have reached maximum speed in the vicinity of cats and almost no speed at all around fireplugs.

Treasury Department officials in 1865 were stumped. This fellow William E. Brockway had come up with a counterfeit \$100 bill so authentic-looking that they didn't know what to do about it. What they finally did was take the real bills out of circulation.

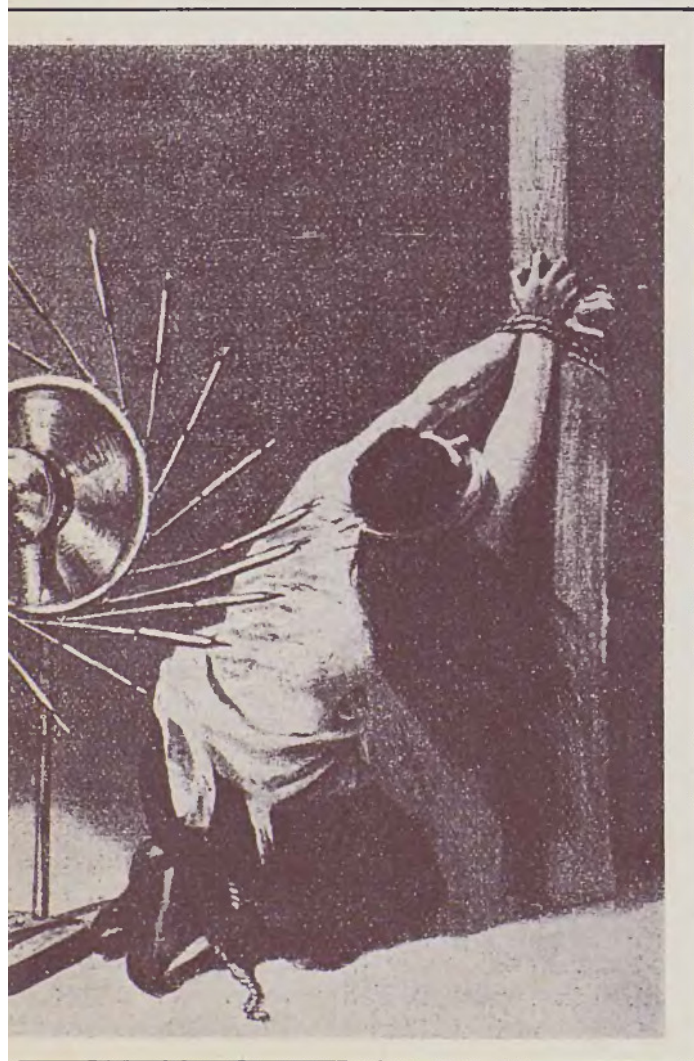
John Humphrey Noyes founded the Oneida Community in the mid-1800s with

free love as its guiding philosophy—although he felt incest was best. The commune's early activities were supported by profits from a new steel bear trap.

Patent number 1,062,399 was given to Abbie M. Hess and Alfred Lee Tibbals in 1913 for a device "for removing a double chin and wrinkles from the face of a wearer." It consisted of a kind of headset with a couple of thick wires with hooks on the ends of them. When the headset was worn, the hooks were inserted into the ears, pulling them upward and smoothing out the face. It was also good for conquering deafness, the inventors said.

Joseph Glidden of Dekalb, Illinois, stuck some wire into a coffee grinder in 1873, fooled around with the handle some, and out came a new invention: barbed wire.

1971: Richard Nixon invents a fool-proof way to keep precise records of Presidential conversations and write them off as a deduction, to boot.



CAPTAIN BURGER AMERICAN DREAM

(continued from page 166)

Kanarowski," he said. "This is my father's place."

"I've kept a record of everything—" Ernie blurted out, moving toward the small office in the back to get the books. But the man's voice stopped him.

"Forget it," he said, turning around. His cold blue eyes met Ernie's. "I want you to take the day off tomorrow. I'm going to get this place fixed up."

"But I promised I'd—" Ernie stammered, pointing to the cars.

"They can wait. This place hasn't been painted in twenty years. The front yard needs to be repaved."

That night the shop burned down. When Ernie came to work a day later, there was nothing left but the foundation and several hulks of scorched metal. Surrounded by gas stations on three sides, he stood there broodingly reverent, lunchbox in hand, staring at the charred remains of his place of employment as if it were the sacred ruins of an ancient civilization. Cars raced by on the highway behind him, making a rushing noise like the wind off the Aegean whispering in ghost voices to the crumbling stone columns of the Parthenon. Just then a gray Pontiac pulled off the highway and lurched to a stop alongside him.

"Get in," the young Kanarowski said, leaning across the seat and pushing open the door for him.

At the hospital, Ernie, like a sentinel, stood rigidly outside the doors of the ward while the prospective Captain Burger half crouched, half knelt beside the bed of his father.

"Dad," he whispered into the almost colorless eyes that stared out from the white Sahara folds of the pillow. "Dad, I've got to tell you something important."

The flat gray eyes didn't move.

"Can you hear me, Dad?" He bent closer until his mouth was only inches from the face in which the eyes were lodged like burned-out meteors that had struck the earth. "Dad," he whispered again.

He drew back and waited. Behind him, moans rose from other beds in a tidal wave of human misery. Cries broke out of a nightmare; someone was calling for the nurse. He leaned close to his father again. "The shop's burned down, Dad," he said. "With the insurance money, I want to put up a hamburger stand. It's a dynamite spot because of the highway. Two hundred cars pass by every minute. Twelve thousand every hour. Do you know how many hamburgers that means?"

Breathlessly, he watched the eyes for the slightest possible movement, for the approval he hoped they would give him. But the eyes remained inert. Instead the dry, chapped lips beneath them began to move. The voice was almost inaudible, words hollowed out of dry breath. "How

can I work on cars with you in my way selling hamburgers?"

"No, Dad, you don't understand. You won't be working on cars anymore. I'm going to build a hamburger stand there instead."

"Hamburgers?" came the cracked whisper.

"The culinary future of America is in the hamburger, Dad," the son replied, understanding the addictive needs and desires of a generation brought up on the taste of cheap hamburgers, a generation of blue jeans and Volkswagens and Top 40 radio, a generation that thrived on informality and ease, that scorned elegance.

"Hamburgers?" the voice said again.

"Well, cheeseburgers, too. And French fries."

A long time elapsed before the lips began to move again, the words straggling behind like a band of defeated soldiers. "I don't even like hamburgers," the lips said.

Afterward, Captain Burger told himself that he never would have done it if he wasn't certain his father was going to die. And even if his father had lived, he reasoned, he would have made twice as much money managing the hamburger stand as he would have fixing cars. So as soon as the check from the insurance company came, he went out and bought a brand-new Lincoln Continental, hired Ernie as his chauffeur, divorced his first wife, changed his name to Roger Cannon (he wanted something simple and memorable as well as phallic) and built the first Captain Burger.

Seventy-five Captain Burger stands later (at a time when the captain feared an assassination plot by a rival chain), Ernie was promoted to personal bodyguard, serving thereafter in a double capacity. As the years passed and the empire grew, Ernie became more than an employee, more even than a friend. He was a spiritual escort, a latter-day guardian angel into whose hands (Ernie knew) had been placed the custodianship of one of the most important men of our time. Throughout the years, he never once betrayed that trust, never faltered in his devotion. Wives and lovers came and went, friends disappeared, business deals fell through. But Ernie stayed. His callused mechanic's hands gripped the pearl-white steering wheel of the Eldorado with all the intensity and sense of destiny of a navigator in search of the New World, his bald head shining above the front seat like a beacon that guided the captain through the maze of freeways, turnpikes, highways, parkways, side streets, dirt roads and cowpaths that crisscross the American landscape.

Ernie took particular pleasure, his most important pleasure save one, in the fact that he knew things about the

captain that no one else knew, that the captain himself didn't know he knew. There was that time, for instance, in New Orleans at the Lake Pontchartrain Captain Burger when the captain told him to wait in the car. As Ernie watched the moonlight ripple across the black water of the lake, a Baptist revival meeting on the car radio, he heard strange noises that at first seemed to be a part of the revival broadcast until he began to suspect that they were, in point of fact, emanating from somewhere inside the Captain Burger stand itself.

Ernie turned off the radio. The noises continued. He climbed out of the car, dutifully approached the front door of the stand and peered through the glass. In the darkness, the neorosewood chairs were stacked on the neorosewood tables. Near the counter, a square of moonlight illuminated the immaculate, orange-tiled floor. He jiggled the door handle. For a moment more, he stared meditatively out across the lake before tracing the noises around to the rear of the stand. There were no windows along the back wall, just the flat, bare cinder block, so he climbed on top of the trash-disposal bin and looked through the small opening that housed the exhaust fan. Between the blades of the fan, he could discern in the dim light of the kitchen the naked bodies of Captain Burger and Lois, his girlfriend at the time. They had climbed into a steel vat of chopped meat, where they were smearing gobs of red meat on each other, their bodies writhing and twisting in a kind of dance as they communicated to each other with animal grunts and groans.

On the way back to the motel, the smell of hamburger meat was so strong that Ernie had to drive with the air conditioner on and all the windows open. It was later that night, after Ernie was well into the second movement of what was to be a three-part nightmare in which Captain Burger was moving menacingly toward him in a dark, unfamiliar room with a perverse grin on his twisted lips and his hands reaching out grotesquely, when Ernie awoke suddenly to find the captain actually *was* moving toward him in the dark motel room, a perverse grin on his twisted lips, his hands reaching out grotesquely.

"What's the matter, boss?" he asked fearfully into the darkness.

"A wonderful thing happened tonight, Ernie. Lois and I are going to be married."

Ernie snapped on the light over his bed. The captain stood above him, his eyes glimmering the way they did whenever he drank champagne. "That's great, boss," he said. Secretly, Ernie considered women a nuisance. But he considered it his professional responsibility to be enthusiastic. "That's great, boss," he said again, just to be safe.

(continued on page 234)



GARRY BROWN

*"And I thought you were just boasting when you said
you were good on a pool table!"*

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

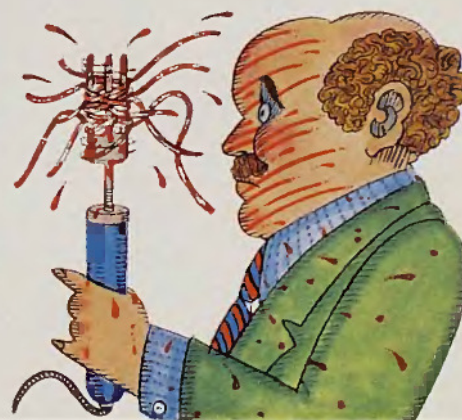


DO THE CONTINENTAL

Music student comes to New York City. Finds apartment to share with girl. Gets gig blowing piano (if you'll excuse the expression) at the Continental Baths. Which is, of course, renowned not only as one of Gotham's hipper night clubs but also as a mecca for gay men about town. Our guy soon finds himself in a dilemma concerning bisexuality, of all things. How does he work it out? Well, if we told you that, we'd be giving away the rest of the plot of *Saturday Night at the Baths*, a new flick being produced and directed by David Buckley (brother of *Screw* publisher Jim), with camerawork by Ralf (*Inaugural Ball*) Bode. Watch for it at your neighborhood theater—but don't hold your breath.

PATENTS PENDING

Lest you forget that 1879 was a very good year for suppository molders, the U. S. Patent Office is sponsoring a third annual National Inventor's Day (the suppository device was featured last year), to be held this February 9 and 10 at 2021 Jefferson Davis Highway, Arlington, Virginia. About a hundred inventors will be on hand with their latest creations, along with a random sampling of antique devices dredged up from the Patent Office's musty archives. Nothing's for sale, but you just might be inspired to invent something important—like a no-stick zipper.



HOT PANTS

If it's true that the nicest things happen on a Honda, just imagine what's going to occur when you put your girlfriend into a pair of Honda underpants. It seems a company called Drag Specialties (7035 Washington Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota), which deals mainly in motorcycle parts and accessories, has broadened its horizon; it now sells sexy stretch panties emblazoned with emblems of not only Honda but Harley-Davidson Wings, Harley-Davidson #1, Kawasaki, Norton, Triumph and the ever-popular Yamaha. The panties cost \$3.50 a pair, including postage; one size fits all—so we're told—from petite to Graf Zeppelin and they're available in a variety of colors. OK, gypsies, let's ride!

TAPPING THE TILLS

As the saying goes, old cash registers never die, they're sent to Bill Hanson at 810 Third Avenue, Durango, Colorado, whose hobby is refurbishing such masterpieces as the National shown here. Hanson provides free estimates, can manufacture most missing or broken parts and sometimes has models for sale at bell-ringer prices. What the world needs are fewer new cash registers and more vintage Bill Hansons.

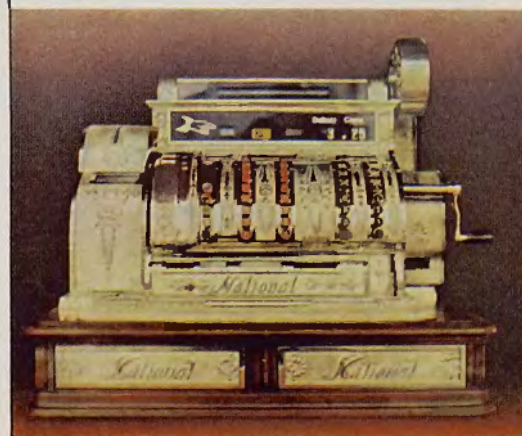


PHOTO FINISH

The nostalgia craze has summoned back many wonderful things from the past—old radio shows, old clothes, old Depressions. Now the tintype is back. For a mere pittance (\$3.75 for a 3" x 4", and up), Raintree Enterprises (P. O. Box 30035, Chicago) will reproduce any picture you send them on a highly polished plate of tin in the warm sepia tint of an old engraving. Or, if you aren't photogenic, you can get tintypes of Sherlock Holmes or Flash Gordon, to name a couple.



SILVER LINING

It's been said that there's a pill for everything that ails you. This could very well be true, if Cloud Chasers are any indication. They're big yellow tablets composed of vitamins and iodine and designed to protect your lungs from the nasty effects of smoking and ozone. A bottle of 60 tablets will set you back \$5.95, sent to The Mollenhauer Co., 1357 Rosecrans Street, San Diego, California. One a day, they say, helps eliminate the poisons. Now, if we could only find the bottle in this smog.



FAST COMPANY

We all know what they do at Club Méditerranée villages when the sun goes down and the tide goes out. Well, for those of you who'd like to try something different through the club, the world's largest racing yacht, Vendredi 13, which is 128 feet long and sleeps eight, is now available for \$700-per-person one-week cruises—departing from Buccaneer's Creek, Martinique. Built specifically for a 1972 solo transatlantic crossing, the Vendredi 13 features three aluminum 82-foot masts, battery-powered automatic steering, spacious sun decks and a cozy game lounge. Anchors aweigh.

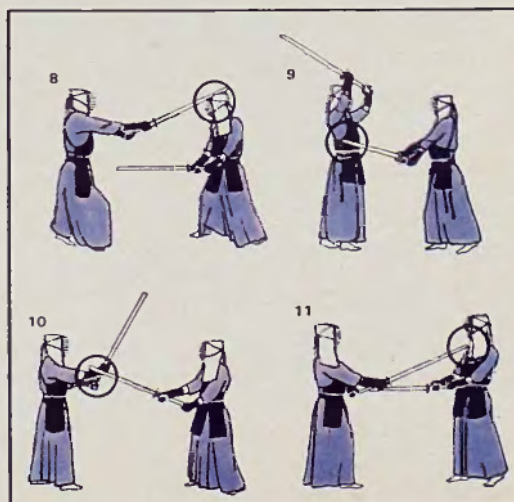
AND NOW FOR MY DECODER RING

Let's say you're bumming around Europe and your best girl back home has just eloped with your sister. How can Mom secretly reach you with this bit of news? By sending \$10 to join an organization called America Calling (3 Hamburg Turnpike, Pompton Lakes, New Jersey). It specializes in coded messages placed in the classified section of the *International Herald Tribune*. With the special code books A.C. provides, only you and the sender will know what DDF05WT really means.



SCOREBOOK

You are refereeing a hot game of korfbal between the League of Women Voters and the Hell's Angels and the female player with the ball gets kicked in the head. What do you do? You consult your \$14.95 copy of *Rules of the Game*, a Paddington Press release that modestly subtitles itself "The Complete Illustrated Encyclopedia of All the Sports of the World." In it you'll find pigeon racing, shinty and slalom canoeing among the hundreds of listings. By the way, the League gets a free throw.



(continued from page 230)

The captain went over to the window, where he stared out at the blue shimmering water of the pool. "Marriage is an ordinary thing," he said sadly. "Every day millions of people all over the world fall in love and get married. But I want my marriage to Lois to be different." He turned to face Ernie, his hands shoved into the pockets of the South Sea Blue smoking jacket he had put on after his shower. "I want to distinguish it from my first marriage, from every other marriage. I want the whole world to know what I feel tonight."

It was later that night, after he let Ernie return to his nightmare, after he looked in again at Lois sleeping like a beautiful child in his bed with a tiny piece of chopped meat still lodged in the coils of one ear, as he sat on the edge of the pool and watched the moonlight turn the water a strange, dreamlike green, that he invented the LoveBurger: two heart-shaped patties of beef on a heart-shaped roll. Even the pickle inside, he decided, would be in the shape of a miniature heart.

The next day he ordered 1000 special meat molds and from then on, he paid twice as much for each hamburger roll because of the unique shape. Over each Captain Burger stand he erected a large red heart-shaped sign with the words HOME OF THE LOVEBURGER lit up in bright phosphorescent gold. It wasn't exactly the color of Lois' hair, but it was the closest match he could get in neon. He thought of the LoveBurger as a kind of communion. Each time a customer bit into one, it was like sharing his love for Lois. Eighteen months later, at a hotel rooftop terrace overlooking the Roman Forum, the marriage ended. But the LoveBurger remained, a testament to the irretrievable past, imbuing his second marriage with the only kind of immortality it would ever know.

• • •

Ernie raised his fist this time and pounded heavily on the rest-room door. He heard the toilet gurgle, the faucet splash on and off three times, paper towel being torn. He raised his fist again and at that moment, the door opened. Miss Burger Queen took one look at the raised fist, at the square-jawed set of Ernie's face and managed in a fraction of a microsecond to suck back the tears that were still forming in her eyes, harden the lines of her mouth and, dry-eyed and composed, sneer haughtily at him: "Don't you dare, you cretin! You bully!"

She swept past him, past the line of outraged passengers that had formed behind him, past the stewardess who was staring coldly at her from the kitchen. Stewardesses had never been nice to her and she returned their hostility with a venom of her own. Flying fucks, she called them. They're nothing but flying

fuckers, she said to Captain Burger whenever they did something to annoy her, like offer him a magazine but not her or spill scalding-hot coffee accidentally on her dress.

Captain Burger was staring out the window at the fluffy whipped-cream clouds, thinking about nothing in particular but feeling warm and contented, dreamy in the soft clear light of the sun. He tried to ignore the fact that as soon as she sat down she methodically began to pop Chiclets into her mouth from a freshly opened package, stopping only when the package was empty, when she had broken the cellophane window with her index finger and felt around in the corners of the pack to make sure not one of them had eluded her. He knew she did it, made a ritual of it, because it annoyed him. He tried to dismiss it for what it was, a childish gesture, a petty vengeance.

When she had carefully and systematically assimilated the gum, subdued it to the point where it was one definable wad, she turned to him and insinuated herself like a thorn into his reverie.

"Roger?"

He hated her when she called him that. Why couldn't she call him C. B., like his friends did?

"I don't feel right calling you by initials," she told him once when he tried to correct her. "It's not personal."

"What am I going to do now, Roger?" she asked.

She had put off asking this very question for weeks, because she was afraid of, *knew*, what he would answer. The worst part of it all was that she didn't regret it, this year she had spent with him, even though she had to give it up now, even though she felt used because she knew deep inside that he had never—not for one of those moments—ever loved her. She would do it again. All he had to do was snap his fingers.

"You can have your old job back," he said absently.

• • •

His suite was on the 14th floor of the Chantilly. From the king-sized bed, his head propped up by two foam-rubber pillows, he saw an infinite sweep of blue sky through the floor-to-ceiling windows. On the balcony, he looked out at the ocean; and when he leaned forward beyond the shadow of the balcony above, he fell into the shattering white glare of the sun, which was directly over him. The view was to the southeast, water as infinite as the sky, toward the islands of the Bahamas, which he could not see but which he imagined he could see floating like lush green memories on the horizon. Island hopping was his third wife's, Regina's, favorite pastime, and in the two and a half years of their marriage,

they had hopped their way through them all from Bermuda to Trinidad.

He changed his yellow paisley shirt for a lavender paisley, same design. He put on khaki shorts, tennis sneakers, brushed his hair over one eye, admired his tan in the mirror (a tan he managed to keep all year round by scheduling a weekend in the sun at least once a month), went across the hall and knocked on Miss Burger Queen's door. To avoid unpleasantness later, he had arranged separate suites. After the coronation, Ernie would give her a one-way ticket back to Tucson. That was the agreement. It had all been written down a year ago, in black and white. He knocked again, but there was not even the slightest sound of movement beyond the door, so he strolled down the hall toward the elevator, whistling the 18th variation of *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*.

In the elevator, the metallic mahogany decor made his whistling sharper and clearer, so he continued with renewed gusto, not stopping when the doors opened onto the lobby, rapt in the ecstasy of the piece, despite the fact that his whistle was shriller now, less melodic, almost frantic in the flat open spaces of the lobby. He kept the tune alive, however erratically, past potted palms and scampering bellboys, abstract bronze sculptures, murals of exploding suns and seething oceans, through the unsympathetic clamor of voices all around him. He reached the crescendo just as he stepped out into the bright sunlight, where he took in the broad clean sweep of Collins Avenue, the palms on either side, the pastel buildings: a water color of the good life.

He followed a path around behind the hotel, past the Olympic-sized pool, the white and blue deck chairs, the tennis courts, under the momentary shade of coconut palms and down the white-stone steps that led to the beach. From the water's edge, with the ocean washing up over his feet, he looked back across the beach, beyond the palms flapping in the wind to the hotel itself, imposing, monolithic, a declaration of man's superiority to nature. He tried to find his balcony out of the hundreds of identical balconies that faced out over the water, but he kept losing count before he got to 14. Then he spotted Ernie, still dressed in his black chauffeur's suit, watching him through binoculars from one of the balconies.

He had stood out on one of the Chantilly balconies with each of his wives, having spent all three of his honeymoons here. To Captain Burger, Miami was not so much a glamorous array of hotels and night clubs as a private warehouse of dreams and memories where, despite the crowds and the noise and the gaiety, he could be alone with himself. With each of his wives in turn, he had watched the sun set and murmured how wonderful,

how glorious; and later, sipping banana daiquiries on the balcony, he stared longingly into their eyes, each new pair of eyes replacing the former ones, as the moon rose a pale, forlorn yellow in the dark Atlantic sky.

The Miami moon was his saddest memory. It always seemed to be inflated beyond its capacity, brimming with hope, fragile. The time he came here for his 35th birthday, right after he left his third wife, the moon seemed to him a gaping reminder of the emptiness of his own soul. He and Regina were traveling through Egypt and the Holy Land when they split up. He left her in Jerusalem and went alone on a tour of the mountains of Judaea and the Dead Sea. He found himself transfixed by the pale blue-green color of the sea and, when the guide told them that no plant or animal life could survive there, he wondered how something so beautiful could be so lifeless. When he came home, he flew to Miami for his birthday, where, alone and miserable (even Ernie had left him, gone home to Brooklyn to attend to his dying mother), he walked along the beaches in the moon's cold, fluorescent glare. He realized that, without his having noticed, his life had reached its halfway mark; that at 35, after three marriages and innumerable love affairs, the only thing he had managed to keep alive was his business. He laughed out

loud at himself, tasted the bitter irony of his life. He had always prided himself on being a man of foresight and vision, THE MAN WHO CAN, as the inscription under his picture read for every Captain Burger customer to contemplate, the man who had constructed a hamburger stand strong enough to resist even nuclear holocaust. Normally, one of his most satisfying fantasies was to imagine himself safe inside his radioactive-proof Captain Burger stand, staring out through the protective glass at the smoking ruins of America and gloating that he alone had been ingenious enough to survive, knowing that beneath him in the special fallout shelter there was enough hamburger meat to keep him alive for 200 years. But the night of his 35th birthday, that fantasy only made him lonelier than he was. Because despite his seemingly undaunted will, he saw the second half of his life stretching out below him like an aerial view of Death Valley.

Later that night, in his sleepless, drunken grief, he wandered aimlessly along Collins Avenue. At the fountain display in front of the hotel, he stopped to watch two girls wading out into the water. They had left their shoes at the edge of the fountain and as they glided through the water, they held their dresses high above their knees. The lights in the fountain were constantly shifting, turning the water pink and blue and

lavender as the girls floated there, transformed into shimmering nymphets, more an apparition than reality. Their hair was the silky blonde of fairy tales, their bodies lithe and graceful, their motions as delicate as the pink mist that blew away from the fountains. They seemed mirror images of each other, two angelic sister princesses conjured up out of the lost dreams of his childhood, and they seemed to beckon him with their shy, playful eyes, with the innocent seduction of their dance. He knew they could be no more than 17, yet he felt he was discovering some essence of femininity that had eluded him all these years, some promise of freshness, an uninhibited joy and sweetness that had been denied him in his relations with older women. They had not yet been disillusioned by love, the smooth ivory softness of their faces—bright-eyed and eager—not yet wrinkled by the inevitable cynicism of middle age.

In his rapture, Captain Burger also took his shoes off, climbed the stone rim of the pool and began wading unsteadily toward them, the lights and water spinning around their tempting young bodies (he thought about all the girls in his teenage years who had denied him), their girlish laughter calling him to his future. No matter that when he reached the bubbling center of the fountain the girls were gone, that the flow of their bodies had evaporated to mist, that the

I Olé!



In a marvelous Margarita,
a super Sunrise
or maybe just daringly straight...
nothing compares with
Smooth Olé Tequila.
It's got that Mexican spirit.



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Remember. Before you say "Tequila," always say "Olé!"

OLE SUNRISE: 1½ ozs. Olé Tequila, 3 ozs. Orange Juice, ½ cz. Grenadine. Serve over ice in a large glass.

melody of their voices became the condescending question of the Chantilly doorman, who stood haughtily at the edge of the pool, watching him: "May I help you up to your room, Mr. Cannon?" No matter: The vision remained and, like most of his visions, became palpable almost immediately in the idea for the annual Miss Burger Queen contest.

As he strolled along the beach in the warm afternoon sun, Ernie following him through the lenses of the binoculars, knowing that at this very moment preparations were under way for tonight's festival, he felt not so much the promise as the *guarantee* of new beginnings, new horizons. He walked for what he thought was hours, and when he returned at last to the hotel, his hair frizzed out wildly by the salt wind, his tan face flushed by the sun, he found the door to Miss Burger Queen's suite flung wide open, the suite itself looking as if a brawl had taken place. He learned later that she had drunk an entire bottle of Bristol Cream sherry in his absence and then tried to drown herself in the bathtub. When he went in, Ernie was marching around the room, dragging the inert, naked, dripping-wet body of Miss Burger Queen along with him, counting cadence. "Hup, two, three, four. Hup. . ."

As they careened around the sofa, Ernie and the nearly lifeless Miss Burger Queen came face to face with the captain. Ernie's head, already drooping

under the weight of his soggy burden, drooped even further.

"I'm sorry, boss," he said, knowing he was guilty at the very least of having had his binoculars facing in the wrong direction.

. . .

In the Ponce de León Room of the Chantilly Hotel, champagne corks popped like fireworks and balloons drifted through the smoky recesses of a ceiling crowded with chandeliers and streamers. At a table in the center of the room directly beneath the largest chandelier, Captain Burger (in a white-satin tuxedo) sat across from Linda Ann, the prototype of all future Miss Burger Queens, who wore a black-silk evening gown studded with tiny silver sequined LoveBurgers and whose head, from time to time, appeared perilously close to rolling forward into the roast beef *au jus*. On all sides, he was surrounded by the representatives of his empire, Captain Burger managers and assistant managers from across the country, all wearing laminated heart-shaped identification cards that glowed in the dark and read: **HI! MY NAME IS _____ I'M FROM THE _____ CAPTAIN BURGER.**

After his fifth glass of champagne, his attention turned from the crowd and noise around him to the girl he had lived with for the past year, who in a matter of hours would vanish from his life. In the shifting light, her cream-

shiered eyes took on a mysterious, angelic glow. She was, he still had to admit, a beautiful girl. In a tender, fleeting moment of reminiscence, he felt sorry it was coming to an end. But he, like the annual Miss Burger Queen, had to abide by the rules he had set up. Upon each of his wives he had heaped too much of his need, his anguish. He had tried to make each of his marriages fill the void of his diverse and paradoxical longings, his insatiable emptiness. The one-year time limit forced him to expect less, take what pleasure he could without worrying about the quality or the quantity of his fulfillment, relieved him of the insidious burden of consequences, the affliction of the future. With the baked Alaska burning blue in the darkness around him, he leaned across the table to the beautiful symbol of the imperfection of all his dreams and whispered with the only kind of gratitude he knew: "Thank you."

At midnight, with the champagne still flowing not so much as a love potion as the *promise* of a love potion, he sat alone at the end of the ramp as the contestants for the new Miss Burger Queen paraded before him in the red-and-gold simplicity of their Captain Burger uniforms, their faces unspoiled and radiant, their legs flashing beneath the short fitted skirts. Each in turn, they came forward and made their recitation: "I want to be Miss Burger Queen U.S.A. because. . ." Hair, eyes, voice, smile, legs, movement. There was no detail that he missed. And when he had made his choice, when he had delivered the name of his choice in a sealed envelope to Jackie Cohon, the Hollywood comedian who was acting as master of ceremonies, and as he leaned back to await the coronation, Ernie's thick breath suddenly whispered into his ear.

"She's gone," Ernie said.

"Who's gone?" the captain asked nervously.

"Linda. . . Miss Burger"—Ernie stammered—"nobody knows what's happened to her."

"Never mind," the captain said, once again in control. "I'll do the crowning myself."

With the orchestra playing the second movement of Rachmaninoff's *Concert Number Two* in C minor, he slowly raised the crown of diamond baguettes above the clear, sensual face of Miss Sherri Miller from the Pikes Peak Captain Burger. Like a drowning man whose entire life is compressed into a single apocalyptic flashback, the faces of all the women he had ever longed for and loved flickered before him for one fleeting moment before dissolving into the new Miss Burger Queen's pale blue-green eyes, which, he noted with a poet's flair for analogy, were the exact color of the Dead Sea.



"For heaven's sake, Mother. I'm just having Ronald's baby . . . it's not like we were getting married!"

Skoal Days (continued from page 126)

sauce. They're fun to eat that way. If you like, peel them and serve with a sauce.

SWEET-AND-SOUR CUCUMBERS (Serves 12)

5 cucumbers, peeled
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup cider vinegar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 1 to 2 teaspoons salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon white pepper

Thinly slice cucumbers, set in bowl of ice water to crisp. About an hour before serving, combine vinegar, water and seasonings. Drain and dry cucumber slices; mix with dressing. Taste for seasoning and correct. Chill until ready to serve. Garnish with sprigs of fresh dill or chopped parsley.

SMOKED SALMON, HORSE RADISH SAUCE

Thinly sliced smoked salmon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream, chilled
 1 to 2 tablespoons grated fresh horseradish
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon finely grated lemon zest

Combine cream, horseradish and lemon in a cold bowl and whip. Place a bit of sauce on each slice of salmon and roll into cones or horns. Garnish with parsley and capers.

AQUAVIT ICICLE

This is simply a bottle of aquavit encased in an ice jacket. Here's how to do it:

Get a round or square, straight-sided container, about 7 ins. high and $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 ins. in diameter. A standard 2-quart milk carton or a 46-oz. juice can is fine. Pour in about $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. water. Place in freezer—it must be *absolutely level*—and freeze. Remove label from bottle. Set bottle inside container and add ice-cold water to within $\frac{3}{4}$ in. of rim of container and return to freezer, absolutely level. Check to see that bottle is still centered. Let it remain undisturbed overnight, to get a good hard chill.

To remove, immerse container in hot water—the ice-coated bottle will come loose and slide out easily. Put back in freezer until ready to serve. When pouring, wrap a napkin around the bottle. If you want to leave it on the table for a while, place it in a shallow, flat-bottomed bowl or platter to catch the drippings. You can arrange a garland of fresh flowers or greens around the base of the bottle to conceal any water that runs off. Return bottle to freezer when not in demand.

GLOGG (Serves 18 to 20)

1 bottle dry red wine
 1 bottle sweet vermouth or ruby port
 10 whole cardamoms, bruised or cracked
 10 allspice berries
 1 piece stick cinnamon

Small slice fresh ginger (optional)

1 orange
 10 dried figs, halved
 1 cup raisins
 $\frac{3}{5}$ pint aquavit
 Sugar to taste
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched, unsalted almonds

Heat wines slowly in enamel pot at just below simmer. Tie spices in cheesecloth bag and add to wine. Peel zest from orange and add to pot along with juice. Add figs and raisins. Turn off heat and allow mixture to steep 1 hour. Remove spice bag and orange rind. Pour aquavit into pot. Taste for sugar, and add up to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup if you want more sweetening. Re-heat slowly, stirring to dissolve sugar. Don't boil—that drives off the alcohol. Serve moderately warm in a mug, with a small spoon. Dip a portion of fruit into each mug and pop in a few almonds before serving.

Glögg is traditionally served warm, but it's also good lightly chilled.

Note: The fine Scandinavian delicatessen Nyborg & Nelson, 937 Second Avenue, New York, New York, will mail-order a 1-lb. bag of glögg mix—good for 1 gallon glögg. Price is three dollars, plus one dollar for handling.

A LITTLE BLACK ONE

Place a silver coin in a cup. Pour hot black coffee over coin until it can no longer be seen. Then pour in aquavit

until coin is once again discernible. Add sugar if desired and drink quickly, before coin dissolves.

SCANDIA PUNCH

2 ozs. aquavit
 1 oz. Swedish Punch liqueur
 $\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. lemon juice
 1 teaspoon sugar

Shake briskly with ice. Strain into large cocktail glass or over ice in old fashioned glass.

JUBILEE MARY

$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. Jubilaeums aquavit
 3 ozs. tomato juice
 Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon or lime
 2 dashes celery salt
 Dash Tabasco

Place ice cubes in small tumbler or highball glass. Add ingredients. Stir to chill.

Note: This drink is good with other aquavits, but only Jubilaeums gives the subtle dill flavor.

There's a ritual to the toasting game that all Scandinavians observe. First you select a partner. You raise your glass, look deep into her eyes and say, "Skoal!" She responds in kind. Then you toss off your aquavits in unison, lower glasses to breast level and nod to each other. Usually, one proceeds to another skoalmate. But if you think the game is going well, perhaps you should stay with the same partner. Skoall



"I was 'right on,' but her husband came home and I had to get right off!"

asking for it (continued from page 130)

said he, "the Camattes are your friends, not mine. I've only seen them when you've dragged me to that lousy night club. And all I ever saw, with my own eyes, was the glazed sort of look people wear when they're playing footsie under the table. And maybe what you'd call a smoldering glance or two."

"On the strength of which you take the typical small-town view of the French! No wonder there's all this anti-U.S. feeling over here!"

Magnanimity, even in a pipe smoker, has its limits. Like all limits, they are reached sooner than one expects. "Alec," said Jay, "you're the world's all-time champ at seeing a thing, or saying a thing, and then forgetting it. You told me yourself you'd caught sight of Marie, more than once, on her way out of this building, evidently from André's."

"Only twice," said Alec. "And I thought nothing of it. He's young and he's hard up and talented." This small, weak thought was uttered in a small, weak voice. It seemed anxious to slip away unnoticed.

Jay threw only the smallest of jokes after it; to do less would have been more conspicuous. "You must let me bring a bottle next time," said he, rising. "Now I've got to get home or the kid won't go to sleep."

Alec walked this upright family man to the stair well. Pressing the button, he evoked only the considerable silence of a dead elevator. "These functional dumps are fine," said Jay, "only nothing ever functions." With that, he set off down the stairs and soon the sound of his footfalls died away.

Alec stood for quite a long time, feeling completely empty, unable to think of anything at all. Any period is long if spent doing nothing on an empty landing. Indeed, in the silence, it seemed as if time had come to a stop. It was set going again by the tick, tick, tock not of a stately clock but of a pair of high heels coming down from the upper floors.

In this building, made all of concrete, the elevator was often out of order, and many pairs of high heels descended that naked, echoing, rather grimy staircase. Nevertheless, Alec *knew*, as they say, that this was Marie Camatte who was coming down. He therefore felt a paralyzing sense of the inevitable, like a giant hand on the back of his neck, as she turned on the last landing and came into view.

Marie came from one of those ancient pockets of Marseilles where the houses are eight floors high and the streets scarcely eight feet wide. Those tall houses are linked by rooms erupting from their upper stories, bridging the narrow alleys and running like lava over the roofs of lesser buildings. In each room, a family or a whore. Not infrequently, both.

In the doorways, and in the shadows of shops, you sometimes see the most extraordinary faces: Roman faces, Greek faces, Phoenician faces; faces with the profiles of vipers and the whiteness of those night-blooming flowers that smell sweetly of flesh. They are the faces of the slaves of Tyre and Sidon—and of certain of the queens of silent movies.

Marie had such a face and it seemed at all times ready to tilt unbearably far back under the insolent devouring kiss of its natural mate, the Sheik of Araby, or the mate of the last coaster to dock.

"That face is my fate." Someone else had already said it, but Alec felt it. He felt it every time he saw Marie, and the feeling was accompanied by a heart-laboring, bowel-twisting sensation that tried to pass itself off as passionate love. Actually, it was the ugly sister of the love family—that quite hideous sister, the dull, persistent ache of an unhealable wound.

Those suffering from unhealable wounds readily assume a reproachful expression. This causes people to feel they have been found out, a feeling that can arouse guilt, fear and rage in the best of us. These things showed on Marie's face for a moment. They were quickly covered by the sweetest of smiles, but Alec had seen them. It is not pleasant to be greeted by a look of that sort when one has been waiting on a dirty landing for several minutes, or possibly for 20 years.

Alec stepped in front of Marie without either a smile or an extended hand. "Come into my place," he said. "I've something to say to you."

Marie put on the appropriate look of wonder, but she had observed that Alec spoke as if he had no breath in his lungs. She had learned quite early in life that when a man speaks in that way, he means business. She therefore allowed him to march her through the open door of his apartment, and she was suitably impressed by the backward kick with which he slammed the door shut behind them. "I'm late already," she said. "Louis will wonder what has happened to me."

"No doubt André could tell him."

"André? What has André to do with it?" Marie tried the effect of a look of lofty offense, a period piece as absurd and pathetic as a moth-eaten old fox fur would be, with a bunch of limp and faded artificial violets pinned on it, dragged out of some trunk in the attic. "Is it possible you suggest I was visiting André? Perhaps I have other friends in this building."

Alec permitted himself a look of contempt for this pitiful alibi, so easy to check up on.

Marie, a creature of the alleys, knew a blind one as soon as she set foot in it. "But why should I not tell you the truth?" said she. "It is a little secret, but not

from you. Louis has some business friends who are coming from Nice to meet him at the club this evening. So I thought I would tell André one or two funny little things about each of them, for him to work into his act."

"No doubt he had other friends last Thursday. Were they also from Nice?"

"Last Thursday? I fail to see—"

"You failed to see me, but I saw you. And I saw you on Monday, too, you dirty little whore!"

"You're jealous!"

What a relief it is, after a lot of fencing, to get down to brass tacks! The next moment, Marie was plastering herself upon Alec, flickering her fingers like snake's tongues up his arms, along his jaw, around his neck; engulfing the stiff, resentful fool in kisses as red and sticky and sweet as stolen jam, pouring a froth of confessions and reproaches and endearments all over him, telling him that André was a boy, a toy, a mistake, a nothing. "A nothing! A nothing! A nothing! It was all because of you. I love you. You close your eyes. You turn away. You ignore me. You look at me as if I were dirt." All this sounds much better in French, especially if one's French is not of the best.

To Alec it had the magic of that double talk that is uttered by our most discreditable desires, through the mouths of creatures of our own creation, in our dreams. It offered him his love and his slave, an abject repentance and a rival belittled to nothing at all. Nothing was lacking to complete his pleasure, except perhaps pleasure itself.

The fact is, the realization of a fantasy, like the foot of the rainbow on the site of the mirage, inevitably turns out to be just another bit of the same old desert. Alec, seeking it under Marie's skirt, had for a delightful moment the excusable illusion of having found it.

Unfortunately, he could not refrain from just one more question. "But if he was such a mistake, why didn't you drop him right away?"

"Because he is so weak, so stupid. In his despair he'd have done something foolish. Right there in the club, perhaps; right under Louis' eyes. And then . . . you know what Louis is!"

Alec realized that he knew perfectly well what Louis was. Louis was the owner. It is the owner who makes the slave, crushing her down, brutalizing her, devouring her all to himself, keeping other people out on the landing.

"Louis is dangerous," said Marie. "That one"—pointing above—"is nothing but a child. But Louis terrifies me. I am afraid to let myself hate him as much as I want to hate him. I have to pretend always. That is my life. Yours, too, now. He must never, never suspect."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Alec with one of those smiles one should never indulge in. It might have been a



"Without your oil can there—I'd never have got my nuts off!"



"Well, then, come out of the closet if you must, dear—but does it have to be on the David Susskind show?"

smile on the lips of an unhealable wound. "Perhaps we will let him suspect André."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Marie sharply. She had no wish to annoy Alec by a contradiction; the words just slipped out. "He'd kill him."

"You said he was a mistake. You said you couldn't get rid of him. Don't you want to get rid of him?"

"But he'd kill me, too."

"Oh, no, my dear. Quite the opposite." Alec was enjoying the intoxicating but rather dangerous sensation of great cleverness. He had seen the whole scene in one of those flashes that, like lightning flashes, are rightly called blinding, because they make us automatically close our eyes, or because after them the darkness is darker than before. "You shall be away somewhere quite safe. Louis will wipe André out. We shall know that he has done it. A word dropped into the right ear—and Louis will be wiped out, too. And you, my love, will be wiped clean." The word wipe passed back and

forth over everything he said, as over a dirty windscreen, but with no great gain in visibility.

"You're mad!" said Marie.

"Free of Louis and free of André!" continued Alec in a positive orgasm of fancy. "Clean and free and happy!" He almost added the words "And with the man you love," but considerations of taste restrained him. Instead, he started warbling a solo about transferring to the Colombo office, or Alexandria, or even Osaka.

Completely mad! thought Marie. And, as if prompted by Alec's unuttered phrase, she raised her momentarily tender eyes to heaven, always assuming heaven to be situated just where Jay had pointed with his pipe. Then, narrowing those same eyes a little, she seemed to be gazing with concentration through Alec's nonexistent dirty windscreen, along a dimly seen road that, with all the wiping he had indulged in, was gradually becoming clearer. "It is necessary to be practical," said she.

"You speak of dropping a word into the right ear," she continued. "Whose ear is that? Have you any particular person in mind?"

"Anyone at the commissariat," said Alec. "One policeman is as good as another, I suppose, in a matter of this sort."

"You are very clever," said Marie. "It is because you are so clever that I adore you. But sometimes the little goose knows something that the clever fox doesn't know. One policeman is *not* as good as another. Say your word to the wrong man at the commissariat—and you might be saying it into Louis' own ear. That is how they are with him, most of them: close—like that! Then you and I, my friend, we would both be wiped out, as you call it."

"Let me think a moment," said Alec.

"No. But listen a moment. There is one of them who is not Louis' friend. Far from it. Out to get him. But he has never been able to make anything stick. Now, forget André. Why should you wish to hurt André, a boy, a mere child; two, three years younger than you are? The police are not going to be interested in what happens to a little nobody like that. But there were two men, men of importance, who had business dealings with Louis. And a little disagreement. And a fishing boat, dragging its anchor—you read about it—caught the chain that was wrapped around one of them and fished him up. And then they found the other.

"They know who did it. This man I spoke of, Inspector Grimeaux—remember that name—knows damn well that Louis did it. But he lacks one thing to make it stick.

"I have it. It is nothing but a scrap of paper, but I found it in my hand and I kept it. For insurance. I will seal it up in an envelope and bring it back to you within the half hour. Meanwhile, call the commissariat and insist on speaking to Inspector Grimeaux. Don't say a word to anyone else. You will get yourself murdered, Alec, if you talk to anyone but Inspector Grimeaux. When he is on the phone, tell him, not talking loudly, that you have just what he needs—a certain letter—in the affair of Louis Camatte and the Calvi brothers. Tell him you will hand it to him in person, at a private rendezvous, somewhere outside the town. He'll tell you a place and an hour when he'll pass by in his car and pick you up. If he has a friend with him, that will be quite all right. Go with them. Give them what I am going to bring you. And everything will go just as you want it to. And I shall have helped you!

"And then, my love," said she, raising her eyes heavenward again, "we shall be free, and happy, and rich—for I know where the money is—and we can go far, far away, and live in Monte Carlo."

Month of Sundays (continued from page 92)

campus, a lake at the bottom, a great iron-stone chapel erected by some industrial (industrious, in dust try us) sinner at the top. A rangy town beyond, with bars and buses for its denizens, while for us there was a screen of elms and ells, and bells, bells pealing the hour, the half hour, the quarter, until the air seemed permanently liquefied and spilling everywhere like mercury. Chillingworth was a short, square man, whose docile sallow squareness made him seem shorter than he was, of huge erudition; he delivered his lectures in a virtual whisper, often facing the blackboard or an antique brown globe of the heavens left in his room from an era when natural science and theology were, if not allies, at least members of the same club. The orgy of reading that must have consumed his youth and prime had left him, in his late 50s, wearing a great rake's faintly cocky air of exhaustion; there was a twinkle in his dryness as he led us through the desiccated debates of the Greeks, of the hedonists and the Platonists, the Peripatetics and the Cyrenaics, the Stoics and the Epicureans, over the one immense question, *Is the pleasant the good, or not quite?* His course epitomized everything I hated about academic religion; its safe and complacent faithlessness, its empty difficulty, its transformation of the tombstones of the passionate dead into a set of hurdles for the living to leap on, their way to an underpaid and obsolescing profession. The old scholar's muttering manner seemed to acknowledge this, as without mercy he dragged us, his pack of pimply postulants, from Hot-tentot taboos and Eskimo hospitality (fuck my wife, you blubber) on to the tedious Greeks and the Neoplatonists (How can the soul be a form? How can it not be? How can God be a self? What else can He be? What is the good, then, but absorption into God? What is the good of it?) and further on to the rollicking saints, knitting their all-weather space suits of invisible wool, Augustine and his *concupiscentia*, Bonaventura and his *gratia*, Anselm and his *librum arbitrium*, Aquinas and his *synteresis*, Duns Scotus and his *pondus naturae*, Occam and his razor, and heaven knows who all else. By spring we had won through to Grotius and his *jus gentium*, and as modern ethics unfolded under Chillingworth's muttering, I had the parallel pleasure, as it were in running footnote, of seducing his daughter. We met in the cool British sunshine of Hobbesian realism, hit balls at each other with unbridled egoism and agreed to play again, as partners. By the time of our next date, Hume was exploding "ought" and "right" and Bentham was attempting to reconstruct hedonism with maximization formulas. Our first kiss came during Spinoza, more *titillatio* than *hilaritas*. Yet I felt my conatus, somber

center of my self, beautifully lift from my diaphragm as, in the darkness of my shut lids, her gravity for the first time impinged on mine. As Kant attempted to soften rationalism with categorical imperatives and *Achtung*, Jane let me caress her breast through her sweater. By the time of Hegel's monstrous identification of morality with the demands of the state, my hand was beneath her sweater and my access had been universalized to include her thighs. How solid and smooth this pedant's daughter was! I had expected her to be spun of cobwebs. We were both 22 and virgins. The weather loosened; the nights were warm. Schopenhauer exalted will and Nietzsche glorified brutality, cunning, rape and war. All earlier ethics stood exposed as "slave virtues" and "herd virtues." Jane, in her room atop the great dusty vault of stacked books and learned journals her father called his "study," let me undress her—no, to be honest, undressed herself, with a certain graceful impatience, I having made of her clothing an asymmetric mess of rumples and undone snaps. She flicked away the last morsel of underwear and tucked her hands behind her head in the pose of a napping picnicker and let me look.

This was not my first naked female. But Jane was to these as the cut marble is to the melted wax of the preliminary models. No formula, utilitarian or idealist, could quite do justice to the living absoluteness of it. Here was a fact, 5'7" long and of circumferences varying from ankles to hips, from waist to skull. Her

window was open, admitting cool air and light enough to see. A remnant strip of green and salmon glowed behind the spired horizon. Her girlhood room (childish wallpaper of a medallioned cottage alternate with a woolly shepherd, back turned, standing among dogs, tacked over with collegiate prints of Klee and Cézanne above the narrow bed where she lay displayed) surrounded me like a fog of atomized furniture as my eyes in twilight drank. Her father cleared his throat below. Jane made silent offer of a laugh and removed her hands from behind her head; she held out her round arms to me and mouthed the exclamation "Stop!"; she pulled me down into herself to snuff out my staring. "It's meant to be natural," she whispered, her first reproof, if reproof it was, or the first I remember, the first that shamed me, and that has remained preserved, beetle in amber, in my exuded sense of having—in having taken such awed delight in the sight of her (*Achtung*, indeed)—done something wrong. The British idealists Green and Bradley attempted to lift the human self, timeless and unitary, away from the ravening reach of analytical science. Do not think, because we became naked together, we made love. This was the Fifties. There were complications both technical and spiritual, traditional and existential. While Pierce, James and Dewey, with native American makeshift wit, tried to reverse the divine current and wag the transcendental dog with the tail of credulity's practical benefits, Jane proved alarmingly adept at dry fucking (forgive this



"When you asked if I wanted to see you in action, I thought you meant you'd get me some football tickets!"

term, among others; that which has existence [*ens*] must have a name [*nomen*]). Alarming because her adeptness showed she had done it before. Kneeling or lying sideways, her hands no-nonsensically placed on my buttocks for alignment's and pressure's sake, she would fricate our arcane contact until one of us, as often she before me as I before her, would trip and come. The laggard would follow suit. What poetry in virginity!—Jane's little gasp at my shoulder, and her glans-crushing push, and the leaps within her as of an enwombed kangaroo. The sweet sight of my semen, glutinous in her pussy or glistening on her belly like an iota of lunar spit. Penetrant love by comparison comes muffled. The existentialists, beginning with Kierkegaard, who set up a clever roar less unlike Nietzsche's than the gentle would wish, did away with essence and connection and left us with an "authenticity" whose relativity is unconfessed. Jane, satisfied, would seem to drift from me, not unhappily, on, in some hazy cloud of unfocused benevolence, Godless and wisely reasonable, submissive to time and tides. She was slow to say she loved me. Of her virginity (a mere wet inch away), she said she should "save herself." For some other? And the logical positivists thought to end human confusion by careful reference to the dictionary (see C. I. Stevenson, *Ethics and Language*, 1944, the final text Chillingworth assigned). I introduced the word marriage. Jane nodded, silently. I saw her as "wife" and went blind with pride.

Jane, two decades later, though the intonation of her person and that of mine have come to be mutual echoes, and the dimple in her cheek has impressed a brother into the center of my chin, and the original russet of my hair and the chestnut of hers have thinned and faded to an interchangeable what's-the-use brown, with gray added to your taste (though she is not bald on top, like me, her forehead has heightened, and when she pulls and flattens her hair back in front of a mirror, something she is inexplicably fond of doing, she looks, as she says, "skinned"), she does, by another light—the light, say, of a fireplace as she stirs a martini with her finger and gazes into the flames, or of the bedroom 60-watt as she darts, headfirst, into her nightie—look *totaliter aliter*, an Other, a woman, and, as such, marketable. I did seriously hope, amid the pressure-warped improbabilities of my affair with Alicia, to mate Jane with Ned Bork, and thus arrange a happy ending for all but the Pharisees.

For one thing, he was not all that young. He had been in some business—peddling real estate, or making fancy ceramics, or partly managing a ski resort in

some Yankee state; or perhaps he ran a pottery shop in a ski lodge that was for sale—before getting the "call" and under-going, at his family's wise indulgence, divinity school. He was 30 at least.

For another, he reminded me of those 30-year-olds who had been courting Jane before I carried her off. Ned had the beard of the pacifist, the modest stature and sexual ambiguity of the Jesuit, the pipe and affected drawl of the assistant prof. I had always felt, in removing Jane from her circle of harmless seminarian misfits, I had deflected her from her destiny. Here was her chance to reclaim it, to put the numb nightmare of marriage to me behind her. I did not, even in my lovelorn madness, imagine she and Ned would marry; but perhaps they would clasp long enough to permit me to slip out the door with only one bulky armload of guilt.

For a third, they liked each other. They had the same milky human kindness, the same preposterous view of the church as an adjunct of religious studies and social service, the same infuriating politics, a warmed-over McGovernism of smug lamenting: Never did they think to see themselves, however heavily their heads nodded, as two luxurious blooms on a stalk fibrous with capital and cops. Of course, Jane must have seen in Ned her suitors returned to her; and he, my reasoning was, must see in her a female who, unlike whatever insatiable opposite numbers had scared him away from marriage, would have the grace and wisdom to let the appearance of submission be hers. My acquaintance with the girls of Ned's generation was purely scholastic, but I read often enough in the fidasustentative newsletters and quarterlies that pour through a minister's letter slot like urine from a cow's vulva that they (these girls), deprived of shame and given the pill, had created a generation of impotent lads the like of which had not been seen since nannies stopped slicing off masturbators' thumbs. Impotent, I must say, I was never: as ready to stand and ejaculate as to stand and spout the Apostles' Creed. This cause for rejoicing turned out to be, when in the phosphorescent decay of all we held dear we took to exposing old grudges, one of Jane's complaints; if I had not been, her case argued, so eternally upright, she might out of compassion have mastered a dozen winning tricks and excited herself to a flutter of multiple orgasm in the bargain. So Bork's supposed semipotence became an asset, an added pastel of probability as, in the hectic sketchbook of my mind's eye, I embowered the twain, a silken and limp Adonis and his mellowed, maternal Venus, the blasphemous and opulent couple goaded by remorse toward me (me, the invisible presiding blasphemed, the mutually loved, the Y of the triune equation) into one ex-

travagant tenderness of penetration after another.

Fuck my wife, you blubber.

Many the night did Bork come for dinner and stay, while I plodded out into the sleet in placation of the telephone, to minister unto a comatose matrix of tubes and medicines that had once been a parishioner or (not very often; we were no bolder than we needed to be) to Alicia in her airy tract house. Many the night did I return and find them, my mate and my curate, still propped in a daze at the table, or bedded in opposing easy chairs by the fireplace, noogling away at the brandy and beer (they both had the capacities of vats, another auspicious affinity) and gently fumbling for (as far as I could tell) the rattle of a social cure-all in the tumbled blankets of their minds. What babies they were! I thought they might at least fornicate out of conversational boredom. But they never seemed to weary of talking. My nostrils stuffed with the musky stench of death or sex, my shoulders hoary with sleet and woe, I looked down upon them like an impatient God who, by some crimp in His contract with Noah, cannot destroy. I say sleet; it must have been winter. For more seasons than I can correlate the weather of, my prayers that I be betrayed ascended in vain. I prayed, and cried, and tried. I tried the nudge direct:

(In bed, with reeking Mrs. Marshfield) "Do you find Ned sexually attractive?"

"I like his philosophy."

"And his acne?" (Constantly at cross-purposes with myself, could bite my tongue.)

"I don't mind it."

"What do you think he does, for love?"

"I have no idea. We never discuss such things. Could I please go to sleep? The whole room is spinning around and I might throw up."

(Not to be dissuaded; the hound of heaven) "Why *don't* you discuss such things? I'd think you would. Isn't it a little abnormal, that you don't?"

"Tom, there's a whole other world to discuss, besides ego gratification."

"Am I talking about ego gratification?" (She had her father's gift, of enlightening me when I least wanted it.)

"That's all you ever talk about, lately."

"You detect a change in me, lately?" (Come on, guess. Alicia's ass sits on my head like an aureole, look. *Guess*. Do something to get me out of this.)

"Not really. You seem a little less frantic."

"In what sense frantic? When was I ever frantic?" (Me, me, what do you make of me, Mimi?)

"Please stop thrashing around. I really might be sick. I wish you wouldn't keep leaving me and Ned alone all the time; it makes us so nervous we both drink too much."

"There's something very beautiful about Ned, don't you think? He doesn't



"Well, I guess that's the last time the Cullings ever invite us over!"

have any of our generation's hang-ups." "He has hang-ups of his own," mumbled this maddening bed partner, this flesh of my flesh.

"Oh? Does he leave you kind of titillated but unsatisfied? Want to make love, just to relieve the tension?"

"Isn't tomorrow Sunday?"

"Better yet, *today* is Sunday. Roll over and tell me about Ned's hang-ups."

A soft snore signals her conquest of liquor, lust, marital heckling, and time. She is beautiful in oblivion. I envy her. She has the style of Grace if not its content. Her goodness keeps defeating me. My hate of her, my love of her, meet at the bottom of our rainbow, a circle.

And the nudge indirect:

"How does Jane seem to you?" Walking Ned home, through the parsonage yard, I take his upper arm for steadiness' sake.

"Pleasant, as always. Very *engagée*." He disengages his arm. Drunkenness doesn't make him unsteady; it merely deepens his boarding-school mannerisms.

"Her engagingness doesn't strike you as a cover-up?"

"Not frightfully, really. What does my rector exactly mean?"

"Well, I don't know. I worry about Jane. She's not happy. Not fulfilled, if you can stand the term."

"Here I stand, I can do no other."

(Drunker than I had thought; silly punks the seminaries send us now.)

"Now that the kids are branching out, the only person she seems to enjoy talking to is you."

"And you, surely."

(Laugh, as memorably bitter as I can make it; etching with acid) "Don't kid me. It must be obvious to you, how little she and I communicate."

"Not so. Not obvious. Would never have supposed that to be the case. You even look like each other." He stands at his front door, teetering a touch. Street-light strikes a gleam from his glassy eyes. His beard makes his face hard to read. The mouth a mere hole, with a sinister drawgate of teeth. Santa Claus as heroin pusher. Even his ears, if they showed, might be a clue to his heart. His centrally parted hair is enough like a woman's to tip my insides toward kissing him good night. I teeter also. I tug back the abhorrent impulse and yank its leash savagely. All outward composure, I continue (the nudge semidirect):

"Well, I'm very grateful, for your being so sympathetic to Jane. She's in a strange time of her life and needs someone not me she can talk to. You seem to be it."

"My pleasure," quoth he.

To Jane I said, "Have you ever wanted to have an affair?"

We were in bed, her back was to me. "You assume I never have."

"I guess I do."

"Why is that?"

"Because you're a minister's wife."

"What brings this on, anyway?"

"Oh, nothing. Middle age. Angst. It occurs to me I've never really thought enough about you. What *you* want. What *you* feel. Whatever happened to all those boyfriends of yours?"

"I didn't have that many."

"Well, you knew how anatomy worked, before I showed up."

"It was just instinct, Tom. Don't be so jealous."

"I am a jealous God. I covet my neighbor's wife's ass."

"Which neighbor? Not that neurotic Harlow woman."

"I love her veils." When I looked down upon Mrs. Harlow in the third-pew seat she always took, I thought of beekeepers, purdah and mourning. However ultramontane my theology strikes you (silent veiled reader out there), in liturgy I lazily gravitate toward low; though I like myself in drag, church is not a costume ball. My questions were in danger of being carried away by Jane in her pockets as she drifted off into sleep. "Well, have you?"

"Have I what?"

"Wanted other men?"

"Oh, I guess."

"You guess."

"It's too silly to talk about. Sure, in some other world it'd be fun to go to bed with everybody and see what it's like."

"In some other world. I'm touched by your supernaturalism." It was true. I was. "Well, who would you begin with? Of the men we know?"

"You?"

"Come on. You know I don't satisfy you." I have always admired, in the dialogues of Plato, Socrates' smoothness in attaining his auditors' consent to his premises. This lump wouldn't even admit to unhappiness.

Jane asked me, "Is this projection, or agitation, or what?"

"An ecumenical mixture?" I offered. "Tell me about men. Whatever happened to that pacifist? How do you feel about Ned Bork?"

"He's awfully young."

"All the more vigorous for that. And endlessly sympathetic, don't you find? Don't you love his brand of Jesus? 'The poor ye have with you not necessarily always. I come to bring not peace but a peace demonstration.'"

"That is nice."

The gravity of her warm mass pointed me away from Ned. Her phrase "fun to go to bed with everybody" had packed her with a delectable, permeable substance, many tiny little possible bodies. As I struggled to roll her over, Jane said, sociologically, "It's so *unfair*; women spend their days doing physical work while men like you, who sit at desks or worry about



"Bradley—in for Smolenski!"

people, wind up at night with all this undischarged energy."

"Ah," I said, "but you have two X chromosomes to my one."

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"Alicia, love."

"Yes, lover."

"Are you conscious of being more ambitious, in the service, than you used to be? How many instrumentalists did that Handel *Concerto in F* take?"

"Some, but it didn't cost the church anything. They were friends or friends of friends."

"It seemed to me Ned cut his sermon so we wouldn't run long."

"No, he didn't cut it, he planned it short. I told him ahead of time."

"Oh. You two worked it up without telling me."

"Well, if you want to put it that way. Did you mind? Didn't you like the music?"

"I loved it. You have a great touch. I just wonder if the church should become a concert hall."

"Why not? It isn't much else."

"Oh?"

"Except, of course, a display case for you?"

"You feel that, or are you making some other point?"

"You know I feel that; I told you six months ago, before we... were like this." We were in bed. Her hand flicked to indicate our bodies with a certain impatience: Her gum-chewing hard self showed. The summer was past. The sky hung dull as pewter in the bald, leafless windows of her bedroom. The oil truck in the alley whined. Her children for much of the summer vacation had been visiting Mr. Crick, who had remarried in Minnesota; they returned from school at 2:30. It was 1:47, said Alicia's little vanilla-colored bedside electric clock, with its delicate, scarcely visible hands, green tipped for luminescence at night, and its chic shy shape, that of a box being squeezed in an invisible press, so its smooth sides bulged.

I said, "Time for me to go."

"I suppose," Alicia sighed, and did not cling as I swung my legs from the bed.

I stood and explained, "I told the Dis-staff Circle I'd help with the hall decorations for the Harvest Supper."

"You don't have to explain."

I put on my underwear and cleared my throat and released what had been on my mind. "From a conversation I had with Mrs. Harlow I got the impression our relationship might not be entirely a thing unseen."

Alicia, propped on a pillow, her small breasts licked by the light, made her mouth of wry weariness, looked at me flat as a cat looks at one and advised, "Screw Mrs. Harlow."

• • •

I hoped her black car parked at Ned Bork's brown-and-green cottage was an



optical illusion. The naked foot I had classified as a fevered hallucination. I had said nothing to her. We were meeting less frequently, in shorter days pinched mean, pinched black and blue by our busyness of the fall. Fall, fall, who named thee? The year's graceful aping of our cosmic plunge. How much more congenial, in its daily surrender, to our organic hearts than the gaudy effortful comedy, the backward-projected travesty of spring. The diver rises feetfirst from the pool, the splash seals over where he has been, the board receives him on its tip like a toad's tongue snaring a fly. The stone has been rolled away. Oh, carapace-cracking, rib-pulling hallelujahs! The agony of resurrection, a theme for Unamuno. The agony of dried tubers. See Eliot, Tom. See Tom run. Run, Tom, run.

To work. Our leading character, Tom, miscast as a Protestant clergyman, could not ignore the telltale clue of the black car the second time he saw it. No doubt there were other times when he had not seen it. This time, Tom had been lying awake, listening to noises that a sane man would have dismissed as the normal creak of wood and breathing of somniacs but that he preferred to hear as the step of a murderous intruder, the half-smothered shuttle of his fate being woven. His wife slept heavily, moaning. *Crucify him, crucify him*. Nixon, of course. Nixema, the noxious salve for liberal sores. Oh, cursed be the sleep of the just! Barren fig trees, every one. He arose impatiently, went to the window, threw up the sash and lo! to his wondering eyes did appear. . . .

Ignore it. It was just an old black Chevrolet. Sitting awink with moonlight and arc light. But, like the cinder of a

comet's head, training after it a pluming trail of fair skin, gold fuzz, white sheets, undiluted sunshine, radiant intimacy. A tousled pale treasure of flesh and moistened oxygen that had been his. Tom returned to bed but could not sleep. His eyes had sipped poison. Covetousness threatened to burst his skull, ire his spleen and lust his groin. He twisted, he writhed; the twinned body beside him had ceased to turn on the same lathe. He arose. Learning from frosty experience, and in deference to the Heraclitean river that indeed would be some weeks chiller than when he first stepped into it, for the month had become December and the holy season Advent, he put on not only his pajama top but pants and socks (probably mismatched in the dark, though the odds were shortened by the high percentage of his socks that were black), shoes, an overcoat that had gloves in the pockets and, from the front hall rack (the slavetike, treacherous stairs negotiated), a little wool hat given him ten years earlier by his then-living mother and which, after years of disuse, the hat bearing too comical a suggestion of a Scots game warden or a stage detective, he had taken to wearing again. Mother, protect me. 'Gainst hail, cold and doveshit be thou a shield.

The blue night barked as I opened the door. Down, Fido. An inch of dry snow mottled the brittle lawn. I left tracks. Thinking fast, if not well, I did not make straight for the windows baleful with the same mute lamp that had lent substance to the earlier orgy but walked around my house, lightly, tightly, lest my scuffle stir the Nixonophobe snug above, and left my turf through the gap in the hedge provided, after checking from the front lawn that a wee-hour

calm, indeed, did reign in the town, apart from the private brothel simmering down the alley. Stealthily I approached Ned's house by the pavement, where my steps blended with those of daytime innocents whose hearts had not been pounding like mine and, as plain beneath the street-light as a blot on table linen, had no inspiration but to merge with the other blot—that is, to squeeze open the door of Alicia's black car, push forward the balky seat, crawl into the back and crouch in an attitude that, were I a Moslem and Mecca properly aligned, would have done for prayer.

For minutes I froze there, *motor immobilis*. The enveloping aroma of dark floor mat, haunted by old orange peels and lost M & M's, was my sufficient universe. At last convinced that my criminal commission had not alerted my betrayers, I adjusted my crouch more comfortably, pulled my mothering hat closer to my icy ears and tried to spare my cheek prolonged acquaintance with the waffly pattern of the floor mat as it arched over the drive shaft. Sleepiness, long courted, assailed me inconveniently.

At this point an obligation arises (you insatiable ideal reader, you) for an account of my thoughts during my indeterminately extended but somewhat happy vigil. I notice I have slipped into the first person; a Higher Wisdom, it may be, directs my style.

Somewhat happy. I have always been happy, Americanly, in cars. I learned to drive the moment it was legally permissible and became my father's chauffeur. The first piece of furniture I could drive. A car's smelly, tatty sameness within its purposive speed. Tranquillity in flux. A generation and the hump of a lifetime later, my car becomes for me a hovercraft skimming above the asphalt waves on a rubberized cushion of air, severing me from any terrestrial need to be polite, circumspect, wise, reverent, kind, affectionate, entertaining or instructive. Encapsulation in any form short of the coffin has a charm for me: the cave of wicker porch furniture that children arrange, the journey of a letter from box to sack to sack to slot, the astronaut's fatalistic submission to a web of formulas computers have spun. My position crouched on the floor was in a sense chosen; chances of discovery would only be slightly improved by lying on the back seat. But being down, empathizing my way along the floor mat's edge, through the crumbly detritus of the Crick children's snacks, past a button and chewed pencil stub, into the nether region of the driver's seat, where a square foot of fluff and stray licorice and the red pull bands of cigarette packs cozily defied purgation, and a system of rusty springs inscrutably impinged upon strips of gray felt, pleased me, not only in its concentrated pose of humiliation, so that, scapegoat and precipitate, I made myself, compactly

crouching, the hard center of a vague world of shame, but in its potential of springing up, like a child at a surprise party, and astounding Alicia into loving laughter.

In fact, after what may have been 20 minutes or an eternity, my aching back and agonized knees compelled me to sit on the seat, slumped over to avoid decapitation by passing headlight beams. Were the lovers asleep? Was Jane not? I had vowed to return to the parsonage, my jealous rage chilled to a permissive slush, when the light above Ned's door came on. From the sliver of him that for an instant showed, he seemed to be wearing a mussed shirt and an unbuttoned beard: Alicia, her red dress, Christmassy, beneath an unzipped loden coat. Trim and brisk, her car key prefished from her purse and ready as a stiletto in her gloved hand, she crossed to her car, my cave, and opened the door. Though I was slumped so the ashy stench of the armrest ashtray crowded my nostrils, a beam of radiance from his porch light fell upon my face the instant she opened the door. She never faltered. Her form eclipsed the light, closed the door, settled smartly into place behind the wheel, caused the motor (reluctantly) to start and motionlessly piloted our craft through the empty rectilinear streets.

I doubted that she had seen me.

But she sniffed and said, after (from the mix of lights and motion in the back seat) some intersections had been passed and corners turned, "Really, Tom, this won't do."

"As Adam said after mating with a freshly named beast of the earth," I said, sitting up. "How was it? How is he? I've been telling Jane he was impotent."

"He said you'd been pushing Jane at him. That's pathetic, Tom."

"It was just a thought. How else can you and I go off and run the Boro-boro mission school all by ourselves?"

"We can't and won't."

"Agreed. Taxi, take me home."

I didn't like her tone or the tone it was forcing on me. I began to whine, to rage, to wriggle deeper into the loser's comfortable hole. "You bitch. You scarlet harlot. How could you do this to me?"

"Take you home?"

"Screw Bork all the time."

"It hasn't been all the time, Tom. Just a few times. I had to do something to break my obsession with you. I need all the help I can get."

"And does Bork give all the help you can take?"

She sat prim at the wheel. Occasional car lights set her hair on false fire. It had been freshly brushed and neatened, I noticed, which made her recent tussle so real I bent forward to pinch off the pain. I gasped. Only her voice could salve that pain. Each poison its own antidote. She pronounced flatly, "I have no intention

of describing it to you. I didn't ask you to spy on me."

"Christ," I grunted, "how could I not? You parked your big black cunt of a car right under my nose. The last time it was there, I came down and looked in the window and saw your goddamn naked foot."

Alicia said, "The last time? I don't think we made love that time, we were just talking. I remember. I took off my shoes and put them up because his floor is so cold. Whosever idea was it, to make a place to live in out of a cement-floor garage?"

"Not mine," I said, not deflected. "Not last time, but this time, is that what you're saying?"

"Is it? You spy, you guess."

"Well. How is the mealymouthed son of a bitch? Isn't it awfully tickly?"

"Not too."

This made it real again, her giving her body to another, just when my fantasy of Ned's impotence, or homosexuality, was inching from the realm of faith into a kind of negative verification: I groaned—involuntarily, for I felt, correctly, that I had used up my groans and the next one would goad her to counterattack. Without turning, Alicia pulled out the TRADE stop and her voice went up on its hard little pipes. "Well, how do you think I feel, watching you and Jane make cow eyes back and forth every Sunday, what do you think it does to me, having you run in and screw and hop back into your clothes and traipse off to some adoring deaconess after you've had your—"

"Fun"? "Way with me"? "Kicks for the week"? I forget exactly how she put it. Her complaints went on—my uxoriousness, my pastoral offices, my sense of order and obligation all turned into reproaches, into a young bawd's raillery—and I sat behind her sunk in sadness, sunk deeper each moment as her plaint widened from the justified to the absurd (I even *looked* like my wife; I was planning to seduce Mrs. Harlow; I was going to fire her, Alicia, as soon as she stopped "shelling out"); as she berated me, disclosing all the secret ignominy our affair had visited upon her, and voicing all the shaky hardness that 30 years of being a female in America had produced, a glum ministerial reality overtook my lovely fury and fancies. This woman was a soul in my care. She was crying out, and I must listen—listen not in hope of curing, for our earthly ills find little earthly ease, but as an act of fraternity amid children descended from, if not one Father, certainly one marriage of molecular accidents. And, indeed, in some minutes her devils, outpouring, did take up residence in swine, the dark houses flying by, and pass from us. Still controlling the wheel, Alicia sobbed.

I climbed from the chill back seat to the seat beside her; warmth gushed from the heater onto my legs and face. "I'm sorry," I said, "I'm sorry. It was wrong,

our getting to know each other."

"I can't feel that," she said, her syllables prised by tears.

"Well, something's wrong," I pointed out, "or you wouldn't be crying and I wouldn't be running around in the middle of the night in my pajamas."

She turned her head, at last, and looked at me, very quickly. "Is that true?"

"Just the top," I conceded. "I took the time this time to put on pants. And even a hat. My mother gave it to me."

"Does it upset you that much? My seeing Ned?"

"Seems to. Like I say, I'm sorry. Take it as a compliment."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing. Keep at it. Fuck away."

"You know, you've played this awfully cool. You've never once suggested you might leave Jane. I know you can't, but even so, it would have been nice, to me, if you'd just once said you *wanted* to."

"She had to give me a reason, and she won't. She's just too good."

"Not in bed, evidently."

"That may not be her fault. Women are cellos, not fellows. Anyway, you and I wouldn't be that good, either, if it were aboveboard and for day after day instead of an hour a week."

"I love you, Tom. Do you love me?"

"I hate the word, but sure. I'm wild about you, to be exact. Me wild. You tame. Ugh."

"What do you want from me? Tell me."

"Take me home. To my home," in case she misunderstood. She had been driving into the darkened gumbo of commerce between our two towns and backed around in the lot of a factory-reject shoe store. No pair alike. If it pinch, wear it. If it feel good, cast it out.

"I'm sorry about Ned," she said after silence. "I hope for his sake I didn't do it just to bug you."

"Is the past tense the right one?"

"I don't know." I feared she would cry again. But we were close to the church and parsonage. There was a dead space of asphalt between them. She stopped here, far from any streetlight, and I wondered if I was meant to kiss her good night. It seemed strange, to be kissing right to left, the woman behind the wheel. Like seeing yourself *not* in a mirror. She dropped her hands to my lap and, as intent as when Buxtehude was challenging her fingers with sixteenth notes, unzipped my fly. Miraculous woman! Not a word was spoken; I roused instantly. She unwedged herself from behind the wheel, maneuvered out of her underpants, made of her crotch an arch above my lap. Imagine: the thickness of our overcoats, the furtiveness of our flesh, the vaporishness of our breaths, the frosted windows through which the turrets and cupolas and dormers of the



"We're going to run into trouble, Cliff, but I'm not sure whether it'll be through the obscenity rulings or the truth-in-advertising law."

neighborhood loomed dim and simplified as wicked castles in a children's book. She was wet (a star winked on as I entered her) and ready; I came as quickly as I could, she seemed to come, I rezipped, we kissed, I exited, a patch of ice nearly slipped me up. I recovered balance, her headlights wheeled, my house loomed, my weariness wrapped itself around a dazed and dwindling pleasure.

My porch. My door. My stairs. Again the staircase rose before me, shadow-striped, to suggest the great brown back of a slave; this time the presentiment so forcibly suggested to me my own captivity, within a God I mocked, within a life I abhorred, within a cavernous unnamable sense of misplacement and wrongdoing, that I dragged a body heavy as if wrapped in chains step by step upward. Jane stirred as I entered our bedroom. As I undressed, a strand of belated jism dripped lukewarm onto my thigh. I used the bathroom in the dark and slid into bed grateful as one of the damned might be grateful when the jaws of eternal night close upon him. Prayer had become impossible for me. "See any UFOs?" Jane, knowing I had been up, misreading my restlessness and taking pity, rolled over, threw a solid thigh across my hip, fumbled for my penis, found it and would not let go.

• • •

The parsonage living room. Morning sunlight streaming, shade-tainted, dust-

enlivened, from windows east and south. Snow crust from last week's storm visible through them. Car roofs peep above plow-heaped snow worn glassy in spots by childish boots. Also visible through the windows: turn-of-the-century roofs and windows with some scallop shingling and jig-sawed brackets, a mailbox painted in patriotic tricolor, a bird feeder hopping with feathered mendicants, a covetously onlooking squirrel, street signs, street lamps, etc., etc. Within, our eyes, shifting from the dazzle, blink away a sensation of gloomy solidity amid hothouse warmth. The fuel shortage is a winter away. Glass-fronted bookcases. Dark-veneer furniture. Chairs padded and studded. Everything neat: table runners aligned, back issues of magazines arranged in overlapping rows on a gate-leg table half folded against the wall, various translucent *objets*, sentimentally given and as sentimentally retained, throw rainbows and loops of light here and there. Dark oaken staircase visible through arched doorway stage left. Knocks offstage. Footsteps.

Enter, chatting, JANE MARSHFIELD, in austere yet attractive house dress, and ALICIA CRICK, bundled in wool, carrying pastel books of music.

JANE: At least the sun's out.

ALICIA (*tugging off knit cap and fur-trimmed driving gloves with faintly stagy,* 247

excessive, pained exertions): Is it?

JANE (hesitantly, aware that this visit is unusual, though not aware yet of its menace): I don't know exactly where Tom is; I could try—

ALICIA: I just left Tom. At the church.
JANE: Oh.

ALICIA: I came to talk to you. I came, Jane, to ask you to get Tom off my back.

JANE: How—how do you mean?

ALICIA: In about as coarse a sense as you can imagine. I don't know exactly what you and he share, you're a mystery to all of us, but you must have guessed that he and I have—have been together. Have slept together.

JANE (sitting down, stunned, but in the next heartbeat gathering herself, not quite primly but bravely, with an instinctive hauteur perhaps not quite expected by the other, for battle): No. I had not guessed.

ALICIA: Then I'm sorry to put it to you so bluntly. But I'm desperate. (She has opted, perhaps because the other's manner has taken some options from her, for a brusque bustly approach, pulling off her scarf, setting down her books, almost stamping her feet, as if to convey a heedless, superior vitality; the effect is rather vulgar and scatters the plea for sympathy it disguises.)

JANE (very gently, after clearing a frog from her throat): How so?

ALICIA: Your husband is a maddening man. You must know that. (Implying, however, that she doesn't; that she furthermore knows nothing about him [me])

JANE (diffidence being her second line of defense): I don't know, is he really? Around the house, he's been quite cheerful lately.

ALICIA: I flatter myself I'm the reason why. May I sit down, Jane?

JANE: Please, Alicia, do. Would you like some coffee? Or a little sherry? I know it's still morning, but this seems a rather special occasion.

ALICIA: No, thanks. I can't stay.

JANE: Yet you've taken off your coat. When did this—your—liaison with Tom begin?

ALICIA: After last Easter. Ten months ago.

JANE: And how often did you—usually meet?

ALICIA (beginning to dislike her sponsorship role, yet unable to locate where she lost the initiative): Once a week, more or less. Summer was difficult, with everybody's kids home. When mine were in Minnesota with Fred—my ex-husband—

JANE: I know of Fred.

ALICIA: Tom and I saw a lot of each other. The rest of the summer, hardly at all. Don't feel sorry for me. There were other consolers.

JANE: Does Tom know this, that there were other men?

ALICIA (balked almost into angry

silence, her anger having in part to do with resistance of the agreeable, sliding sensation, not foreseen, of confiding in another woman): He knows in part.

JANE (considerately seeking to ease her guest's way): And you wish to end this one of your affairs, the one with Tom?

ALICIA: Why do you say that?

JANE: Why else would you come and tell me? What did you say your object was—some all-too-vivid phrase—to “get him off your back”? (Discovering irony; the whole situation is rozier than she would have believed) I suppose I can chain him to the bedpost at night, but in the day, he must be out and about—

ALICIA (she can't have this): One thing you don't understand. I love Tom.

JANE: And these others?

ALICIA: And he loves me. We do something very real for each other. Very real and rare.

JANE: You think it my duty, then, to bow out, to vacate (hands uplifted, with exasperating delicacy, to indicate the walls and furniture about her) the parsonage?

ALICIA: I think it his duty to shit or get off the pot.

. . .

Jane vowed to me those were her exact words; I made her repeat them until we both fell to laughing. Their interview, also, fell apart after this exclamation; Jane's distaste, all the more in that she tried to conceal it, flustered my dear organist with her thick waist and firm hands and cerebral cunt. Having trespassed, having blundered, having failed to gain the violent release from ambiguity she had come for, having even forgotten why she had come, she left, cradling her pastel music with the gloves trimmed in fox fur, almost slipping on the icy lower porch step, where the eaves always dripped, in her tear-blind rage at her own mistake, at Jane's gracious obstinacy, at our marriage. She had seen we were a pair but had taken us for a salt and a pepper shaker, not the matched jaws of a heart-breaker.

Jane, Alicia gone, poured herself enough of the offered sherry for the two of them, went upstairs, drew a bath and thrashed hysterically in the steaming, startled water. But she did not attempt to reach me, at some check point of my tortuous rounds, and she met her own afternoon obligations, which were a luncheon meeting of the local garden club, with slides of Elizabethan gardens; a trip to the orthodontist with Martin, my older son; and the reception, at 4:30, of the piano teacher, who improved my younger son, Stephen. I came back at dusk, having during that long afternoon counseled an impending marriage and an impending divorce, having encouraged the Ladies' Wheel at their quilt making and driven 30 miles to visit the hospital room of

a formally churched, carcinoma-riddled parishioner who, with his last surge of energy, resented my intrusion; and having had a beer with Ned.

Supper done and the boys safely stupefied by television, Jane said to me, “I suppose your girlfriend told you the news.”

“What news?” An unfortunate lag. “What girlfriend?”

“Alicia dropped by this morning. We had a pleasant chat, but she refused sherry. So I've been drinking sherry all day.”

“Did she—?”

“Spill the beans? Yes.”

What flashed upon me was, I'll never sleep with her again, never see her riding me in the sunlight again. A radiant abyss, like the divine abyss the apologists posited to counter the Greek myth of Primal Matter. “Why?” was all I could utter.

“I think to help me know you and to give us the opportunity to separate. Is that what you want?”

“Lord, no.” For all the times I had dreamed of freedom from her, my answer came—nay, was flung—from the heart.

“Why not?” Jane reasonably asked. By the candlelight of the dining room I perceived that she was shaky, that a sherry bottle had materialized beside her dessert dish. “You can move right in. She has everything you need. A house, a way of supporting herself. It would get you out of the ministry, which would be a relief, wouldn't it? You don't believe anymore.”

“I do! I believe everything!”

“You should listen to your own sermons sometime.” Thus spoke, with easy authority, the daughter of Wesley Chillingworth.

“Did Alicia—did Alicia propose my moving in with her?” It was an enchanted thought, residence in that treeless young development, with its view of the cemetery hill, with my cuddly, gum-chewing wife, who would wear filmy dressing gowns carelessly buttoned and breezy and slippers trimmed with pompons; she would always be there for me. Between me and such a reality stood a black wall, utterly solid, though utterly transparent: onyx sliced miraculously thin.

“We didn't get that far,” Jane said. “We thought it was up to you. She said”—and here her quotation, and my incredulity, and our hilarity, and the vision betrayed. We talked to exhaustion that night; I had a meeting at eight but returned with haste, for not only was I fascinating to her, as I spilled out the details and near misses on the other side of the looking glass with Alicia, but she to me; for Jane, too, had ventured, if only mentally, from our nest.

“What did it feel like?” I begged, of her encounter with Alicia, already, not three hours gone since I renounced her

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(no cock crew), greedy for the sound of my mistress' name, a glimpse of her gestures, any morsel of the other world in which my supine other form lay transfigured.

"Oh," Jane said, wanderingly, trying to think back and having too much sherry to think back through—in my mind's eye we are in our glum and elaborate bedroom, she is groping for her nightie, a dowdy tent of cotton she must have shopped for in a novel by one of the Alcott sisters—"not so bad. It was like being onstage. She came in with her fists up. I minded it less than I thought I would."

"What was the worst moment?"

"When she said she loved you and you loved her."

"What did you say to that?"

"I said I loved you, too. And you loved me."

I cannot imagine her saying it, but she evidently did. Nor do I remember how, in the vast blur of words we generated that night, I responded to her discomfiting declaration. No more dialog: I see your blue pencil, ideal reader, quivering beneath your blue nose. Jane in deportment was drunk, sad, uncomplaining, rather elegantly rational. Having offered me freedom, she did not cinch my captivity but left it that I would, when I could get my "priorities arranged" (a dry Chillingworth touch, that), come to a decision, to several decisions. Actually, I had no intention of making any decision that others (read: God) might make for me. I did not even resolve, having decided (or having let God enunciate His decision

through me) not to marry Alicia, not to sleep with her; this she decided, and her manner—flat and frosty (her interview with Jane has chastened her rather unbecomingly)—plainly declared, in the subsequent days, as we communicated enough, but no more than enough, to allow our professional relationship to continue. If Alicia, then, took on the minimal, masculine lines of a defensive position, combining the stiffness of one who has miscalculated with that of one who has been wronged, Jane in contrast fluffed up, recurring, many a night, to more sherry and to details of my romance, which, the more it became a farfetched tale of adventure and wonder, made me more and more a hero. That Alicia the unmarried, the free, had liked me as lover was the discreetly unvoiced point of fascination. And, as with the passing of the days my sorrow reassured her of Alicia's withdrawal, Jane, like a startled cat slowly satisfied that she has the bowl of milk entirely to herself, began to purr. She confessed, what 20 uxorious years had not made plain, her body's need for mine. Though I felt my body, in her mind, might now have had its value enhanced by her secret erotic regard for the other woman (women had just begun to call each other sister), I complied. In my darkness there was nothing else. But, lying beside her then, my consort sated and snoring, I would panic the panic of the sealed, for the last chink had been closed in the perfect prison of my wife's goodness. She had become good in bed.



"DOES YOUR HUSBAND KNOW?"

(continued from page 154)

"Yeah," says the reporter. "You work up to this 'Pop!' and then there's no after-screw talking, no breast stroking or fanny patting, not even any chance to say 'Wow!' Masturbation is lonely."

"Lots of men have left me lonely," says Annie, the dialysis nurse.

Judy turns her librarian's face to Cynthia, who doesn't like her husband to touch her. "Did you ever try to masturbate to orgasm?"

"My husband bought me a vibrator. It was a joke—but he sort of meant it, too. I got it out and turned it on once. But I felt silly and put it back in the box. Once, when I was tight, I used it to stir pancake batter."

"How many of the women here do masturbate?" asks Joan, the group leader.

"In times of famine," says Annie, "or when I'm dating a poor lover." She grooms, gives her startling throaty laugh. "Or sometimes when I'm just hot, like I'll probably be tonight." Annie has no S.O. along.

"I can masturbate by crossing my legs and squeezing," says Judy. "I said, 'Watch,' to my husband and did it in the landing pattern when we came in on the plane last night."

"Can't people tell?" asks John.

"My face gets tense and I breathe hard, but that happens to a lot of people in a landing pattern."

"The only grown males I know who masturbate are prisoners," says Frank, the prison psychologist. "Especially in solitary—to keep from going crazy. They flog it until it swells like a sausage and sometimes bleeds. But once they get out of their 20s, they complain they can't come more than a couple of times a day. In fact, that's one of my own complaints. My wife and I used to be good for four times now and then."

"That's a complaint you wouldn't hear in a women's prison," says Annie. "Sometimes I think I could come like those women in the movies and keep it up all day—then take on some men that night."

"My husband gets wildly jealous," says Judy. "He says God wasn't concentrating when He made men and bees—they both put it in once and they're dead."

"I don't think it's fair, either," says John. "It's like the difference between one Roman candle and an evening with the Hong Kong Fireworks Company."

A rap on the door signals that it is time for a large-group session.

"Not many groups get moving like this one," says Jonas. "Usually we spend half a day defining terms and moralizing and talking about what we've read. Then somebody blurts out something honest and we finally get under way. I feel that this group started out under way."

The reporter feels an odd pride, an in-group vanity, at this summation. Looking around, he sees the same



self-satisfied glow, the same sense of comradeship on the faces of almost everyone else. Only Lester, the psychoanalyst, and Eric, the general practitioner, look removed. Eric, in fact, has hunched himself into a corner and is scowling.

Before the large group is a minister who reminds the reporter of the Coast Guard officers he has seen in small towns on the Great Lakes. The minister is lean, brown, weathered, erect. He has no looseness in his bearing, no invitation to small talk on his face. He also has a quality of having seen more than most people—and of having watched carefully what he's seen. He is Starbuck, saved from the Pequod and determined not to take shit from any Ahab ever again.

The minister gives a talk that seems casual and unrehearsed—but that is as intricately organized as a good whodunit. He talks about nature's reveling in diversity but society's condemning it. He proposes a homosexuality scale—from zero to six in homosexual desire, from zero to six in homosexual activity. He has a zero-zero brother, he says, a rare person—for most people go into the ones and twos and threes in activity and occasionally peak into the fives and sixes in desire. He reiterates society's punitiveness against homosexuals, describes how the homosexual has found himself (or herself) in his (or her) state of desire and is powerless to change it. He dismisses some common beliefs about homosexuals—that they're necessarily effeminate (or, for women, built like shot-putters), that they're necessarily artistic, that they're child molesters. . . . And then he begins an anecdote—casual, offhand—about the unusualness of being a sex counselor. "I was sitting in a bar between planes," he says, "and I got into one of those 'What do you do?' conversations with a businessman beside me. When I told him I was a counselor on homosexuality, he said, 'You can have those queers. If one sat next to me, I'd have to get up and leave, or else I'd punch him.' I think what happened next was one of my finest moments. I said, 'I don't know what *you're* going to do, but I ordered this drink and I'm going to sit right here and drink it.' He ended up by buying me another drink."

The suddenness, the unexpectedness of the minister's declaration of his own homosexuality freezes the audience for a moment. The minister goes on. "Nobody really knows what makes a homosexual. I have no idea why I went my way and my brother went his. But in our society, I think we have a fetish about understanding. 'To understand is to forgive'—that sort of thing. I don't think you have to understand something to accept it. I can't see, for the life of me, why a man and a woman would want to go to bed together. Obviously, they get pleasure out of it, but I can't get the vaguest emotional sense of what that pleasure is.

Still, I've officiated at over 1000 weddings. If people want to be heterosexual, I'll do what I can to help them out.

"Incidentally," he adds, "there's absolutely no way to identify a homosexual unless he identifies himself. I wish there were; it'd save me a lot of time." He pauses. "On the other hand, I'm not sure it would do much good, at that. Getting professionally involved in sex doesn't leave much time for getting involved in it socially." He strides out like a ship's captain after a commander's call, while the audience follows him with enthusiasm and applause.

. . .

There is a film. An attractive couple is in the kitchen, cleaning up, horsing around, obviously enjoying the simple pleasure of being together. Their touches become more lingering and sexual. They kiss, a kiss that starts lightly, then becomes clinging and hot. They are unusually attractive, both in physical appearance and in a happy, affectionate charm. Holding hands, caressing, they head for the bedroom. They undress, helping each other with tenderness and love. They begin to pleasure each other. (It's pleasant, the SAR's revival of the old verb to pleasure, for the caressing, the touching, the tonguing that go with making love. It is a word both expressive and pure.) Scenes that are often offensive are not offensive in this film. A penis rises—a good sturdy mesomorphic penis—and a hand massages it. There are vigorous long kisses. A penis goes in and out of a mouth. And, finally, the goal that, second to money, must be the most sought-after goal in America—simultaneous orgasms.

The distinction of this movie, besides the genuine quality of the fun and affection the couple shows—and the filmmaking skill with which these qualities are put across—is that both lovers are

males with football-player physiques.

Neither Joan nor Jonas has to call for responses in the next small group.

"I'd hate to think of equipment like those gay guys have never getting inside a woman," says Judy. "It's nice to think that maybe the men are bisexual."

"Do you really believe there's such a thing as a bisexual?" asks John. "Don't you think bisexuals are really queers putting on an 'I'm normal' act?" (This is a group member's first casual contradiction of the homosexual minister's talk. Today and tomorrow, Lester will sprinkle in comments about the greater aesthetic sensitivity of homosexuals, about how homosexuality is caused by weak or vicious fathers, all the clichés from the sophomore psych texts.)

Frank's barely audible words fill the small room like the cocking of a gun. "I don't think we should use the word queer. It's like nigger. I've seen men stabbed for using it."

John responds with executive rationality—plus an honest effort at good will, "I'll try to forget I know the word."

"Thanks," says Frank. Abruptly, his smile has no hint of prisons, hardness, danger, locks. "I used to call homosexuals queers and think I hated them. But you meet so many homosexuals in prison you forget all that queer/fag/punch-'em-in-the-nose stuff. The poor desperate bastards are just doing what they can with what they've got. The guys you've got to laugh along with are the ones who get sent up for being homosexuals. One told me, 'They didn't seem to have no idea they puttin' me in *heaven*, man. Good-lookin' boys, hot, experienced guys—all of 'em there for *me*! An' this cure shit! Didn't nobody want to cure me. I tell you how to cure me—put me in a women's prison. Lock me there till I'm so *deprived* them gals begin gettin' my



"Now, get this straight, stupid! When hog futures go up, pig futures go down."

cock up. After I come in about 20 girls, then I believe I wouldn't be pure gay no more. Of course, I'd fuss if they did that to me. "Cruel and unusual punishment!" I'd yell."

Judy has looked indecisive during this interchange, has become nondescript for that brief time. Now her spark returns. "We have absolute confidentiality in this group?"

"That's our first rule," says Jonas.

"All right," says Judy to John. "You asked if I believe in bisexuals. I'm bisexual. For about five years, I've been having orgasms with both men and women. I think I've felt desire for women since my teens, but I'd just have a twinge—like beginning panic—whenever it started to come up."

"Does your husband know you're bisexual?" asks Joan.

"No. We had so many crises learning how to handle heterosexual affairs—learning to quit if it really got serious, learning not to rob each other of time or caring, I don't want to learn to handle new crises unless it just can't be avoided."

Frank smiles, the outlaw expression back. "Maybe he'd want a threesome. Lots of guys have told me that's the hottest sex there is."

"I have been thinking about it. I suppose some night at a party . . . three of us just talking on a bed . . . a few touches . . . and then, if it's natural, we'll go on."

Frank's smile has lost all its dangerous quality, become wondering and amused. "I know pimps, I've met their whores, I've listened to stories about what Johns have the girls do; but the pimps and whores figure it's work—better than canning chickens or assembling batteries, but not something you do if you don't get paid. Now, here's a . . . well . . . a . . ."

Ironic and friendly, Judy helps him: "A plain-looking woman of the upper-middle class?"

"Well, yeah . . . doing all this wild stuff for fun. Are lots of women like you?"

Judy pauses, thinking. "People are so different," she says.

Annie cuts in, "For instance, I love oral-genital sex. To me, it's a big part of what you do in bed. But I lived half a year with a guy who yelled, 'My God!' and jumped out of bed the first time I went down on him. And later, when he'd begun to enjoy *that*, he got sick and had to run for the bathroom the first time he went down on me. Eventually, he went back to his wife, and the next time I saw him, he complained that sex with her was as interesting as sex with a cedar plank."

Adds John, "To listen to my wife, the sex lady, you'd think she's tried every kink that's been cataloged. But she's still a good WASP from the country club. She's as adept at twisting a little to keep

your hands off or your head away as she was at Vassar."

"Something's bothering me," says Lester. "Behind your disappointment in your wife's at-home performance is a judgment I feel this whole program is pushing: If you don't enjoy things many people consider perversions, you're a prude. I wonder about the old Freudian idea of the mature personality expressing itself in genital sex and the immature personality expressing itself in oral-genital sex, in bisexuality, in things I'd call perversions."

(The reporter contacts an analytically oriented former chairman of the University of Minnesota Department of Psychiatry, Dr. Donald Hastings, about this. "Cultural mores seem to be changing rapidly" is Dr. Hastings' reply. "Sexual practices regarded as 'perverse' some decades ago would now be looked upon by most experts . . . simply as variations on the sexual theme which, if done by mutual consent, carry no automatic diagnosis of pathology, immaturity and the like. Indeed, I find a 'perversion' extremely difficult to define; about as close as I can come to it is the performance of a sexual act on another person without his consent and willingness. Rape would, I suppose, be a prototype here, or the sexual involvement of a young child. At the other end of the spectrum, I would be unable to diagnose a perversion if, for example, a married couple engaged in unusual sexual behavior by mutual consent. I would regard it as their own private business and would not infer that they needed psychiatric diagnosis or therapy.")

In the large group on sex roles, Sandy proposes a fantasy—that the world has become Amazonian, that women are the dominant sex:

"Recall that everything you have ever read . . . uses only female pronouns—she, her—meaning both girls and boys, both women and men. Recall that most of the voices on radio and most of the faces on TV are women's. Recall that you have no male Senator representing you in Washington. Feel into the fact that women are the leaders, the power centers, the prime movers. Man, whose natural role is husband and father, fulfills himself through nurturing children and making the home a refuge for women. . . ."

As she reads, the reporter feels an emotion begin and grow. By the start of the next small-group session, it bursts like glass against a wall. "I get tired of this 'Stop oppressing our sisters, make women equal' shit. My wife and I got married because, in the Fifties, that was the only thing people who got along and were fucking did. Then it looked like she was going to be infertile, so we had to try for kids. We didn't have to try very hard.

We've screwed four times without contraceptives or tied tubes and we've got three kids."

"While we were doing all this marrying and reproducing, I was trying to get through college and medical school. I wanted to end up a psychiatry professor—a sort of Robert Coles/Erich Fromm/Rollo May type. Except I flunked out of med school. All the tests showed I had enough brains for doctoring, so I figured it was partly that most students finished classes, ate supper, studied till midnight, then got up and studied awhile before classes began—while I went home to domestic conversations and diapers in the toilet and a wife who got depressed because we never went out."

Jonas asks, "What did you do after you flunked out?"

"I figured I could still be some sort of professor. I'd been selling occasional stories and articles to *Esquire*, *Harper's*—places like that. So I started on a Ph.D. in mass communications, my wife got some little part-time jobs, I sold a little more writing and we staggered along on three-four thousand a year—until we just got too poor to survive."

"And you quit school?" asks Jonas.

"I quit and got the only job my qualifications allowed—teaching journalism in a community college where 90 percent of the students read somewhere below the ninth-grade level and a question from a recent literature exam was 'Ogres are: A. always good, B. always bad, C. sometimes bad, D. none of the above!'"

Says Lester, "I'd say you don't feel very good about your job."

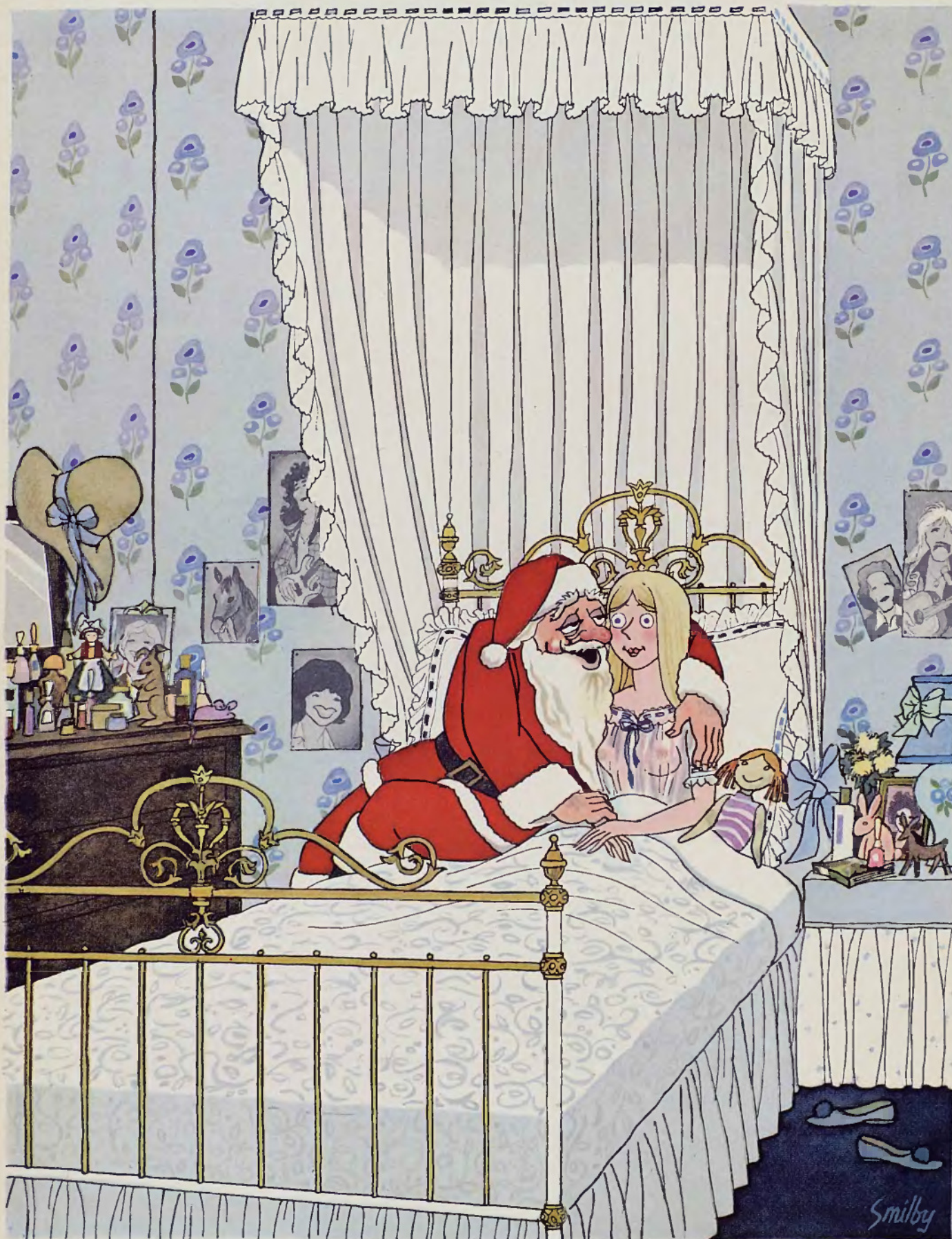
The reporter considers some dark comment about Lester's perceptivity but decides he's already pushing himself too hard upon the group. "About my job I feel hatred, humiliation, despair. . . . I've got a lot of feelings about my job."

Joan says, "Your face is so changed! Your eyes are glittering and your jaw is tight enough to snap the bones!"

Jonas shifts in his chair, a frequent movement that makes the reporter wonder if he's in pain. With a touch of surprise, the reporter realizes, "I care if he's in pain."

Jonas asks, "Are we still talking about sex roles?"

"I am," says the reporter. "I'm in the middle of a dull lifetime of earning dull pay checks my wife and kids turn over to dull corporations. I'm a dead-end white-collar man, and the next interesting words I'm likely to hear are, 'You're having a heart attack.' And on this plateau of the maybe-living dead, my wife, and the women in her consciousness-raising group, and the authoresses in *Ms.* magazine, and the speakers on the Sisterhood of Joanie Caucus circuit have decided it's all my fault, and their husbands' faults, and their fathers' faults that



"Foolish child—of course you're not too old to believe in Santa Claus."

they're home with the *Newlywed Game* and dirty wash instead of out there outslamming Billie Jean King or discovering the cure for birth defects.

"Now, in middle age, my wife has decided she wants to get out there, too. She wants to be a fund-raising executive. I think she'll make it. She's smart. She's intense about learning the skills and she's got the time to learn them. She's making important contacts and she's got the time to make them. She can organize. She can speak. She's got tremendous drive. I think she'll be great. And all I want to know is why I have to hold my humiliating job—teaching college students that sentences start with big letters and end with punctuation—while she learns a real career. Why did she have to wait until I was a trained, certified, permanent full-time nobody before she set out to be a somebody?"

"Is your college really that bad?" asks Annie. "I mean, it just *couldn't* be worse than nursing school."

The reporter gives one of his favorite lines. "Being hired to teach journalism at my college is like being hired to coach track in a paralytic ward."

In the silence, the reporter remembers the soprano who sang *Sherman's March to the Sea* as an encore in Atlanta.

"You forgot I was in this chair, didn't you?" asks Jonas. On his face, which is coming into middle age and is worn by sorrows and efforts, is some deep emotion.

"I forgot," says the reporter, knowing there is no excuse.

Jonas' face lights with that surprising burst of smile. "Thanks, man," he says. "Friends do that sometimes. I wish everybody would forget I'm in this chair." He shifts once more and asks, "If you could do it over—this education/job thing—how would you handle it?"

"I wouldn't get married until I was sure of getting through med school."

"Would you marry the same woman?"

"I would. Even more now than then."

"I'm glad, man—that's a good thing to hear." There is a soft musical rasp to Jonas' voice, a sound both tender and masculine. He has a quality as odd in our society as the qualities of those tribesmen who cannot comprehend clock time or who have little sense of property; he puts across a simple, direct concern for people.

There is silence for a while; everyone feels comfortable in it. Then Annie says, "I feel a lot of bitterness about sex roles, too. Nursing wasn't my idea, it was my father's. I wanted to go to college—but that wasn't 'practical'; I'd get too many 'useless ideas.' You know what I wanted to be? A physicist. I loved physics in high school and I did extra reading on it in nursing school. I suppose if I had a husband now, he'd be bitching, because I certainly wouldn't work one day more as a nurse than I had to, or because I'd

want to go back to college." She turns her hands up in hopelessness and anger. "So I work in a dialysis unit and I see that nobody spends money to keep my people alive and human—that all of it goes to fat-cat doctors and fat-cat administrators, and we can't even afford counselors to teach my people how to die!"

"Wow," says Jonas softly. "Wow."

More silence. Then John says, "I know this is trivial after that, but we've only got a few minutes and I'm going to talk about myself. I *wish* my wife would quit work and have kids." He looks around, this mass-media male-model bank V.P. in a buttoned vest. "That's really why I'm here. I'm supposed to become sexually freed up or get out. My wife wants an open marriage, which means she wants to have 'relationships' with men, which means she wants to fuck some of them." He shakes his head. "And she's really so conventional—a missionary-position housewife. Her guys are going to be as disappointed as Munchkins trying to rape the Tin Woodman."

Joan interrupts, a touch of passion intensifying her words. "Do you ever fuck other women?"

John studies her a moment, then shrugs. "All right, I'll say it just the way you want to hear it. I get a little outside pussy now and then. Who doesn't?" His spirit sinks again. "Even if she'd do it now and then and hide it, I could probably take that. But this goddamn openness! And the enthusiasm she puts into that sex course she teaches! You'd think there wasn't any other subject in the world! And her hiking boots and blue jeans and scrapes and bracelets and silver rings and no make-up and denim shirts—and I haven't seen her wear underwear in three years." John is showing the masculine depression of an athlete at the end of a bad season. "You know, I really used to like it when she wore white gloves and we both got bored in art museums on Sunday afternoons."

"I often recommend the Bible to my patients," says Lester. "I wish your wife would glance at *Ephesians 5:22*."

As the reporter spots his wife among the people milling before the next large group, he sees that she has the middle-aged sexual electricity he'd noticed in Judy and Joan. She is a former gawky teenager with late breasts and a big nose, at last coming to realize that she is a graceful woman with a strong, proud face and people who admire her. He is pleased by his wife's rings and sandals and blue jeans and by the fact that the dog chewed up her last white gloves three years before. She comes across the room and hands him a cup of coffee. With her is an attractive blond man who cannot stop staring at the reporter. A few moments after it becomes embarrassing, the man does a kind of snap twist and vanishes into another group.

"He knows a lot about you," says the reporter's wife.

"It must be startling stuff."

"What could be startling around here? He knows that you're self-dramatizing, that you alternate between pride and self-deprecation, that you're great in bed—despite some failures with other ladies—that you're imaginative and obstinate and horrid-tempered and funny and tremendously interesting to live with. He knows that you hate your job and that I'm looking for work that'll free you to try for something better."

"Wow," thinks the reporter. He looks around the room, sees a dramatically auburn-haired woman in jeans and a searape beside John, the banker. "So there's the sex lady of Merrit School." He sees Judy, the steamy, bisexual, masturbating marvel of a natural-born librarian, and beside her a vigorous, distinguished-looking man who is probably her husband—the free and loving doctor who would surely be startled to learn the entire range of his wife's sexual enthusiasms. "I wonder how many people in their medical society know what I know," thinks the reporter. Over there is Cynthia, the severe-faced compulsive smoker with the skinned-cat hair style—and that must be her husband, the man she doesn't like touching her. All over the room, the reporter sees people sneaking glances, turning away, glancing back—staring at the actors in the real-life Ibsen and Albee and Chekhov they have been listening to all day.

• • •

The Fuckorama: The last media presentation of the day, built up to by hours of meticulously chosen smut. Most of the material is simple hard-core porn, the kind shown in basements to insurance men, bankers and assistant district attorneys; it is shown in five simultaneous projections on two walls; and everybody who knows the figures (as does the reporter) realizes there really are 15 movie projectors and slide carousels and quadraphonic sound machinery behind that wide blank face of the projection booth. Shown all together, with music from rock to Gregorian, at the end of a day on which the reporter and his wife discover they have taken two dozen aspirins between them, the effect is too macabre to be obscene. It is the effect of those medieval woodcuts where skeletons dance beside the beds of lovers.

On the farthest right of the five screens is a movie of cunts—cunt after cunt after cunt—cunts as dark as work boots, cunts as pink as mouseskin, cunts with only a few blonde hairs, cunts as furry as the flanks of woolly mammoths, cunts that are a modest slit, cunts that jag about like the banks of the Amazon. . . .

The reporter and his wife both doze off several times during the Fuckorama. When they waken, they always hear a woman's tireless, soft, unemotional voice,

a voice that has been murmuring all day. The woman is telling a blind person in a wheelchair what is happening on the screens. "On the left, there's a young girl riding a bicycle down a road. Now she's stopped and she's urinating in a patch of woods. A man with a scar is hiding where he can watch her. On the right screen, the cunts have stopped. Now they're showing naked people. There's a bald man with a big penis. Now he's dissolving into a thin man with a little penis. Now he's becoming a stubby woman with lots of pubic hair. On the middle screen, the dog has lost interest again. The woman is laughing and trying to coax him back."

And there is a last lash given by a torturer to a trussed-up pretty woman and a choir's intense rising and falling minor-key "Amen"—and the 15 projectors and carousels and the quadraphonic sound machinery shut down, and the Fuckorama is over.

Slowly, like people who have watched a sinking passenger liner's lights and engines hiss out, the SAR participants get up, pick up their soft gay pillows and go silently to the last small-group meetings of the day.

None of the little rooms have windows, but the people know that the sun is losing its light, taking away what color there is in the industrial district around the SAR. Looking drained and sweaty in his wheelchair, Jonas gives that sweeping motion of his arms and shoulders, sinks his steel-wool beard into his chest and says, "That Fuckorama is a bummer for lots of people."

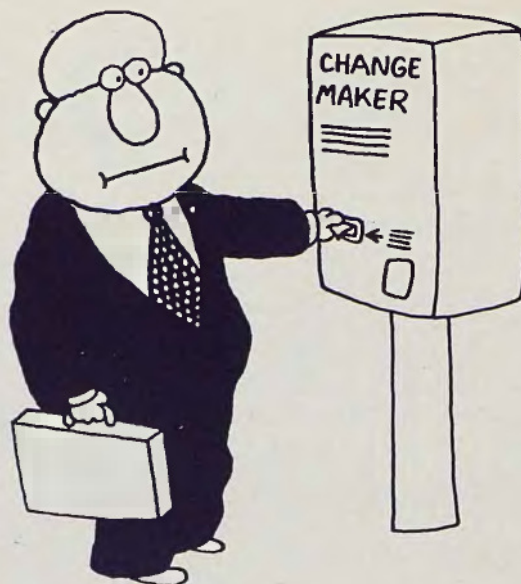
Joan, the sexy, Slavic-looking group leader, gazes around. "I wonder where everybody's head is at." And the reporter realizes how many youth terms he's been hearing from people at the SAR—"a bummer" . . . "wonder where your head is at" . . . "his/her/your trip" . . . "doing his/her/your own thing" . . . "I hear what you're saying." . . . The 35-and-40-year-old SAR staff never learned these terms while growing up.

"Ugh," says Annie, fastidiously brushing away all past and future human contacts. "I'll never have sex again."

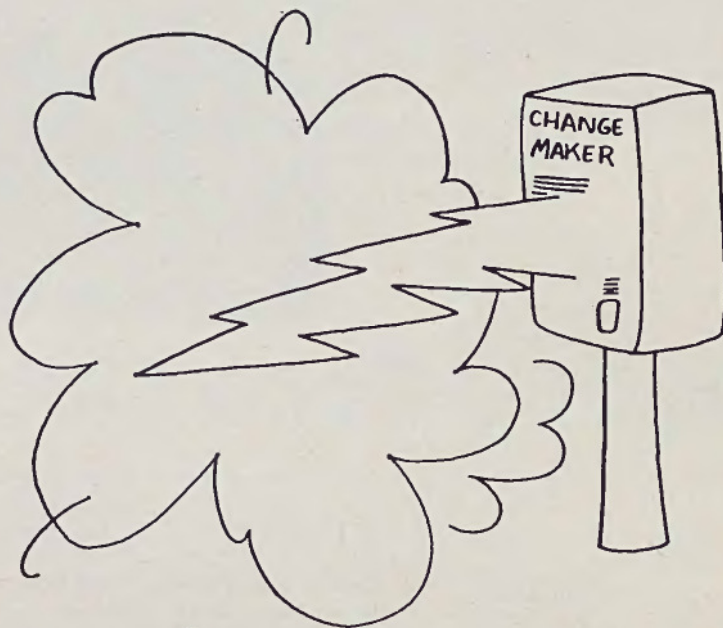
More bleak silence. People pull into themselves, reluctant to come near the bag of sweat and guts and desire that constitutes another human being.

"Eric left," says Jonas. "I heard him raising hell in the office area, saying he'd come to learn about sex, not hear other people's filth and watch perverted movies." That trace of sadness in Jonas' voice makes all his statements heavy. *Heavy*—there it is—another youth word. The reporter is going to come out of this talking like his students.

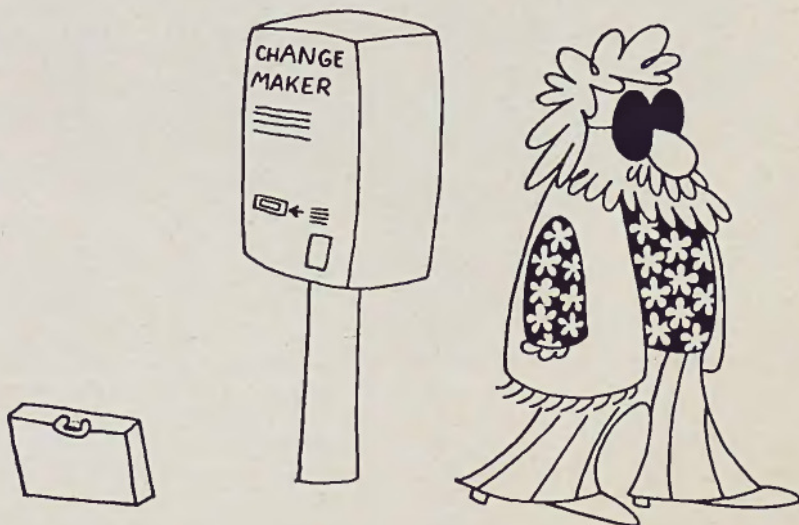
"I'd like to touch somebody," says Judy, the sexual enthusiast with the librarian's face. "This is a lonely way to end the day." She takes the hand of John, the sex lady's husband, who reaches



①



②



③

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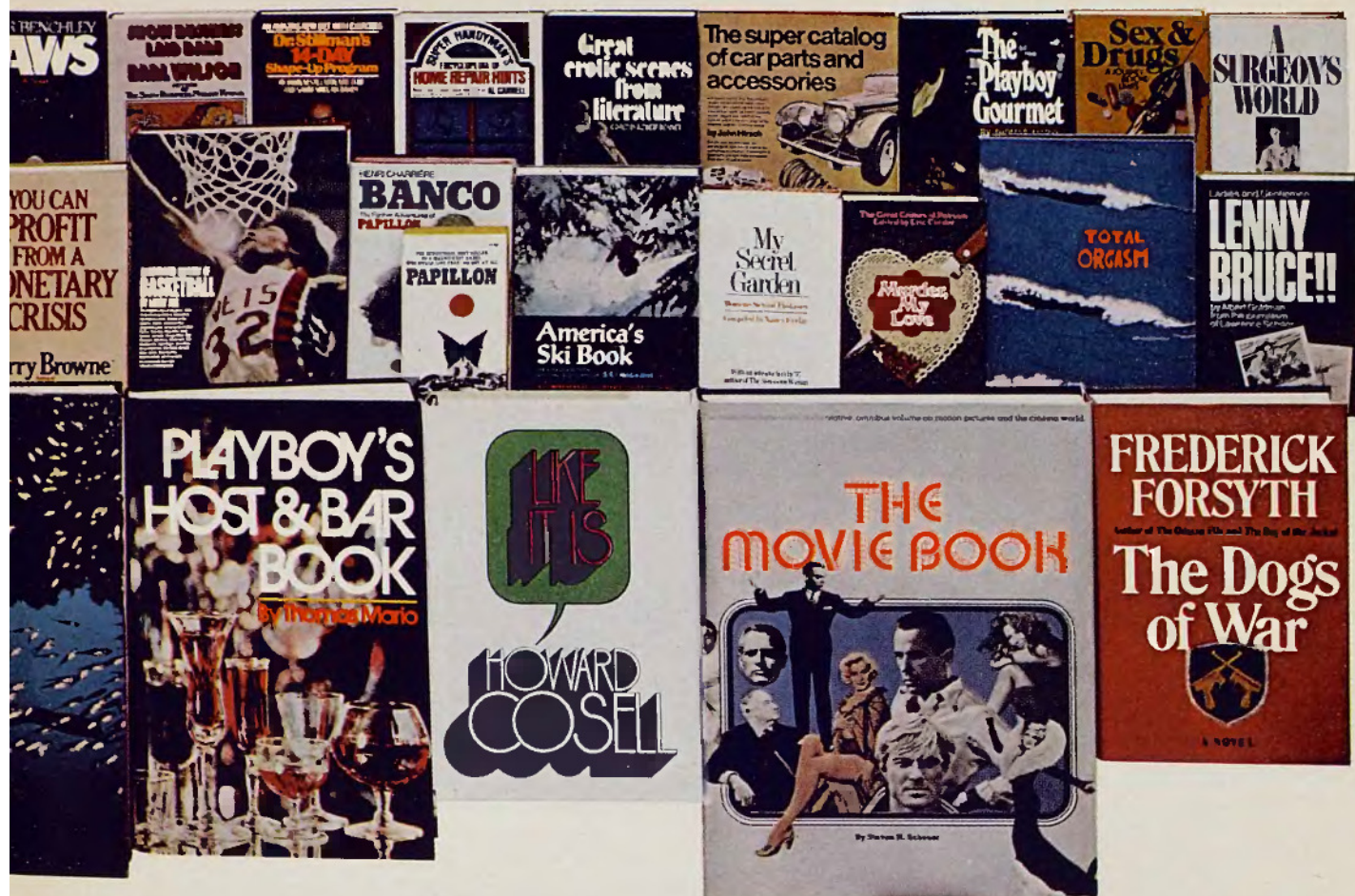
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for the hand of Cynthia, the thin-faced, taut woman with the tight bun of hair. Cynthia takes John's hand and, as she reaches for the hand of Lester, the psychoanalyst who wonders what Freud would think of all this, she unfastens her hair in a quick, unthinking gesture. As her hair falls, its sand color deepens into bronze, its straw texture becomes fluid; and it falls and falls, dropping over her shoulders, over her back, softening her dry white forehead, shielding her ears, molding around her cheeks and throat. A beautiful woman has appeared in the room. It is a gift to us—no, it is something we have gotten together and produced. Everyone takes the nearest hand, men breaking the taboo and holding a man's hand if a man is nearest.

"All right," murmurs Jonas. And in a mixture of fatigue and sexual tension and affection, the day's last small-group meeting ends.

Afterward, there is a sherry party and Ted Cole *does* look both forbidding and forlorn as he wanders carrying a small plastic glass. People plop onto their pillows (which they now automatically carry everywhere) and drink sherry; they wander back to their small-group rooms, stand chatting in the office area. No one wants to go home.

When the reporter and his wife do get home, they drop onto their bed and almost instantly go to sleep. The reporter has a long and intricate dream without sex or people; in it, he builds a sailboat plank by plank.

. . . .

"How did things go with everybody last night?" is Jonas' first question.

"I called a man who's been a friend for years," says Annie. "I told him to get his body right over because I was so horny I was going to explode. So he came over and—you know what?—we ended up just talking. We talked half the night. And when we went to bed, we wrapped up against each other and went to sleep." She gives her abrupt throaty laugh. "Isn't that odd?"

"No," says Jonas with that smile that's always on the edge of sorrow. "No, it's not odd at all."

"Was wrapping up together important?" asks Cynthia, whose hair is still loose and gleaming, whose outfit today is yellow and soft and shows she's not really so skinny after all.

"It was important," says Annie. "It was a lot more important than fucking. We were—what's the word we've been using?—*pleasuring*. It was the *pleasuring* that counted. We touched knees and stomachs and legs and hands. There was such peace to it. I haven't known such peace for a long time." She looks at Jonas. "I can't explain it. . . ."

Jonas shrugs. "Remember the minister. Why not just accept it?"

"My husband and I fucked," says Cynthia, "and I liked being touched." There

is an indrawn breath in the group—a tenseness, an expectation—something miraculous is going to be revealed. But not quite.

"I didn't have an orgasm," says Cynthia, "but I did like being touched."

"My wife looked up your *Ephesians* 5:22, Lester," says John. "'Wives, be subject to your husbands, as to the Lord.' I don't imagine I need to go into what she said. Most of it was swirling around on that wall yesterday. As for last night's sex, it was missionary position. Five minutes. Duty. I think my wife is missing the point of this course."

"We could talk about some counseling, man," says Jonas. "The department is starting up some groups for couples whose sex life isn't what it could be."

. . . .

"Desensationalizing"—making people shockproof about sex—was the main purpose of the first day. "Sensitization"—replacing numbness with warmth—is a goal of the second. But most of the films that celebrate relationships are disappointing. There is much nude swimming, much nude horseplay on the grass and—of course—much cheerful fucking. None of the lovers are much over 20, none are unattractive, none of them relate to each other with the intensity of the two homosexuals in the first day's film. The SAR staff recognizes the problem. "It's too bad," says one, "but about the only relationship films available are about young people fucking on the grass in California."

One film, though, is almost too intense to bear. The reporter wonders what would happen if he went to a network biggie and outlined it. "Look, I've got this great idea for a documentary. There're a guy and a girl who want to get married. But they're both spastics in wheelchairs. The guy is too geeky to talk; he sort of squeaks, but he bangs out love poetry for her on a special typewriter. He gets around by twitching at two little levers on his chair. The girl is almost as bad off, except she can talk and push her chair around backward with her feet. She looks like a cross between Liza Minnelli and the 20-year-old Elizabeth Taylor—except her face is always twisting up in these spasms spastics get. They live in an institution for spastics and palsied people and every morning this unemotional guy with a bow tie lifts them up and plops them into their wheelchairs like they're chunks of wood. The guy and girl wheel their chairs all over hell trying to get permission to get married, and after they get it, there's this great nude scene where the guy scrubs her down in the tub. She's got this sexy body, see, because if you're a spastic you're always sort of writhing around, getting exercise whether you want to or not; it keeps you trim as hell. After they're married, they sleep together and geek around in the kitchen and smile and laugh a lot—though it's sort of

hard to tell about the last because their faces twitch so much. So how about *that* for a movie? It's tear-tugging! It's heart-rending! We could call it *They Said We Couldn't Love* or *Love on Wheels* or something like that. Maybe General Motors'd sponsor it, to show that people who get crippled in all those defective cars have great lives anyhow."

Fortunately, the British made the movie. They gave it the quiet name *Like Other People* and filmed it without much attempt to tug tears or rend hearts. It simply does so as it goes along. The scenes of the couple snuggled together in bed, of them laughing as they develop a teamwork system in the kitchen (each using a coordination the other lacks), of him admiring her body as he helps her take a bath—all show such a blend of love, happiness, guts and tragedy that surgeons who have brought myriad death messages from the operating room, nurses who have watched innumerable cancer victims wither and die—at least half the heavies who make up this SAR—are crying. All over the room are sniffs, blown noses, open sobs. And they aren't "Oh, look at the poor things" sobs; they're "My God, the grandeur of the human spirit" sobs. In one scene that is usually a cliché—the lovers meandering down a lane lined with glowing-white birches with leaves of shriveled gold—the man is bumping forward in his chair while the woman is pushing backward with slow, awkward movements, helping guide him on the gravel road. The scene is held for push after push of her legs, wobble after wobble of his chair, until the audience is buried under the terrible effort of the smallest things these people do.

There is one other extraordinary relationship movie. It is called *Touching* and one woman mentions that she has come 2500 miles to see it. To those in the helping professions, *Touching* is what Hedy Lamarr's *Ecstasy* once was to the general public: less a film than a myth—rumored to contain amazing things, no one quite sure what they are.

Touching is a movie of an able-bodied wife and a quadriplegic husband making love, and the reporter sees it while sitting in one of the small-group rooms with the female star, an attractive, solid-bodied, strong-faced blonde named Nancy. While Nancy chats on her pillow beside the reporter on his pillow, the open door shows her, huge, pink and naked, on the screen in the main projection room. She is helping her husband onto a water bed, the two of them smiling at each other, kissing, stroking, nuzzling—the husband with the snubbed, spread-eagle movements the reporter has grown used to in Jonas.

"We thought about making this movie for a long time," Nancy says. "Ted Cole encouraged us, saying there was no better way to show people with battered



"But I am wearing a mask."

bodies that they could enjoy them. We had to clear making the movie through the university, the city, the state—through just about every agency there is. We even had to hire a lawyer and when we went to see him, he made Ted wait outside in the car so he couldn't be subpoenaed as a witness later."

Nancy has lovely breasts that press tightly against her blouse. On the screen, the breasts are three feet across and they soar and dip and wobble as she moves about her husband's body, puts her mouth to his penis.

"On the day of filming, we were really uptight," says Nancy. "'Don't worry,' said the film maker, a Methodist minister. 'After ten minutes you will forget I am here.' He was right. As soon as we began, we forgot about everybody else."

On the screen, the huge pink Nancy is riding her husband's cock. It is hard, and as the water bed ripples their bodies into the thrusts of sex, their faces have the lost inward glaze of the faces of technologists concentrating on toggles and dials. There's no showy enjoyment here, just two people lost in sex.

• • •

The disabled people talking and answering questions before the audience call themselves "prize hogs." Larry Kegan, a quadriplegic who has finished college since his accident, who has managed a resort in Mexico, who has traveled with Bob Dylan, sings a talking blues. He has a voice much like Dylan's, only more musical, less harsh.

Accompanying him on the 12-string guitar is the able-bodied handsome husband of a gaminish-looking woman crippled in a teenage car wreck. (Divers, motorcyclists, "Fosbury Flop" high jumpers, trampolinists—these make up much of the young population of a rehab ward.) When the audience is invited to ask personal questions—any personal questions—someone asks the guitar player why he married a woman in a wheelchair. He thinks a moment, laughs. "I liked her better than any other woman I'd met."

A woman, the sexy, short-shorted wife of a paraplegic, answers the same question. "First of all, I liked his looks. I thought he had the handsomest face of any man I'd ever seen." She pauses. "Also, I was in the middle of getting divorced, and I didn't want any sexual entanglements. I thought a man in a wheelchair would be safe." She laughs. "He wasn't."

Ted Cole got into sex professionally after he discovered that a group of young male wheelchair patients would rather get back their sexual ability than their ability to walk. "Here we'd been devoting all our efforts to one area," says Cole, "and completely neglecting the other. We set out to discover what disabled patients *could* do sexually."

A disabled man remembers sex counseling 15 years before. "Nobody would

talk to me about sex. I wanted to know what I could do and how I could do it. The nurses acted like I was a dirty little boy, the occupational-training people and the physiotherapists acted like I was a pervert. But I kept at them and they finally gave me an appointment with a doctor. It was for six at night in an empty ward. I wheeled myself up there, feeling I was about to be let in on some huge mystery. The doctor was there, a white shadow in the dark ward. I pulled my wheelchair up to him. He made a gesture, pushing me backward—then another gesture, and another, until he'd backed me into the farthest corner. He pulled a chair up in front of mine and sat down so our knees were touching. He looked around, made sure there was nobody else in the room and leaned forward. His face was just a few inches from mine. He checked for people again. Then he whispered, 'Find an understanding girl.' And he got up and ran. That was the kind of education chair people got before Ted Cole."

Another disabled man describes how he found an understanding girl. "I paid for her. I hired a prostitute. It was hard to get my nerve up that first time. I thought she might look at me and say no. That'd be pretty devastating, to be turned down by a whore. But she didn't turn me down. She worked with me for a couple of years and we got to be pretty good friends."

"Were you capable of much sexual-ly?" asks someone in the SAR.

The man answers with undisguised pleasure, "I was capable of a lot."

There is some mystery here, something related to fantasy, but which the disabled describe as far more real. People who would not feel burns on their genitals report having orgasms. "It's not quite like the orgasm I had before my accident," says a man in a chair, "but something happens that I couldn't describe as anything but an orgasm."

Says another, "I'm better off than I was before my accident. Then I'd only come one or two times a night. Now I have multiple orgasms."

One staff member has a paraplegic friend who can masturbate to orgasm by rubbing his armpit. "He gets a charge out of beating off in public," says the staff member.

Says another paraplegic, "I like to feel my cock with my hand when I'm fucking. It makes my orgasm more intense." Most of the men report a definite sense of ejaculation.

Conventional medicine has its suspicions of such reports. "It might even be a little cruel," says an orthopedic surgeon, "to put such a premium on sex for people who obviously don't have the physiological pathways to enjoy it."

• • •

The seminar is nearly over. Jonas gives the small group a brief speech. "Of

course, we always say this, but I mean it especially this time. This has been a fascinating group. There've been a variety and an interplay I've never seen before." There are goodbyes. Lester is thanked half a dozen times for his honesty and he beams every time.

Cynthia, whose shoes are off now, whose hair is down and shining, says, "People told me these SARs were terrifying, but I've felt so safe with this group. I wish we could just keep meeting for a year."

Judy again looks the brown-mouse librarian as she almost whispers, "This is the first time I've publicly admitted I'm bisexual."

Joan, her face radiant, hugs Judy, saying, "I'm glad you shared it with us."

Says John, the sex lady's husband, "I just had an odd thought. It went away, but I had it. I thought maybe bisexuals do live in a richer world; maybe they do have a more profound range of experience than most people."

Judy's timidity is lifting. "It doesn't seem *too* silly, does it, being so enthusiastic about sex at my age?"

Frank, the rocky prison psychologist, puts his big arms around both Judy and Joan. "Most young girls say dumb things and can't let go in bed. They're like the Rocky Mountains—great to look at, but what do you do then? I like old rounded mountains myself—ones with trails that've been climbed and nice, soft, broken-in places to stretch out and relax."

The women giggle. And everyone is hugging everyone.

"I hope you start having orgasms."

"I hope your marriage works out."

"I hope you get some bright students this year."

"I hope your husband accepts it if you tell him."

There are golden moments of sex-tinged warmth and fellowship and regret with these people the reporter will never see again (except for John, who will meet him on the street a month later and snap his eyes away as if they were two respectable gentlemen who had last met in a whorehouse).

Ted Cole talks to the audience, warning them about the difficulty of taking sex counseling back to their institutions and their supervisors. The reporter remembers that it was less than ten years ago that the *Ladies' Home Journal* speculated that Masters and Johnson might become unemployable outcasts when *Human Sexual Response* was released, less than five years ago when Dr. Masters said he hoped to live to see sex counseling and research become respectable. "Now it's more than respectable," says Cole. "It's in demand!"

People linger, talking, touching each other, going further into problems they brought up in their groups. The SAR has been unexpectedly successful. A first scan of the critiques given every participant shows far higher than average

ratings. "These are right on the top end of the scale!" says Sandy, all the fatigue and harassment clearing from her face. Staff members clustered around her give similar exclamations.

The pleasure spills over into a staff party at the apartment of the 12-string guitarist and his gamin-faced wife. The room lights glint off the chrome of wheelchairs, but the reporter barely notices now who is in a chair and who is not. (Walking across the apartment complex to the party, he had started toward some people clustered around bicycles on a lawn; his mind had seen the bikes as wheelchairs.) At the party, people are singing, repeating a rock-song chorus, "Joy to you and me." Ted's glasses are off; what is left of his hair is awry; he is everywhere—drinking wine, sitting in the lap of a woman in a wheelchair. "Our work with the SAR means a lot of people assume Sandy and I are swingers," he says. "We're always being given opportunities. But we don't do any of that. I guess we're just monogamous by nature." Looking at his wife, seated against a post but very tall, with her firm and languorous body, her auburn hair in that lily maid of Astolat sweep, an expression of tranquil enjoyment on her face, the reporter can understand Ted's monogamy.

The guitarist and Larry Kegan begin on *Mr. Bojangles*. Both have beautiful voices. Ted slides up on the floor beside them and begins a harmonicalike accompaniment with his mouth. He can really do a harmonica. His face is red and alight with cheer.

This is not the stern Ted Cole whose contribution to the SAR is "authority and the white coat"; this is the Ted Cole who once skied down the stairs of a St. Paul mansion, almost clobbering Walter Heller, the former Presidential advisor.

As the reporter and his wife leave, this group's openness and vitality spill through the door into the dim hallway, suffusing the apartment house with life, sending bolts of life out into the warm night. It's a lovely realization, that in a world of arrogant stupids, of corporate grabbers, of piously fascist officials who would all box up everyone else's sunlight and deprive others of the smell after a rain, if they thought they could improve their own status or fortunes from it—it's lovely to realize that there are still pockets, tiny lost continents, where the spirit thrives, where people's lives have not been folded away in wallets or buried under tax shelters in old socks.

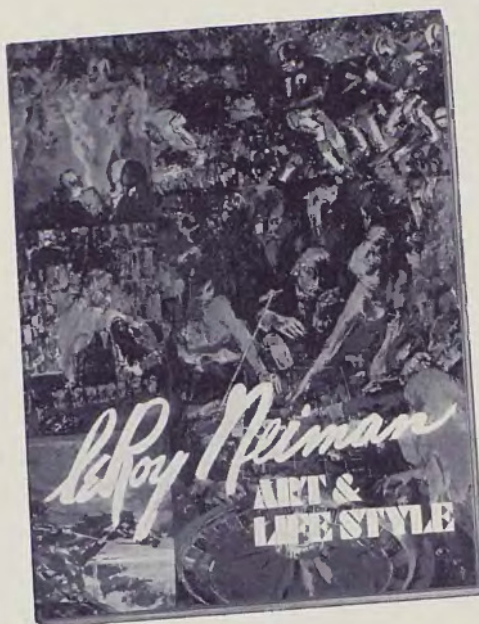
Outside, the reporter puts his arm around his wife—this familiar woman of his life. "I thought we might do a little pleasuring when we get home," he says.

"That's been in my mind quite a while."

And their clothes, pressed tightly together, whisper as they walk across the grass.



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VERY EXPENSIVE HIGH

(continued from page 172)

our very own Coca-Cola, which was flavored with coca extract, "The pause that refreshes," until 1903, by which time a growing body of medical opinion held that cocaine was a dangerous drug and the Coca-Cola Company decided to use only dealkaloided coca extract and substituted caffeine for the cocaine. Coca-Cola is still flavored with coca extract, by the way, though the cocaine is missing from the brew.

Freud never became "addicted" to cocaine, but others of his era used the drug to such excess that it hampered their work and their health. The pioneering surgeon William Halsted, of Johns Hopkins, developed nerve-block anesthesia, the kind of regional anesthesia dentists practice today, using cocaine, but spent three years on a long sea voyage and confined to hospitals trying to free himself from his craving for cocaine, and then succeeded only by becoming a morphine addict. Arthur Conan Doyle was probably a user, and so was his alter ego, Sherlock Holmes, whom he portrays, in *The Sign of Four*, shooting up a seven percent solution as a counter to boredom: "'My mind,' he said, 'rebels at stagnation. . . . I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation.'" Robert Louis Stevenson used cocaine as a tonic against the tuberculosis that shortened his life—his wife, Fanny, carried some in their medicine chest when they sailed to Samoa—and he may have been taking it when he wrote *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, a story of bizarre personality changes induced by white powders and blood-red liquids: He produced the first draft, a manuscript of 60,000 words, and rewrote it in six days, without benefit of a typewriter. Cocaine was cheaper in those seldom-chronicled days when Popes and princes turned on: An ounce came over the counter for \$2.50.

Another apartment in another city. I am the guest of a psychologist and his dark, beautiful wife. Call them Aaron and Mara. They have another guest; all three are sitting in the living room of the apartment when I arrive; the second guest is also a psychologist: Call him Jim. They are willing to talk about coke; we will do coke together through the evening and the night. The chairs in the living room are by Eames, the couch is black leather, and on the walls hang framed drawings that are the work of a young schizophrenic who was also a heroin addict. Aaron got him off the heroin, but the schizophrenia remains, flowering in drawings that might be the work of children.

Aaron had had some coke in the apartment but had casually left it on the dresser that morning and the maid had as casually thrown it out. "Or took it home," Aaron grins. So the dealer is coming to

visit us. The dealer is Santa Claus and he carries a shoulder bag stuffed with snow. Waiting for the dealer, we talk, checking one another out, but I have come with good credentials and Aaron eventually says I'm cool. Mara listens intently, but her eyes are far away. Women, I've been told, are mystical about coke: I've never seen a woman use coke before. This woman is small and lithe: She wears a pullover I can see through, see the dark nipples of her fine breasts that repeat on a somber octave the dark pupils of her eyes. An air conditioner hums in the window and beside it green plants grow.

The buzzer sounds and Aaron goes to the hall door and releases the downstairs lock and Mara and Jim look up and footsteps beat the stairs and the door is flung open and Santa Claus bursts in, two Santa Clauses wearing shoulder bags. Dave is tall, big, young, blond. Noah is dark, trim, a shadowed James Coburn. Both are animated, jazzed, talking fast, doing the amenities even as they move into the living room and they are seated before I realize they're already coked up, having sampled their wares on the way over.

Dave isn't hurried and Noah isn't hurried and the two talk to their acquaintances, their clients, about the good old times and then about dry times in the summer when the coke gets low, when it's harder to shop south of the border because the tourist ranks are thin and an American stands out from the crowd. Dave just got some coke in, not a lot, not as pure as he'd like but good enough to stuff up his nose, good enough to share if anyone wants to share and does anyone want to share? Yes, we all want to share. Then is there a gram scale in the house? Yes, there's a gram scale in the house, coke people all keep gram scales in their houses and many of them keep test kits, too, to see to the purity of the coke and the nature of the cut, which might be lactose or speed or even the Italian laxative, *mannite, caro mio*. Dave takes up his bag and Mara shows him to the next room and no one is hurried, what's there to be hurried about? And then Dave, his eyes now merry, is back in the room with a little bag of white powder and he looks around the room and his eyes light on a schizophrenic drawing hanging on the wall and he asks Mara for a kitchen towel and she fetches it and he takes the picture down, the frame 16" x 20" and the drawing covered with glass, and dusts the glass and sets the picture on his lap. He pulls his wallet from his hip pocket and extracts from it a \$50 bill and his American Express card and puts the wallet away and dumps a pile of powder, a gram of white snow, onto the glass and begins to meticulously chop it up with the edge of the American Express card, a fine touch that: Lesser souls use a single-edge razor blade. There are rocks in the coke, and I have heard that rocks mean

good coke—so says the dealer in Richard Woodley's book *Dealer*—but Dave disagrees. The coke gets lumps in it, he says, and the lumps aren't necessarily lumps of pure coke, just lumps, like lumps in damp sugar, but this is fairly good coke, he says, good enough for him to stuff up his nose and share with his friends.

As he talks, Dave scrapes the pile, most of it, out flat and begins to divide it into little lines, an eighth of an inch wide, an inch or an inch and a quarter long, looking up briefly to count the number of people in the room, looking back down to make 12 expert lines each the same length, spaced half an inch apart in the center of the picture. "Bobby would like that," Aaron says with amusement. "He'd like us using his drawing to lay out the lines. He's off heroin, but it would still make him feel good." Dave finishes the lines, leaving a small pile of powder in one corner of the glass. He balances the picture on his knees and rolls the \$50 bill into a tube the diameter of a soda straw, tucking in a corner to keep it from unrolling, and then with the reverse good manners that obtain among those who use illegal drugs, for which there is no guarantee of quality or even of safety, he takes his own two lines first, deftly snorting through the rolled bill, not even setting his finger beside his nose, and up the chimney it goes.

Mara is waiting, expectantly, and Dave passes the picture to her and she curls her feet under her on the couch and settles the picture in her lap. She pulls back her hair with one hand, takes the \$50 bill in the other, and then notices that I am watching her and seems to suppress a shudder, as if I were a rapist staring at her across a narrow street, which of course I am, though it is not her body that I am urgent to know. She looks at the lines again and forgets me, looks at the lines as if they were the oldest and most intimate of friends. The friend is back and quickly she bends to it and sniffs it up, one line, the other line, and breathes deeply and widens, widens her eyes, and then almost nonchalantly wets her finger and cleans the dust of the two lines from the glass and presses it to her tongue.

She passes the picture to Noah, who takes his hits casually and passes it to me, and I am clumsy with it and embarrassed by my clumsiness, finding I have to hold one nostril shut to make the other one work, as my acquaintances do not. And the picture goes round, people pulling back into themselves after they take their hits, letting the coke work. Someone will say to me much later, in another town, someone who has never done coke, that snorting it up your nose sounds inelegant, but she did not see the ritual around the room that night, as formal in its own way as a tea ceremony, the expensive people who were also good and

decent people, wives skilled at love, healers of the addicted and the mentally ill.

Dave and Noah compete through the evening, perhaps because I am there to find a story to tell, perhaps because they just compete. The talk is guarded, the route of acquisition never explained except that Dave says he doesn't smuggle and Noah hints that he is off to South America soon. Most coke comes through Florida, some of it through Syndicate channels, much of it through the Cuban community in Miami, a little of it, according to a Cuban doing time for coke, on Bebe Rebozo's yacht, but coke is so portable and its value so high that individual operations go on continuously, women often serving as couriers, stashing the powder in bras and girdles and vaginas. A man tried to bring coke through by swallowing it in plastic bags, Noah says, but one of the bags burst and he O.D.ed on pure cocaine—panic, convulsions, all the synapses firing, terminal man, death. The coke comes from Peru,

the coke comes from Colombia, you take risks all the way, but it isn't risky if you have a good plan; so says Noah, who has a good plan. The picture drawn by the schizophrenic former heroin addict goes round the civilized room again.

Risk taking, Jim says, finding reasons for cocaine's growing popularity, and Aaron says getting out of your head once in a while, though it's a seductive drug and he's had to pull back from it because he found it becoming too interesting, consuming too much of his time, but tonight is the night before a holiday and patients get demanding before holiday-time, and what a pleasant way to come together with friends. A little water then for our noses, dipping a finger into a glass and sniffing the water to rinse the nose, help the snow melt, my gums numb where I had rubbed the dust from my lines up above my front teeth, the coke working its anesthesia and my head high in the mountains again with the mountain air. "The Indians chew coca to help



"Hello—Guinness Book of World Records?"

them fight the altitude," someone would tell me later, "and we snort coke to help us fight the city air." And the city stresses, banshees, collywobbles, the city blackass, though coke has its blackass, too.

And the picture goes round and the night goes round without dinner, without drink except for cold grapefruit juice and iced tea, and Aaron takes off his shirt and Mara curls and curls on the couch. Dave says his money is carefully laundered, but the IRS audits him every year nonetheless, and Noah says he knows a dealer who sometimes has so much cash that he can cover his living-room floor with it to the depth of six inches in small bills, and who sometimes has nothing at all, who has no septum in his nose and would drown if he stuck his head under water, the coke having eaten the septum away. Dave says he made his first connection dealing grass with his tuition money, running grass up from Texas to his Great Lakes college town. He didn't smuggle and he didn't deal on the street, he liked arrangements like tonight, high-level people who used coke socially and made their connections privately and could be relied on, he is filling a need, he likes to be around good people, likes to help them acquire this pleasant and, in moderation, entirely healthy and decent high, and what could be more harmless than a night like this one in the lives of busy, responsible people? And everyone is doing it, he says, from teenagers to elder statesmen, he wouldn't be surprised if there had been coke in the White House in the Watergate days, not Nixon, maybe, but the gang around him. He had heard of a judge, a distinguished judge of 70 years, asking a busted dealer if he'd been dealing in coke, and when the dealer said yes, the judge said, well, coke was indeed the queen of drugs. That's where it's at, Dave says, whatever the laws. And the picture goes round, and I notice myself measuring the small variations in the size of the lines, debating taking two of the larger ones and then rejecting the thought as unworthy and taking one large and one small, as the others seem to do. Joints are passed around, too, as the night goes on, and later Noah feels strung out and borrows a tranquilizer, and I consider a drink and reject the idea.

Morning, the sun just rising, the light pulling up through blue to green, and Dave has to leave to pick up his wife and take her to work and it's time to settle accounts and does anyone want a gram to take along? Some of us do, and with the four we'd done that night, four grams among six people, that almost makes up a quarter ounce, so someone says he'll take the rest to fill it out, and while Dave in the other room weighs the carry-out orders, Aaron cuts squares from the cover of a medical journal, fine thick calendered stock, and folds them into small precise origami envelopes, and in the

other room Dave pours the coke in, and at \$60 a gram, for four people, since Dave and Noah are partners, it comes to \$120, \$105 each, and because I was there as an observer and had my mental cameras running, I never left the room, I got no kick from cocaine.

. . .

After cocaine became effectively illegal in the United States, with the passage of the Harrison Narcotic Act in 1914 that erroneously classified it with true narcotics, cocaine disappeared from sight, surfacing again in the Twenties and Thirties as the favorite drug of musicians and actors, going underground again during World War Two, turning up again among musicians in the rock years and among entertainers and film people since, so that Sammy Davis Jr., for example, the same who hugged Richard Nixon at the 1972 convention rally, wears a coke spoon (though a lot of people who use no cocaine wear spoons), and the nasal sprays some of the better-known rock stars flaunt onstage contain not phenylephrine hydrochloride, like yours and mine, but liquid lady.

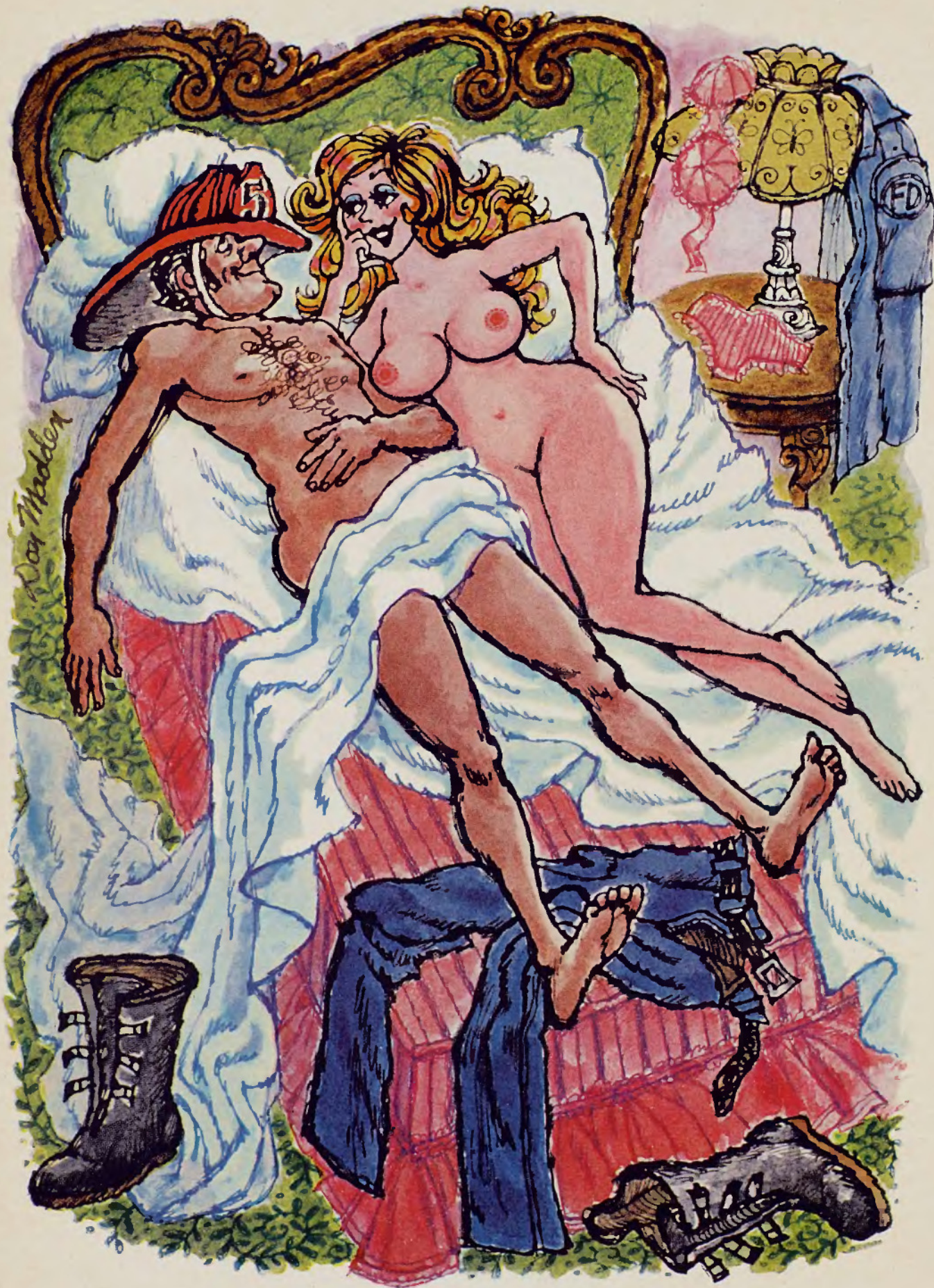
Why cocaine has returned to vogue, and especially why it is becoming popular with otherwise straight people, no one really knows, but the reasons people give are interesting, if only because they say so much about the people giving them. The official line of the Drug Enforcement Administration, the Federal agency that in 1973 replaced the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, is that cocaine came in to replace heroin when the BNDD successfully shut down the heroin supply. Well, the BNDD didn't shut down the heroin supply, so street people say, and the likelihood that a junkie would exchange a \$100-a-day heroin habit for a \$60-a-gram cocaine habit isn't very great. The DEA is tooting its own horn and ensuring its survival: If it stopped all the heroin, which it hasn't, it would thus have prepared the ground for a campaign against cocaine. The DEA thinks that one drug leads to another, and it thinks that with bigger budgets, more manpower, faster planes and better informants, it could control the traffic, which is approximately what organized crime is thinking these days, though of course we understand that the control is to different ends.

Jerry Strickler, a trim, snappily dressed official at the DEA who is in charge of Latin-American enforcement operations, offers his own theory to explain cocaine's growing popularity. "We saw an increase starting in the middle Sixties," he says, "when Cubans settled here in large numbers. Cuba had the greatest per-capita use in the world. Very little cocaine came into the United States before then. But the Cubans brought their habits with them, and some of the political groups that opposed Castro found that they could finance their operations by selling the

stuff." Snorting coke thus becomes an act of defiant anticommunism. In the next breath, Strickler makes a statement I've heard before from a cocaine dealer, drugs making strange bedfellows: "Where drugs are concerned, demand creates supply." Which doesn't exactly jibe with the theory that dissident Cubans turned America on.

Chilean couriers, Strickler says, used to bring coke to the Cubans in Miami, but when they saw the money the Cubans were making, they decided to cut out the middleman and deal themselves. By 1971, Federal narcotics agents were arresting more Chilean dealers than Cuban. Then the traffic shifted again and the DEA found itself arresting more Colombians than Chileans. Today a new shift is under way. "In the last two years," says Strickler, "we've begun seeing the gringo going down to buy a kilo or two and we find white American middle-class types active in organizations. They may also deal in hash, heroin, marijuana, they think in terms of running boats, good communication systems, they're at home anywhere in the world. But most of the mules, the couriers, are foreign nationals. They account for one third of our arrests." Strickler describes the eccentric routes couriers take to avoid an obvious approach to United States ports of entry: Chile to Argentina, for example, and then Argentina to Senegal, Senegal to Spain, Spain to London, London to Canada, where they are frequently met by Colombians from New York. But the point of the changing nationalities of suppliers is Strickler's second point—that demand creates supply—and that point returns us to the original question, why the increasing demand?

There is an increasing demand for all drugs in the United States. The two most important factors in that increase are probably affluence and education. Alcohol consumption is up, tobacco consumption is up, marijuana consumption is up, why not cocaine? People of affluence, having been turned off alcohol, the most dangerous psychoactive drug of all, by marijuana, would turn to cocaine logically enough. One drug doesn't necessarily lead to another, but people do search, some people, when choice is available, for their drug of choice. We are all learning to dose ourselves anyway, now that the doctor no longer comes to our door, now that his armamentarium consists largely of pills, pills that purge disease, pills that purge melancholy. I haven't met an adult American in years who didn't have his own little pharmacy stashed in his medicine cabinet—tranks, sleeping pills, nose drops, antihistamines, antibiotics, aspirin, you name it—and liquor on the side bar and sometimes grass in the freezer. Having learned that alcohol isn't the only game in town, having learned that chemicals can change our moods up and down and sideways, ought we to be surprised that some



"Now, wasn't that better than sliding down an old pole?"



"If I'd known being a hostage was like this, I wouldn't have made such a fuss as you dragged me out of the bank."

Americans believe that the locked medicine cabinet of the physician and the pharmacist is the gateway to paradise? Ah, God, the nation's becoming a head shop, and did you know you can get a megalomaniac high on intramuscular cortisone? That a heart transplant can make you feel immortal?

• • •

As with all psychoactive drugs, what cocaine does to the head depends on the head. Effects have been reported ranging from nothing at all to euphoria, excitement, a conviction of great mental clarity and physical strength, on down the tunnel to paranoia and hallucinations. Early users and researchers such as Freud were generally enthusiastic about cocaine's mood-changing properties. Modern writers manage to convey a sense of discomfort and even peril, though how much that sense relates to the drug and how much to 60 years of official, legal and medical condemnation remains to be seen. It's clear from the literature, at least, that there's no such thing as an unbiased opinion where cocaine is concerned.

I found no unqualified praise of cocaine after 1920. Bruce Jay Friedman's celebrated story *Lady*, for example, begins:

When it was good, it was of a smooth consistency and white as Christmas snow. If Harry Towns had a slim silver-foil packet of it against

his thigh—which he did two or three nights a week—he felt rich and fortified, almost as though he were carrying a gun.

But ends:

But anyone who stuck so much as a grain of that white shit up his nose on the actual day of his mother's funeral had to be some new and as yet undiscovered breed of sonofabitch. The lowest.

Thomas Skelton, the hero of Thomas McGuane's novel *Ninety-Two in the Shade*, thinks of "that pale cocaine edge pale like acetylene flame," but he also worries about "that voluminous hollow rush inside, that slippage of control systems, the cocaine express. Mild enough on the face of it, he had known it in other days to be the first step on the ride to the O.D. Corral."

William Burroughs, in *Naked Lunch*, says of cocaine: "When you shoot coke in the mainline there is a rush of pure pleasure to the head. . . . Ten minutes later you want another shot . . . intravenous C is electricity through the brain, activating cocaine pleasure connections. . . . There is no withdrawal syndrome with C. It is a need of the brain alone." But Burroughs has spent his later years proselytizing against all drugs except the apomorphine that he believes cured him of heroin addiction.

A young East Coast writer I talked with told me that for him cocaine was *Walpurgisnacht*, the witches' Sabbath—"Pure evil, man," he said, grinning, but he described nights that started with coke and graduated to whatever he could find at hand to drink, smoke, swallow and snort: Those would be witches' Sabbaths, indeed, and he said he had spent a hard year fighting the feeling and had finally come through, though his girlfriend, there at his side asking for my astrological sign, inquiring after my karma, dealt coke.

Or consider Paul Kantner in *Rolling Stone*:

Cocaine is a really great drug, it's a great way to feel good, and you can function and work clearly on it, like for 12 or 15 hours straight, without losing your perspective the way you do on uppers or speed. But it's not controllable. It's not that you have an increased need or tolerance, it's that it's so pleasant you can't control your use of it. And when you're heavily into it, it makes you cold toward people, in the sense that you're thinking of so many other things that you can't possibly accomplish them all, and you're thinking of how to do all the things and you don't think about the people you're around. . . . Also, it can get you physically fucked up.

Which is one of the more ambivalent testimonials I've seen.

Think what you will of these qualified wisdoms, of this wonderful chemical that is too wonderful to be good; the fact of the matter is that at the beginning of 1975, in the words of Dr. Charles R. Schuster, professor of psychiatry and pharmacology at the University of Chicago, "We really don't know much more about cocaine than Freud did." Here at least is what is known about cocaine's effects on the body and the body politic:

- Cocaine, as it is used recreationally in the United States, has not been responsible for any reported deaths by overdose in recent years. A few deaths have occurred during medical administration of the drug, and any drug, taken in sufficient quantity, can cause death. Dr. Robert Byck of the Yale School of Medicine, who is studying the acute effects of cocaine in man under a 1974 contract from the National Institute on Drug Abuse and who is qualified to be called the leading U. S. expert on cocaine, said in a recent trial affidavit, "There are probably more deaths each year attributable to aspirin overdose than can be attributed to cocaine throughout history." There is certainly a lethal dose of cocaine, but none of the experts I talked to were willing to put a number on it, because they didn't know what that number would be. According to the U. S. Census Bureau, alcohol killed 15,326 people in 1969, heroin

killed 454 and cocaine killed 0.

- Cocaine takes effect most rapidly when it is injected, slightly less rapidly when snorted or packed (rubbed into the gums or the lining of the nose), least rapidly when swallowed, because the stomach immediately goes to work breaking it down. In recreational use in the United States, most people snort or pack cocaine. Injection of an illegal drug is always risky, since users rarely know its purity or its cut and seldom know how to maintain the sterility of the equipment.

- Long-term snorting of cocaine can destroy the tissue of the nose, especially

the partition that divides the two nasal passages, the septum. Cocaine can also produce some of the nastiest sore throats known to man. I had one and it felt like the hole left when a tonsil is removed.

- A small percentage of people who try cocaine are likely to be allergic to it and will react by going into fatal or near-fatal anaphylactic shock. So will a small percentage of people stung by a bee or injected with penicillin.

- Like all stimulants, cocaine is not addictive. It is also not habituating, nor do users develop tolerance of its effects. There is no evidence that cocaine pro-

duces, even in heavy users, any physical "craving," though users may well experience a psychological craving, as do some users of alcohol, money, sex, food and fingernails.

- It has been an axiom of antidrug literature for more than 50 years that long-term cocaine use results in paranoid psychosis. The most reliable U.S. experts on cocaine have not found, in hospital admittance records and in the memories of clinical psychiatrists operating psychiatric wards, any instances of psychosis directly attributable to cocaine. The best that can be said, on the

COKE GOES BETTER WITH...

Walking around midtown Manhattan, we noticed an inordinate number of jewelry stores. Say, two every block from 59th to 45th and from Lexington to Fifth. We visited these stores looking for something pretty and found that a lot of people are paying large amounts of money for little spoons to hang around their neck. Among the finer examples are spoons crested with butterflies in gold and rubies, a little Aztec figure holding up "the symbol of life forces," a precious nonferrous-metal woman who appeared to be water-skiing (the skis were two spoons) with small diamonds in her breasts and navel, a couple kissing and a cubist face. Some of the best, however, are by L. Bandel of Los Angeles. They are hand-carved ivory spoons with extremely complex Oriental designs on them. Their owner was displaying them at a boutique show that was in New York at the same time we were, but he wasn't quite sure why. He's now getting orders from all over the country.

We went into the Village and found hundreds of little spoons to hang around our neck. These aren't what we're talking about. They sell for up to eight dollars and are mass-produced and made of inferior materials, such as silver. The designs are crude. The shops are generally head shops.

Mr. Lalieu does not run a head shop. He is the master jeweler for Bijoux, Inc., on 60th near Madison. Lalieu looks like a young surfer who decided to become a millionaire. From a chain around his neck hangs a circle of gold inset with precious stones. Attached to this circle are two creations. One is a handcrafted caricature of a man holding up a large set of testicles and a long, limp penis. The figure's lower half tapers into a spoon. The other is a device that resembles a pair of tweezers. It is opened and closed by sliding a clenched fist up and down its length. What does Lalieu do with these two expensive artifacts? "They're decorative," he smiles.

In his display case is a single spoon in gold. "We sell a lot of these to show-business people," he observes quietly. He runs a quiet shop. Sitting before him is a delicate Japanese girl contemplating her collection of rings, which she has brought in to be redesigned. The pile of stones and metal on the felt disk before her is worth perhaps \$30,000. Lalieu is quietly busy with her problems. His assistant is counting money at a small desk in the corner. "Yes," she says, "he makes a lot of spoons. He'll be with you in a moment." Why are people spending so much money on these little spoons? Lalieu's quiet assistant shrugs, eyes turned heavenward, nostrils flaring.

In the window of Wedding Ring Originals on Lexington near 56th is a small gold phoenix whose feet have been turned into a spoon. "Let's face it," says a young clerk, "people who can spend \$1500 on an ounce of white powder or \$75 on a gram of it are likely to be able to spend a few hundred on something to put it in." To put it in, we might

add, for no more than a few seconds before quickly taking it back out. For example, one of New York's most successful "professional gentlemen" (by his own description) is Fran. Fran's paraphernalia includes a device sold to him by Wedding Ring Originals (this store is a go-between for jeweler/designers). The three-and-a-half-carat diamond wasn't perfect, but it cost \$2800. The setting—featuring a ghostlike head of a woman—cost another \$1200. At the bottom of it are two spoons, spaced about as far apart as the holes in Fran's nose. Fran was not available for comment, but his friends guess that the chain on which he hangs this piece cost over \$1000, perhaps as much as \$2000. It is a double strand of interlocking solid rectangles of gold. This spoon can be seen on Fran's chest or in appendix V of a handsome coffee-table volume called *The Gourmet Cokebook*.

Around the same area of New York there are a lot of shops selling Oriental artifacts. For example, Asian House and Sara Li Chy, Ltd. (both on 57th). On their shelves, you will find what are called "snuff" bottles. They are generally copies of antiques, about three inches high, usually elaborately designed, often very beautiful and always with a spoon fitted into the cap. They can be found made of ivory (with extensive carving), white coral, porcelain (hand painted), mother-of-pearl, jade, goldstone, lapis lazuli, buffalo horn, silver plate, bronze and glass. The prices for these are whatever the shopkeeper and the customer agree upon. The ones we saw ranged from \$7.50 to \$800. Most of them could hold an ounce.

In Tiffany's we asked for a little spoon. We were shown a baby spoon. No, even smaller. A salt spoon. Getting warm, but smaller yet. Sorry, no sale. Tiffany's does have the Schlumberger room, though, for custom-made jewelry. And there, too, we found only blank expressions when we inquired about spoons so small that any baby eating from one would starve to death quite rapidly. In fact, there are many shops in that area where an elderly woman will have her guard let you in and then show you every spoon in the house before admitting that she's never heard of such a thing but that you could try next door. The odds on next door seem pretty good.

But no matter how pretty they get, there's still something a little odd about wearing a coke spoon around your neck. Even though the paraphernalia involved in the current use of coke almost matches the ancient Incas' in baroque-ness, for the Incas, at least, it was religious—and they didn't have to worry about getting busted. Of course, if you don't use cocaine, there's no harm in wearing a trinket. But before you go strutting around the street with half a pound of gold straining your collarbones, it might be wise to consider what assumptions that man in the dark suit and white socks is making.

—LAURENCE GONZALES

evidence, is that psychotics who use cocaine are likely to be psychotic.

• Similarly, traditional antidrug literature emphasizes that coke users frequently experience deep and even suicidal depressions when they run out of coke. Such depressions have not been reported within recent experience even among Colombian users who consumed coke daily for years.

• Many users report a dramatic sexual rush, though users of almost every drug report a dramatic sexual rush at one time or another, and it's likely that the rush comes from set and setting, not from the drug. Men consistently told me that women turn on for coke, but the women I talked to were vague on the subject. If coke gives some users a sexual rush, the reason may be that it loosens their inhibitions: After you've shared some coke, after you've set yourself up for five to life in the penitentiary, why be modest?

• In the days before Masters and Johnson reported a simple mechanical method for developing ejaculatory control, some men applied cocaine to their glans to anesthetize it and thereby extend intercourse. Some men, not knowing any better, still do.

• Coke cures hangovers, sort of, relieving the headache and nausea and attendant general depression, but the trade-off is temporary, especially since coke suppresses appetite and discourages sleep, and food and rest are still the best hangover cures known to man.

• Illegal cocaine is usually cut, though it cannot be cut as drastically as heroin without losing most or all of its effect, which is so subtle in the first place that

many people don't recognize it until it's pointed out to them. Street coke, sold by the spoon—a spoon is about a gram—may be cut as much as 80 percent, which means it will do very little more than numb your nose, and \$50–\$100 a gram is a high price to pay for a numbed nose. Better-grade coke may be cut 25 percent or less; the price usually goes up accordingly, as does the quantity you must buy. Lactose, milk sugar, is the best and safest cut commonly used. Dextrose is sweeter than lactose but equally safe. Various amino acids, simple proteins, are safe and have no taste, but they're harder for dealers to come by and aren't often used. *Mannite*, the Italian laxative, may add to the diarrhea that cocaine sometimes causes. Quinine lowers body temperature, but not significantly in the quantities anyone is likely to blow. Procaine—Novocain—and Lidocaine are occasionally used as cuts because they increase the freeze, but their presence is reason to suspect the quality of the coke. Amphetamine cuts are worst of all, causing burning in the nose and watering in the eyes, and more reason to suspect the quality of the coke, because amphetamines mimic the effects of cocaine.

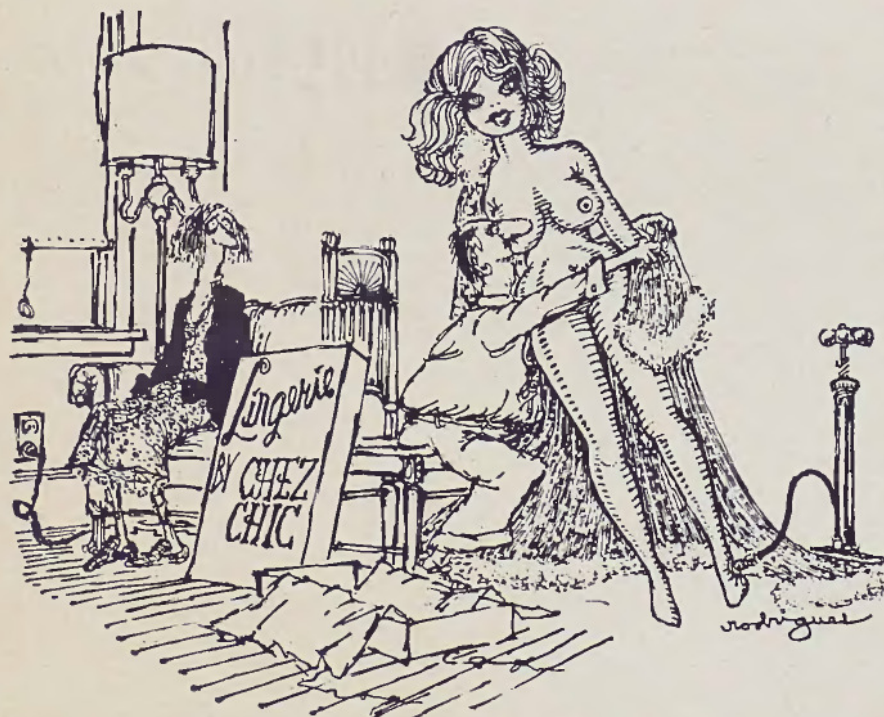
• Cocaine is made by packing coca leaves in gasoline drums with kerosene and other solvents and allowing the alkalis to soak free. After the soaking, the fluid is drained off and the leaves removed, leaving behind a brown paste that smells like tobacco. Since the leaves contain about .5 to 1.2 percent cocaine by weight, one kilo of paste to 100 kilos of leaves is considered a good extraction. The paste is subsequently converted to

crystalline cocaine by reaction with hydrochloric acid. One hundred kilos of leaves sell for about \$110, producing one kilo of paste that sells for \$600; a kilo of cocaine, 90 to 98 percent pure, delivered in Latin America, sells for \$3000 to \$4000; cut to 50 to 80 percent and delivered in New York, a kilo of coke sells for \$30,000 to \$40,000—the kilo is expanding, of course, with the cut. Cut to 20 percent and sold in New York by the spoon, the same kilo might earn as much as \$200,000 to \$250,000. Illegal cocaine returns better profits than legal diamonds, which is why the DEA and the Bureau of Customs and probably God Himself can't stop the cocaine traffic. Cocaine has been smuggled in artificial legs, banana boxes, wine bottles, brasieres, girdles, vaginas, rectums, diplomatic pouches, baby carriages, plastic tubes, false-bottomed suitcases, mouthwash bottles, shampoo bottles, Instamatic packs and water skis, to name only a few, to name only the containers that didn't work. Cocaine can be smuggled as a liquid or as a powder. No one has yet got round to smuggling coca leaves. Like marijuana, they are bulky and they have a characteristic smell that dogs can detect. So does cocaine, by the way, and recently Customs has been training dogs to do so. The dogs are very alert and easily work 20-hour days.

• In America's major cities, an ounce of cocaine sells for anywhere from \$400 to \$1200, depending on its purity (an ounce contains 28.3 grams). In Latin America, an ounce of 85-percent-pure cocaine costs from \$50 to \$100. A gram dealer in the United States sells 40 to 50 percent coke, an ounce dealer 70 to 80 percent coke, a pound dealer 85 to 98 percent coke. There is no simple way to determine precisely the percentage of the cut.

• Blacks have been into coke a long time, Latin Americans even longer. Before coke became illegal, Southerners feared black use of coke as much as Westerners feared Chinese use of opium, believing without evidence then or since that coke would lead to uprisings of plantation workers and attacks on white women. Blacks in big-city ghettos maintained the continuity of coke use through the dry years of World War Two and after, and coke is the drug of choice today among black dealers, hustlers, pimps, musicians and entrepreneurs. That world is described in Woodley's remarkable *Dealer*. The scene is changing now that New York has installed its severe new laws: Dealers there now carry guns and intend to use them against police, since life imprisonment makes the issue one of get the cop before he gets you.

• Controlled, scientific research on human responses to cocaine began only last year, 1974, 115 years after cocaine's discovery. The best available evidence is that



"You never buy me nice things like that."

cocaine in moderate use is a mild drug, similar in action to the amphetamines but without their more serious effects. It is certainly not in a class, in terms of any clear and present danger, with heroin, alcohol or the barbiturates. Several lawsuits are under way in the United States that ask the Federal Courts to remove cocaine from its present classification as a dangerous narcotic, subject to the most severe penalties, and place it in the same classification as the amphetamines or marijuana, subject to far more moderate penalties. Those lawsuits have been supported by affidavits from distinguished scientists and physicians, all of whom emphasize that cocaine is not a narcotic, some of whom emphasize that cocaine is a mild drug and some of whom also emphasize what is today the central fact about cocaine: that despite its growing popularity on the one hand, and its condemnation and prohibition as a dangerous drug on the other, very little is known about its effects on human beings. Cocaine can kill you; so can aspirin. Cocaine acts on the central nervous system; so does caffeine. It's possible to overstimulate the central nervous system, and you can't do that forever without damaging it. Cases of cocaine "addiction" were reported in the past, usually among patients being treated for morphine or alcohol addiction, hardly the most reliable test population, and are not reported today. Cocaine psychosis and suicidal depression upon withdrawal were reported in the past and are not seen today. Violent assaultive behavior by cocaine users was reported in the past and is not reported today. At least two conclusions seem reasonable: that the greatest danger connected with moderate, recreational use of cocaine is legal, not chemical; and that not nearly enough is known about cocaine's effects on human beings.

If, as it appears, cocaine in small doses is only a moderate euphoric, but if, as is certain, it comes with severe criminal penalties attached, how are we to account for its increasing use by the middle class, which has so much to lose by conviction? And how account for the seductiveness of cocaine that users so frequently report?

Cocaine's effects may match some pre-existing cultural bias, a point made nicely by Drs. Gay, Inaba, Sheppard and Newmeyer of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinics in a recent paper:

In its pharmacologic action, cocaine, perhaps more than any other of the recognized psychoactive drugs, reinforces and boosts what we recognize as the highest aspirations of American initiative, energy, frenetic achievement and ebullient optimism even in the face of great odds.

A more pedestrian possibility is that cocaine use is increasing because the Federal Government has succeeded in

dramatically reducing the illegal supply of amphetamines in the United States. The amphetamines got tight about the same time that cocaine began coming in, and cocaine is, among other things, a "better amphetamine."

Cocaine may be increasing in popularity because, besides producing a state of mind that users perceive as pleasant, its dosage can be controlled. Because it is a short-acting drug, cocaine doesn't blow people away as marijuana and LSD notoriously do. Middle-class users, accustomed to controlled doses of alcohol, apparently perceive controlled doses of cocaine to be a less physically disruptive high.

But the seductiveness of coke may be the seductiveness of danger. Unwilling to risk physical addiction by playing with heroin, but willing and even eager to risk breaking some very stiff laws for a new high they perceive as desirable, middle-class coke users may like the heavy taste of the illegal that is part of coke's thrill, may like the smell of fear mingled with the caresses of the drug itself. It cannot be without significance that coke came into fashion in the later years of the Nixon Administration, when respect for law and order reached a new low. As risks go, those seem to me to be among the more useless and even infantile, but my opinion is only one. I took a few infantile risks of my own coming down snow mountain.

Here, see: coming down snow mountain: In a large Eastern city I meet a married couple, Bill and Sherry, for dinner at my hotel. Bill knows coke; he's been a dealer, been busted, been in jail and back out again on parole, isn't dealing anymore but knows the street. Sherry is just in from an out-of-town party and hasn't slept for 28 hours, doing coke, and looks as fresh as morning, a knockout woman in a halter top and jeans who reduces the waiters to adolescence: They bring our orders one at a time, one waiter per order, to get a close-up of her. We eat, drink wine, talk coke. Bill says there's no shortage of coke on the East Coast, because more people than ever are dealing it up from Florida and South America. Who's doing coke? I ask him, and he says men do it to give them that extra surge of power, that extra flush of confidence. "It's like taking a deep breath," he says. "If you look at these different industries where coke is most used, they're all high-pressure, superfast industries—music, the garment business, film, entertainment, basically. And then unpleasant businesses. Prostitutes do a lot of coke. Pimps do it for the glamor of it. But with women, it's different. It really has a mystical effect on women."

I ask Sherry if it has a mystical effect on women and she grins. "Yeah," she says, "look at me. Mystical tonight."

Up to my room after dinner and



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Sherry produces a small bag of coke and a bag of grass. Bill isn't doing any coke, because he gets a surprise urinalysis every now and then, part of the terms of his parole. He's feeling good anyway from the wine and the joint now going round. Sherry produces a small black compact that opens up to a mirror, a compartment for a single-edge razor blade and a compartment for a silver soda straw, the kind they sell at Tiffany's, and she dumps the coke onto the mirror and pulverizes it with the razor blade and lays out six lines. She does two and I do two through the silver straw. The joint and the coke work together and the boundaries of the room begin to shift and wobble, but despite the warping of the grass, I also feel completely clearheaded, thinking fast, concisely, even profoundly, but noticing that I forget Bill's words as soon as he says them, they go through a tunnel and don't come out.

We talk on and smoke on. Bill shows me a vial of white, crystalline amino acid and asks me to taste it and I do and it has no taste at all. He says it's the best cut for coke he's ever found, adds bulk without any taste or effect. Sherry says more than once that her coke supply is almost gone and begins to hint that she might stay after Bill leaves and Bill asks questions about the people I've seen while working on this piece, who and where and when, and I think about Sherry's staying and what that might be like and I know where I can get some coke and then I think about a husband's going off and leaving his knockout wife with a near stranger in a hotel room and I think about Bill's questions and suddenly I'm struck with the absolute certainty that these two people are entrapping me and I sit up straight and the urge to giggle I've been feeling goes away and I tell them, Bill and Sherry, that either I'm having a paranoid trip or they're narcs.

Embarrassed, flushed, Bill asks what's happening and why I think that and Sherry becomes silent, both of them reacting the wrong way, it seems to me, with my conviction racing around my head, reacting with embarrassment when I would have reacted with anger to a similar charge, and their responses convince me that I'm right and abruptly I stand up and say that, trip or narc, the party's over and it's time to leave. Bill quickly snorts the two remaining lines of coke, he's that nervous, and at the door, following Sherry, he says he's really sorry, and I say so am I, but I have to trust my instincts, and then they are gone and the door is closed and I slip the chain lock and collapse into my chair with the room still blowing back and forth like a bellows and the certainty still certain and then the whistle, the whistle like the song of the meadow lark on the telephone wire outside my apartment back in Kansas, begins sounding in my ear, the whistle

that says I know where I can get some coke and the coke might bury the enormous load of anxiety I'm suddenly carrying and I listen to the whistle, the bird song, the coke song, for ten minutes by the clock before it occurs to me that if my guests were narcs and they thought I had coke in my room, they could come back and break down the door and I'd be off in the pokey for years and years and who would support my children while I was away? And coke lost its enchantment then and forevermore and I went to bed, knowing that the worst part of the entire experience, whatever the experience had been, was the fact that it took me ten long minutes to get beyond the feeling that the coke would set me free.

The next day I call people who need to be called, going carefully to a pay phone in case my hotel phone is tapped—Bill made some calls and took one on my phone during the evening; he could have installed a tap—and I end one call from the pay phone abruptly when a black man enters the next booth and I don't hear the money ring in the slot and as I leave the booth, I glance warily at him and he glances warily at me. Only when I am home a week later, when I have thought about the experience, when a mutual friend has supplied reasonable proof that Bill and Sherry aren't narcs, only then do I decide that my reaction was paranoid, a bad trip, and even then I'm not entirely sure, they could have been narcs, the other people I met could have been narcs, my next-door neighbor could be a narc, anyone could be a narc, couldn't he, couldn't she?

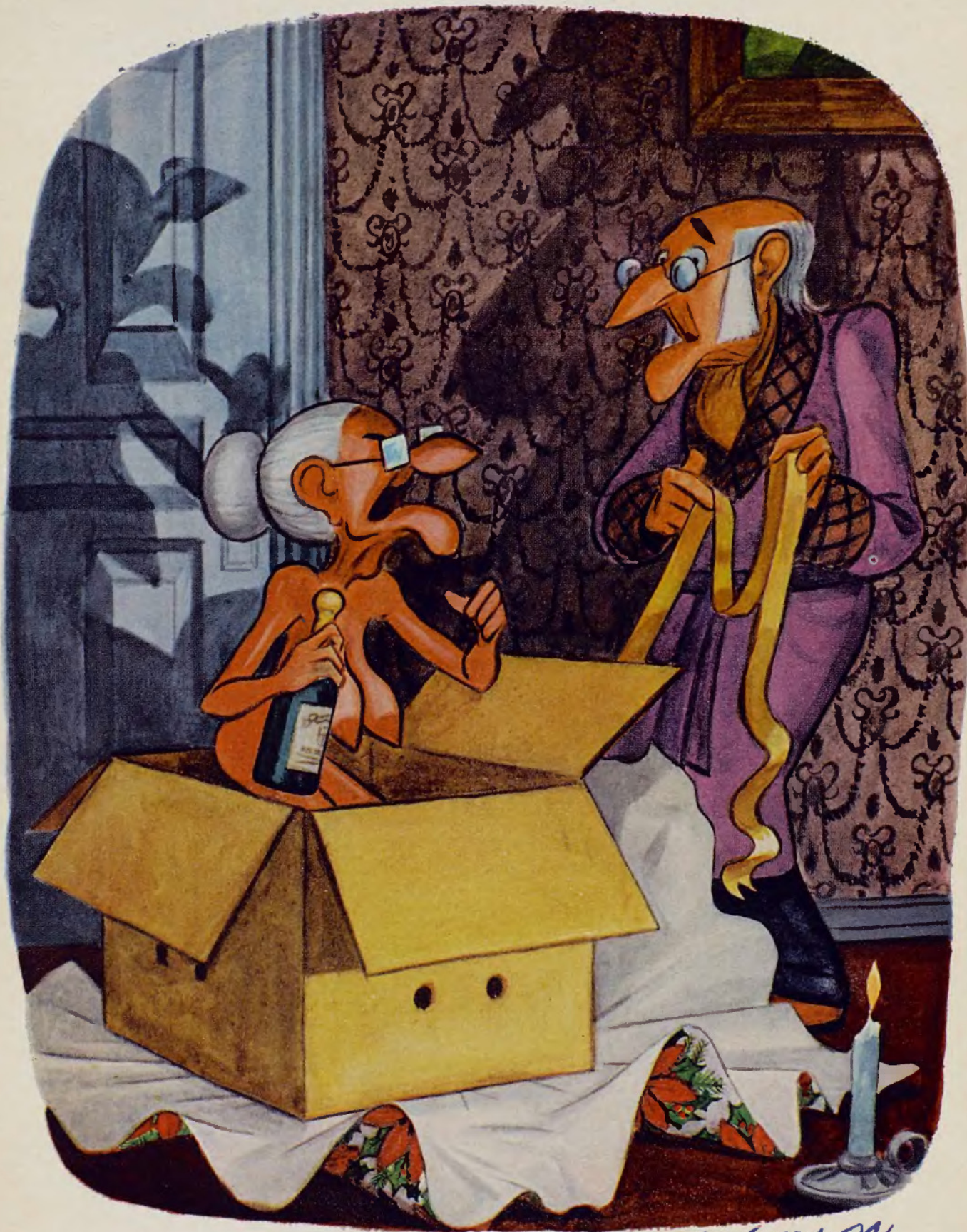
I decided even later that my reaction wasn't to the coke at all but to the joint. And I decided later yet that my reaction wasn't to either: It came from my head, as all reactions do. Apologies to Bill and Sherry, wherever they may be.

Between dark and dark we float free. Dreams consume us; the simple perception of the natural world dazzles our eyes; we comprehend edges, corners, boundaries, lines, and beyond them we sense spaces and times larger than Leviathan, more teeming than the sea. Out of signals, cues, sets, codes we construct a reasonable world, knowing and trying to forget that our construction is only approximate, reduced, is not substance but modality, is not form but a screen before form. Every ecstasy we know, every art we have devised, points to rents in the screen, points out beyond the flesh and the stage and the page and the canvas to the ultramundane where we are lovers and murderers, children and ancient crones, athletes and paralytics, dead and unborn, rock and fish and fowl, where we are also forms out of flesh, where we sail forever to Byzantium. We go mad through the screen and come back towing gods behind us. We go burning

through the screen and come back flayed and spent and still. We go toying through the screen and come back brimming with the formulas that activate the stars. We are not the only race of creatures that thinks, but we are the only race of creatures that voluntarily, periodically and perhaps necessarily seeks out disorder, madness, chaos, knowing that only through those terrifying passages can order, sanity, creation be enriched and sustained.

The ecstasy of the dream, the ecstasy of sexual union, the ecstasy of art are merely orders and suborders of the greater ecstasy all of us glimpse spiraling at the boundaries of our structured perceptions, and we have searched since the beginning of time for substances that would produce that ecstasy upon demand. The search is quixotic: The essence of that ecstasy is that it cannot be induced, because it comes from within. But it is the work of years to learn to call it out, and we are busy at other work; we would have our ecstasies scheduled and ordered, like the other parts of our lives, though ecstasy cannot be partitioned, because it is not part but whole. So we drink and smoke and snort and fire, playing with our minor magic; and the play brings a sort of relief, but it is the relief of substitution, as a neurotic symptom is a relief of substitution: Anything that any drug can do for you, you can do for yourself, as the mystics of East and West have demonstrated for thousands of years. Chemicals seem to imitate because, using them, we permission ourselves to let go, but it is the letting go more than the chemicals that turns us on. We all of us sense that and use the chemicals anyway because their limitations are known and socially accepted, so to speak; turning on without them, we fear, may be limitless: That way, we fear, madness lies, and sometimes it does.

Perhaps the drugs can lead us. Good men have suggested that in more trusting societies than ours, they do. They cannot take us all the way. There we must go alone, or go accompanied by others who have been there before us, and that is not news: It has always been so. Art has served such purpose, and religion, and sexual initiation, and every kind of learning. "What man is he that liveth," John Donne asked the king and the court in a sermon long ago, "and shall not see death?" That is one side of the coin of our lives, but Donne might equally have asked, "What man is he that liveth, and shall not see transcendence?" The question we struggle with today is what quality that transcendence shall be. Freud concluded eventually that the great requirements for life were love and work: The man who once thought cocaine might redeem us discovered later that reality was the most extraordinary of all highs. It still is.



Buck Brown

"Look, Buster, another remark like 'But you promised me a big, fuzzy Teddy bear' and I'll break this bottle off your beak!"

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